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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY:

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING,

THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, EIGHTH, NINTH, TENTH, AND ELEVENTH NUMBERS OF HIS JOURNAL.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. VI.

FROM OCTOBER 27, 1743, TO NOVEMBER 17, 1746.

FRIDAY, October 28, 1743, We rode with William Holmes, an Israelite indeed, from Epworth to Sykehouse. Here I preached at ten, and hastened on to Leeds: from whence, setting out early in the morning, I had hopes of reaching Wensley-dale before it was dark. But it could not be. So in the dusk of the evening, understanding we had five or six miles still to ride, I thought it best to procure a guide. In less than an hour, it being extremely dark, I perceived we were got out of all road. We were in a large meadow, near a river, and (it seemed to me) almost surrounded with water. I asked our guide, "Do you know where you are?" And he honestly answered "No." So we rode on as we could, until about eight we came to a little house, whence we were directed into a lane which led to Wensley.

Sunday 30, Mr. Clayton read prayers, and I preached, on *What must I do to be saved?* I shewed in the plainest words I could devise, "That mere outside religion would not bring us to heaven: that none could go thither without inward holiness, which was only to be attained by faith." As I went back through the Church-yard, many of the parish were in high debate "What religion this preacher was of?" Some said, he must be a Quaker: others, an Anabaptist: but at length, one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly over to his opinion, "That he was a *Presbyterian-Papist!*"

Monday 31, We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to Newcastle.

Wednesday, November 2, The following advertisement was published:—

"*For the Benefit of Mr. Este:*

"By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, On Friday, November 4, will be acted a Comedy, called *The Conscious Lovers:* To

which will be added a Farce, called *Trick upon Trick*, or *Methodism Displayed.*"

On Friday, a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot-hall, to see this. It was believed, there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats, built upon the stage. Soon after the Comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five feet forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time, the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed, and as many as could readily get to the door, went out and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third act, the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches. The players retired with great precipitation: yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act, all the six-penny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side, it being supposed, that many were crushed in pieces. But upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remained still in the Hall. Mr. Este (who was to act the *Methodist*) came upon the stage and told them, "For all this, he was resolved the Farce should be acted." While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches more: on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying to look behind him.

Which is most surprising, "That those players acted this farce the next week?" Or, "that some hundreds of people came again to see it?"

Sunday 6, We had a useful, practical sermon at St. Nicholas's Church in the morning, and another at St. Andrew's in the afternoon. At five I preached to a willing multitude, on the Prodigal Son. How many of these were lost, and now are found!

In the following week I endeavoured to speak severally, to each member of the society. The numbers, I found, neither to rise nor fall, but many had increased in the knowledge and love of God.

Sunday 13, And the following days, I preached and regulated the societies at Painshaw, Tanfield, Horsely, and Placey. Thurs. 17, I preached at the Spen, on *Christ Jesus, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* I have seldom seen an audience so greatly moved, since the time of my first preaching at Bristol. Men, women, and children, wept, and groaned, and trembled exceedingly. Many could not contain themselves in these bounds, but cried with a loud and bitter cry. It was the same at the meeting of the society; and likewise in the morning, while I was shewing the happiness of those *whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sin is covered.* I afterwards spake with twelve or fourteen of them severally; and

found good ground to believe, that God had given them to *taste of the good word, and of the powers of the world to come.*

Sunday 20, After preaching at Newcastle morning and evening, I earnestly exhorted the society, "to beware of speaking evil of each other, and of censuring those who followed not with us." Monday 21, I besought them in my farewell sermon, "To forget the things which are behind, and press on to the prize of their high calling."

Tuesday 22, I preached at Norton, five miles from Ferrybridge, and in the evening at Sykehouse. Here I received a full account of poor David Taylor, once a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Three years since, he knew all we preached to be true. Then Mr. I. brought him over to *German stillness.* When I talked with him at Sheffield, he was thoroughly sensible of his mistake: but Mr. Simpson soon drew him into it again. A third time he was deeply convinced by my brother, and unconvinced shortly after. He was once more brought into the Scripture way by Mr. Graves, and seemed to be established therein. But in a few months he veered about to the old point, and has been a *poor sinner* indeed ever since.

Wednesday 23, I rode to Leeds, preached in the evening and morning, Thursday 24, and went on to Birstal, where I preached at one in the afternoon; and again about seven in the evening. Friday 25, at the desire of Arthur Bate, I rode to Wakefield, in order to talk with his wife. But I soon found I did not come to talk, but to hear. After an hour or two, we rode on to Barley-hall, where I preached on *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* Thence we rode to Sheffield, where I preached in perfect peace, on *We know that we are of God.*

Saturday 26, I went on to Nottingham. In the morning, Sunday 27, I preached in the house at five, and about eight, at the High-cross, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* I went thither again from St. Mary's, in the afternoon, and proclaimed to an immense multitude, *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* I saw not one scoffer, or one trifler, but all to a man appeared serious and attentive.

Monday 28, I rode to Breson, and spent an hour or two in conversation with Mr. Simpson: the oddest, honestest enthusiast surely, that was ever upon earth. Before we parted he told me, "One thing I do not like; your taking away my flock at Nottingham. Just now that text is brought to my mind. It is the very case. Pray read it out." I did so, as follows, *And* Abraham *reproved* Abimelech, *because of the well which* Abimelech's *servants had violently taken away.* I desired him to read my answer in the next verse. *And* Abimelech *said unto* Abraham, *I wot not who had done this thing: neither heard I any thing thereof from thee, save this day.*

In the afternoon I rode to Markfield. After preaching there twice, on Tuesday 29, I went on to Hinckley, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. We rode to Market-Harborough that day, the next to Hockley, and on Thursday, December 1, to London.

I had full employment here for some weeks following, in speaking severally to the members of the society. Many of these I was

obliged to set aside; there remained about two and twenty hundred persons.

January 1, 1744, I received a letter from a poor man, written in the fulness of his heart, as follows:—

"Herein is written lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

"SIR,

"I have had but very little rest since I left you, the cause of which was, my leaving God first. It is true, I did in a very solemn manner, on my knees break from you, as though I had done so, merely to please God; but by what followed, it appears otherwise. For I no sooner broke off from you, than I began to think how I might make a worldly advantage of it. O, thought I, I shall not now be so scrupulous in many things, particularly in doing work on the Lord's day. Then I got me some rabit sand fowls, and I would be sure to feed and clean them well on that day, and to be out on the hunt for food for them. And I took care my poor family should be sharers with me in the drudgery; or else they must expect many a sour look and bitter word at least. I then grew worse and worse; insomuch that I have given such occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, such a wound to religion, as I could not heal, were I to live ten thousand years. O what have I done! O what have I lost! O that I might be admitted into God's favour once more! Pray for me, I beseech you; if you can see any hope left, if you do not think that repentance will be denied me, though I seek it carefully with tears. Then if you can think of any shame that will be bad enough for me to undergo, before I am admitted into that company I so unwillingly left, see whether I will not readily submit to it. O that God would be pleased to bring me into light and love again! How careful would I be of his grace! How would I deny myself, take up my cross, endure shame, suffer persecution of every kind, follow the dear Lord Jesus without the camp! But I have crucified him afresh. O that I could give full scope to my mind. But I cannot. These lines are but a very imperfect description of the state, condition, and desire, of that backslider, that apostate, that traitor,

JOHN EWER."

Sunday 8, In the evening I rode to Brentford, on Monday to Marlborough, and the next day to Bristol.

Wednesday 11, I began examining the society: and not before it was wanted. For the plague was begun. I found many crying out, "Faith, Faith! Believe, believe!" But making little account of the fruits of faith, either of holiness or good works. In a few days they came to themselves, and had a more thorough understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Wednesday 25, I preached at Bath, on James ii. 14, *Can faith save him?* Many of the audience appeared to be deeply convinced. And one, though a gentlewoman, could not conceal the emotion of her mind, but broke out into strong cries and tears. Perhaps even here the *Bread* we have *cast upon the waters, will be found after many days.*

Friday 27, Having finished the work I proposed, I left Bristol, and Saturday 28, reached London.

Wednesday, February 1, Just before the time I had designed to begin preaching at the Chapel, I was seized with such a pain as I do not remember ever to have felt before in my life. But I forgot it as soon as I had read my text, Psal. xviii. 1. &c. *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.* And from that time I felt it no more.

About this time the soldiers abroad began to meet together, as we learned from the following letter:

"SIR, "GHENT, FEB. 2, 1744.

"I make bold to send you these lines. February 18, 1743, we began our march for Germany. I was then much cast down, and my heart was ready to break. But the day we marched to Mastritcht, I found the love of God shed abroad in my heart, so that I thought my very soul was dissolved into tears. But this lasted not above three weeks, and then I was in heaviness again; till on April 24, as I was walking in the fields, God broke my hard heart in pieces. And yet I was not delivered from the fear of death. I went to my quarters very sick and weak, in great pain of soul and body. By the morning I was so weak I could scarce go. But this proved a sweet night to my soul. For now I knew there was no condemnation for me, believing in Christ Jesus.

"June 16, The day we engaged the French at Dettingen, as the battle began, I said, 'Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.' Joy overflowed my soul, and I told my comrades, 'If I fall this day, I shall rest in the everlasting arms of Christ.' Now I felt, I could be content to be cast into the sea, for the sake of my dear brethren, so their eyes might be opened, and they might see, before it was too late, the things that belong unto their peace.

"When we came to winter quarters, there were but three of us joined together. But now, by the blessing of God, we are increased to twelve. And we have reason to believe, the hand of the Lord is with us. I desire for the sake of Him whom we follow after, that you would send us some instructions, how to proceed in our little society.——God is become a mouth to me, and has blessed even my words to some of their souls. All praise, and glory, and honour, be unto Him, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!

"From your affectionate brother, "J. H."

Wednesday 15, We were informed of the invasion intended by the French, who were expected to land every hour. I therefore exhorted the congregation, in the words of our Lord, (Luke xxi. 36,) *Watch ye and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things, and to stand before the Son of Man.*

Thursday 16, In the evening after expounding the third chapter of Jonah, I besought every one to *turn from* his *evil way, and cry mightily to God:* and enlarged on these words, *Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?*

We observed Friday 17, as a day of solemn Fasting and Prayer.

In the afternoon, many being met together, I exhorted them, now, while they had opportunity, to make to themselves, friends of the mammon of unrighteousness: to deal their bread to the hungry, to clothe the naked, and not to hide themselves from their own flesh. And God opened their hearts, so that they contributed near fifty pounds, which I began laying out the very next hour, in linen, woollen, and shoes, for them whom I knew to be diligent, and yet in want. In the evening I expounded Daniel iii. and those words in particular: *The God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace. But if not, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden Image which thou hast set up.*

Saturday 18, I received an account from James Jones, of another kind of invasion, in Staffordshire. The substance of it was as follows:

"On Monday 23, a great mob gathered together, at Darlaston, a mile from Wednesbury. They fell upon a few people who were going to Wednesbury, and among the rest, on Joshua Constable's wife of Darlaston. Some of them threw her down, and five or six held her down, that another might force her. But she continued to resist, till they changed their purpose, beat her much, and went away.

"Monday, Jan. 30, The mob gathered again, broke into Joshua Constable's house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods in pieces, and carried the rest away: particularly all his shop goods, to a considerable value. But not satisfied with this, they sought for him and his wife, swearing they would knock their brains out. Their little children mean time, as well as themselves, wandered up and down, no one daring to relieve or take them in, lest they should hazard their own lives.

"Tuesday 31, About a hundred of the mob met together, on the Church-hill at Wednesbury. But hearing some of Wednesbury were resolved to defend themselves, they dispersed for that time.

"Wednesday, February 1, Mr. Charles Wesley came to Birmingham, and the next day preached at Wednesbury, the whole congregation was quiet and attentive, nor had we any noise or interruption.

"Monday 5, I accompanied him part of his way, and in the afternoon came back to Wednesbury. I found the society met together, and commending themselves to God in prayer, having been informed, that many both at Darlaston and other places, had bound themselves by an oath, to come on Shrove-Tuesday, (the next day) and plunder all the Methodists in Wednesbury.

"We continued in prayer till the evening. I desired as many as could, to meet at eight in the morning. But I had scarce begun to speak, when one came running with all speed, and told us a large mob was coming into the town, and had broke into some houses already. I immediately retired to my father's house: but he did not dare to receive me. Nor did any one else; till at length Henry Parks took me in; whence early in the morning I went to Birmingham.

"The mob had been gathering all Monday night, and on Tuesday morning they began their work. They assaulted, one after

another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames, to remain therein. Then they made their way in; and all the tables, chairs, chests of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in pieces, particularly shop-goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well-break, as feather-beds, they cut in pieces, and strewed about the room. William Stitch's wife was lying-in; but that was all one, they pulled away her bed too, and cut it in pieces." (Had the French come in their place, would they have done more?) "All this time none offered to resist them; indeed, most part, both men and women, fled for their lives; only the children stayed, not knowing whither to go.

"Wearing apparel, and things which were of value, or easily saleable, they carried away, every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best.

"Some of the gentlemen who had set the mob to work, or threatened to turn away collier or miner out of their service, that did not come and do his part, now drew up a paper for those of the society to sign, importing, that they would never invite or receive any Methodist preacher more. On this condition they told them they would stop the mob at once; otherwise they must take what followed.

"This they offered to several; but they declared one and all, we have already lost all our goods; and nothing more can follow, but the loss of our lives, which we will lose too rather than wrong our consciences.

"On Wednesday the mob divided into two or three companies, one of which went to Aldridge, four miles from Wednesbury, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. Here also they loaded themselves with clothes and goods of all sorts, as much as they could stand under. They came back through Walsal with their spoils; but the gentlemen of Walsal being apprized of their coming, raised a body of men, who met them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the town-hall. Notice was then sent to Aldridge, that every man who had been plundered, might come and take his own goods.

"Mr. Wood, of Wednesbury, likewise, told several, they should have what could be found of their goods, on condition they would promise not to receive or hear those preachers any more.

"On Friday in the afternoon I went from Birmingham, designing to go to Tipton-Green. But finding the mob were still raging up and down, I returned to Birmingham, and soon after (having as yet no more place in these parts) set out for London."

Any who desires to see a fuller and more particular account of these surprising transactions, may read a small tract, entitled, "Modern Christianity Exemplified at Wednesbury."

Before I leave this subject, it may be proper to insert an advertisement, which was not long after inserted in the public papers.

'In the Whitehall and London Evening Post, Saturday, February 18, was a paragraph with some mistakes, which it may not be amiss to rectify. "By a private letter from Staffordshire, we have advice

of an insurrection of the people called Methodists." The insurrection was not *of* the people called Methodists, but *against* them; "who upon some pretended insults from the church party,"—they pretended no insults from the church party, being themselves no other than true members of the Church of England, but were more than insulted by a mixed multitude of church-goers, (who, seldom, if ever, go near a church), dissenters, and papists—"have assembled themselves in a riotous manner." Here is another small *error personæ*. Many hundreds of the mob did assemble themselves in a riotous manner, having given public notice several days before (particularly by a paper set up in Walsal market place,) that on Shrove-Tuesday they intended to come and destroy the Methodists, and inviting all the country to come and join them. "And having committed several outrages"—without ever committing any, they have suffered all manner of outrages for several months past—"they proceeded at last to burn the house of one of their adversaries." Without burning any house, or making any resistance, some hundreds of them, on Shrove-Tuesday last, had their own houses broken open, their windows, window-cases, beds, tools, goods of all sorts, broke all to pieces, or taken away by open violence; their live-goods driven off, themselves forced to flee for their lives, and most of them stripped of all they had in the world.

'Ever since the 20th of June last, the mob of Walsal, Darlaston, and Wednesbury, hired for that purpose by their betters, have broke open their poor neighbours' houses at their pleasure by night and by day, extorted money from the few that had it, taken away or destroyed their victuals and goods, beat and wounded their bodies, threatened their lives, abused their women, (some in a manner too horrible to name,) and openly declared they would destroy every Methodist in the country; the Christian country where his Majesty's innocent and loyal subjects have been so treated for eight months, and are now, by their wanton persecutors, publicly branded for rioters and incendiaries!'

Sunday 19, Mr. Viney came to me from Yorkshire, and told me, "About a year ago, being then *vorsteher* (a kind of president) in the church of the brethren, I proposed some scruples I had concerning our discipline, with the reasons on which they were grounded, to Mr. Spangenberg, and begged, that till these were removed, I might have liberty to remain, not a governor, but a private member of the church.

"With this Mr. Spangenberg would not comply. So at his instance I continued in my office, and the thing slept till May, 1743, when in a meeting of the labourers, (so they term their church-officers) I was ordered to withdraw, and the following questions were proposed: 1, Whether Richard Viney were not of Satan, and an enemy to the church? And, 2, Whether his objections to the discipline of the brethren did not spring from anger, and self, and pride? After a debate of four hours, I was called in and asked, 'If I were convinced those objections were wrong?' I said I was not, and desired they would cast lots; which, after a little debate, they did.

The lot came, 'the objections are just.' So, for a time, the thing slept again.

"But in November following they considered the point again: the result was, that they sent one to tell me, 'I was of Satan, had raised objections against the brethren from anger, and self, and pride, and therefore I was cut off from the church, and delivered over to Satan.' I was greatly surprised, but not disturbed. God gave me perfect peace. After much prayer I wrote to you, to know where I might meet you. I know it was the will of God I should come, and that I should give myself up to your direction: and therefore I have spoken without any disguise or reserve. I told him, 'If you go back you are welcome to go, if you stay with me you are welcome to stay. Only whatever you do, do it with a clear conscience, and I shall be satisfied either way.'"

After a few days, he went back to Yorkshire to talk with his wife; the brethren saw him again, and I saw him no more.

Saturday 25. In returning at night from Snow's fields, at the corner of Joiner-street, the coach, wherein five of us were, was overturned, but without any one's being hurt: although the shock was so great, as not only to dash the fore-windows in pieces, but to break the pole in two.

Monday 27. Was the day I had appointed to go out of town. But understanding a proclamation was just published, requiring all Papists to go out of London before the Friday following, I was determined to stay another week, that I might cut off all occasion of reproach. I was the more willing to stay, that I might procure more raiment for the Poor before I left London.

For this purpose I made a second collection, which amounted to about thirty pounds. But perceiving that the whole money received would not answer one third of the expense, I determined to go round the classes, and beg for the rest, till I had gone through the whole society.

Friday, March 2. I began to put this in execution. While I was at a house in Spital-fields, a Justice of peace came with the parish-officers, being on their search for Papists. I was glad of the opportunity to talk with them at large, both of our principles and practice. When I went out, a pretty large mob attended me to the door of the house to which I was going. But they did us no hurt, only gaped, and stared, and hallooed as loud as they could.

Monday 5. I was much pressed to write an Address to the King, which I did in the following terms:

"*To the King's Most Excellent Majesty:*

"The humble Address of the Societies in England and Wales, in derision, called Methodists,

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"SO inconsiderable as we are, a people scattered, and peeled, and trodden under foot from the beginning hitherto, we should in no wise have presumed, even on this great occasion, to open our lips to your

Majesty, had we not been induced, indeed constrained so to do by two considerations: the one, that in spite of all our remonstrances on that head, we are continually represented as a peculiar sect of men, separating ourselves from the Established Church: the other, that we are still traduced as inclined to Popery, and consequently disaffected to your Majesty.

"Upon these considerations, we think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves, our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty: and to declare in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, That we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church, established in these kingdoms: That we unite together for this, and no other end, to promote, so far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth, the glory of God, and peace and good will among men: That we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are steadily attached to your Majesty's royal person and illustrious house.

"We cannot indeed either say, or do more or less than we apprehend consistent with the written Word of God. But we are ready to obey your Majesty to the uttermost, in all things which we conceive to be agreeable thereto. And we earnestly exhort all with whom we converse, as they fear God, to honour the King. We, of the Clergy in particular, put all men in mind to revere the high powers as of God; and continually declare, 'Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake.'

"Silver and gold (most of us must own) we have none. But such as we have, we humbly beg your Majesty to accept; together with our hearts and prayers: May He who hath bought us with his blood, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, fight against all the enemies of your Majesty, with the two-edged sword that cometh out of his mouth! And when he calleth your Majesty from this throne, full of years and victories, may it be with that voice, Come, receive the Kingdom prepared for thee, from the beginning of the world!

"These are the continual prayers of your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects,

"JOHN WESLEY, &c."

But upon farther consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside.

Sunday 11, I found it was absolutely necessary for me to spend a few days at Bristol. In the evening I set out. As I rode through Newberry the next day, my horse fell, and threw me into a deep mire. I was not hurt; but after cleaning myself a little, went on, and came to Kingswood between one and two on Tuesday. I preached here with great enlargement of heart, as I did at Bristol in the evening.

Wednesday 14, I endeavoured to clear up the misunderstandings which had arisen, by hearing the contending parties face to face. It was as I suspected, a mere strife of words: of which they were all so fully sensible, that I believe they will not so easily again fall into this snare of the devil.

Thursday 15, I talked largely with the Kingswood Stewards, concerning the state of their Schools and Society; and then with the Master, Mistress, and Children, and found great cause to bless God on their behalf. In the evening I preached at Bristol, on *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength;* and after commending myself to their prayers, I rode to Marshfield.

Saturday 17, We reached London. Sunday 18, was a day of rest. Tuesday 20, having received a summons from the Justices of Surry, to appear at their Court of St. Margaret's-Hill, I did so, and asked, "Has any one any thing to lay to my charge?" None made any reply. At length, one of the Justices said, "Sir, are you willing to take the oaths to his Majesty, and to sign the Declaration against Popery?" I said, I am; which I accordingly did, and returned home.

Thursday 22, I gave the society an account of what had been done with regard to the poor. By the contributions and collections, I had received about one hundred and seventy pounds; with which above three hundred and thirty poor had been provided with needful clothing. Thirty or forty remaining still in want, and there being some debts for the clothes already distributed, the next day, being Good-Friday, I made one collection more of about six and twenty pounds. This treasure, at least, neither rust nor moth shall corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

Saturday 24, My brother and I agreed it was enough for one of us to stay in town, while the other endeavoured to strengthen our brethern in other parts. So on Monday 26, I set out, and came in the evening to Newberry. While I was at breakfast the next day, two or three poor men were, with many oaths, relating their exploits the day before. I turned, and appealed to their own hearts, "Whether they were doing well?" They owned their fault, and were so loving, I could scarce get away.

I called at a house in the afternoon, wherein the first person I met, was so drunk that she could not speak plain, and could but just make shift to curse and swear. In the next room I found three or four more merry people, keeping Easter in much the same manner. But their mirth was soon spoiled. They gave earnest heed to the things they little regarded before, and knew not how to express their thankfulness for my advice, and for a few little books which I left with them.

In the evening I preached at Bristol. On Wednesday and Thursday I settled all things there, and on Friday 30, rode to Middlesey, where I preached to a small, serious congregation. Saturday 31, calling at Chard, I lit upon a poor woman unawares, who was earnestly groaning for redemption. At noon we spent an hour with a little company in Axminster, and hastened on for Crockern-wells. But the hail and snow falling fast, we could not reach it till past nine o'clock.

Sunday, April 1, I rode to Sticklepath. At one I preached in an open place, on *This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* A storm of rain and hail began while I was preaching: but the congregation did not move. At five I preached again. Many of the poor people followed me to the

house at which I lodged: and we could not consent to part, till I had spent another hour in exhortation, and prayer, and thankgiving.

I read to-day the strange account of that John Endicot, Governor of New-England, and his associates there, who beat and imprisoned so many of the poor Quakers, and murdered William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson and others. O who would have looked for Father-Inquisitors at Boston! Surely these men did not cry out against Popish cruelty!

Monday 2, I preached at five, I rode on towards Launceston. The hills were covered with snow, as in the depth of winter. About two we came to Trewint, wet and weary enough, having been battered by the rain and hail for some hours. I preached in the evening to many more than the house would contain, on the happiness of him whose sins are forgiven. In the morning Diggory Isbell undertook to pilot us over the great Moor, all the paths being covered with snow, which in many places was driven together, too deep for horse or man to pass. The hail followed us for the first seven miles; we had then a fair, though exceeding sharp day. I preached at Gwenap in the evening, to a plain, simple-hearted people; and God comforted us by each other.

Wednesday 4, About eleven we reached St. Ives. I was a little surprised at entering John Nance's house, being received by many who were waiting for me there, with a loud (though not bitter) cry. But they soon recovered, and we poured out our souls together in praises and thanksgiving.

As soon as we went out, we were saluted, as usual, with a huzza, and a few stones or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth, while I proclaimed, *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. ——I will call upon the Lord which is worthy to be praised; so shall I be safe from my enemies.*

Thursday 5, I took a view of the ruins of the house which the mob had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral Matthews had beat the Spaniards. Such is the Cornish method of thanksgiving! I suppose, if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head.

Both this morning and evening the congregation was as large as the house could well contain. In the society, God did indeed sit upon his people, as a refiner's fire. He darted into all (I believe, hardly one excepted) the melting flame of love! so that their heads were as water, and their eyes as fountains of tears.

Friday 6, I spoke with the members of the society severally, and observed with great satisfaction, that persecution had driven only three or four away, and exceedingly strengthened the rest. The persecution here was owing in great measure to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Hoblin, and Mr. Simmons: gentlemen worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance for their unwearied endeavours to destroy heresy.

Fortunati ambo! Siquid mea pagina possit,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

Saturday 7, I took down part of the account of the late riot; which (to shew the deep regard of the actors herein for his Majesty) was on the self same day on which his Majesty's proclamation against rioters was read. Yet I see much good has been brought out of it already; particularly, the great peace we now enjoy.

About eleven John Nance and I set out for Morva. Having both the wind and rain full in our faces, we were thoroughly wet before we came to Rosemargay, where some of our brethren met us. I found there had been a shaking among them, occasioned by the confident assertions of some, That they had seen Mr. Wesley, a week or two ago, with the Pretender in France; and others, that he was in prison at London. Yet the main body still stood firm together, and were not removed from the hope of the Gospel.

The wind and rain beat hard upon us again, as we walked from Morva to St. Just, which also frighted many from coming. However, some hundreds were there, to whom I declared, *If ye have nothing to pay, God will frankly forgive you all.* It is remarkable, that those of St. Just, were the chief of the whole country, for hurling, fighting, drinking, and all manner of wickedness. But many of the lions are become lambs, are continually praising God, and calling their old companions in sin, to come and magnify the Lord together.

Sunday 8, I preached here at five and at twelve, and in the evening at Morva. Monday 9, I preached at noon on Triggivary Downs, about two miles from Penzance. A great congregation was deeply attentive while I described the Sect which is *every where spoken against.* At four I preached near Gulval, regulated the little society, and returned to St. Ives.

Tuesday 10, I was inquiring, how Dr. B—e, a person of unquestioned sense and learning, could speak evil of *this way*, after he had seen such a change in the most abandoned of his parishioners? But I was satisfied, when Jonathan Reeves informed me, "That on the Doctor's asking him, who had been the better for this preaching? And his replying, "the man before you, John Daniel, for one, who never before *knew any work of God upon his soul;*" the Doctor answered, "Get along; you are a parcel of mad, crazy-headed fellows;" and taking him by the shoulder, fairly thrust him to the door.

See here, what it is, which the world accounts madness! the knowing *a work of God upon our souls.*

In the afternoon I walked over to Zunnor, and after preaching, settled the infant society.

Wednesday 11, Being the public fast, the Church at St. Ives was well filled. After reading those strong words, *If they have called the master of the house* Beelzebub, *how much more them of his household?* Mr. H. fulfilled them, by vehemently declaiming against *the New Sect*, as enemies of the Church, Jacobites, Papists, and what not! After Church we met, and spent an hour in prayer, not forgeting the poor sinner against his own soul.

In the evening I preached at Gwenap. I stood on the wall, in the calm, still evening, with the setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many like-

wise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all hear distinctly while I read, *The disciple is not above his Master*, and the rest of those comfortable words, which are day by day fulfilled in our ears.

Thursday 12, About eleven I preached at Crovan. In the afternoon we heard of the success of Mr. H,'s sermon. James Wheatley was walking through the town in the evening, when the mob gathered, and began to throw stones from all quarters. He stepped into a house. But the master of it followed him like a lion, to drag him out. Yet after a few words, his mind was changed, and he swore, nobody should hurt him. Mean time, one went for a Justice of Peace, who came, and promised to see him safe home. The mob followed, hallooing and shouting amain. Near John Paynter's house, the Justice left him: they quickly beset the house. But a messenger came from the Mayor, forbidding any to touch Mr. Wheatley, at his peril. He then went home. But between seven and eight the mob came and beset John Nance's house. John Nance and John Paynter went out and stood before the door, though they were quickly covered with dirt. The cry was "Bring out the preacher; pull down the house:" and they began to pull down the boards which nailed against the windows. But the Mayor hearing it, came without delay, and read the proclamation against riots: upon which, after many oaths and imprecations, they thought proper to disperse.

About six I reached Morva, wet through and through, the rain having continued with scarce any intermission. However, a little company were gathered together to whom I preached on, *Ask and it shall be given you.* The next day I had time to dry my clothes at Mr. John's, near Penzance. At noon I preached on the Downs, not far from his house, About three at Gulval, and at St. Ives in the evening.

Saturday 14, I took my leave of St. Ives; preached at two in Cambourn, and at Gwenap in the evening. Sunday 15, I preached here again at five, and at eight in Stithian parish. The place was a green, triangular plat, capable of holding eight or ten thousand men. I stood on one of the walls that enclosed it. Many sat on the other two. Some thousand stood between, and received the word with all readiness of mind.

At five I preached at Gwenap, on a little hill, near the usual place. It rained from the time I began, till I concluded. I felt no pain while I spoke, but the instant I had done, and all the time I was with the society, my teeth and head ached so violently, that I had hardly any senses. I lay down as soon as I could, and fell asleep. In the morning (blessed be God) I ailed nothing.

Monday 16, In the afternoon we came again to Trewint. Here I learned, that notice had been given of my preaching that evening in Laneast Church, which was crowded exceedingly. Mr. Bennet (the minister of Laneast) carried me afterwards to his house, and, though above seventy years old, came with me in the morning to Trewint where I had promised to preach at five.

Before we parted Digory Isbel informed me, of an accusation against me, current in those parts. It was really one which I did not expect: no more than that other, vehemently asserted at St. Ives, of my bringing the Pretender with me thither last autumn, under the name of John Downes. It was, that "I called myself John Wesley, whereas every body knew Mr. Wesley was dead."

In the afternoon we came to Sticklepath; I preached at five in the evening, the house was crowded as before. After a short exhortation, and an hour spent in prayer, I commended them to the grace of God.

Wednesday 18, Before eight we reached Crediton, (or Kirton) or rather the ruins of it. For the houses on both sides were all in ashes, for several hundred yards. Lighting on a serious woman, I asked, "Are the people of this place now warned to seek God?" She answered, "Although some of them perished in the flames, the rest are just as they were before, cursing, swearing, drinking, playing, and making merry, without God in all their thoughts." She added, "No longer than Thursday last, the men who were rebuilding one of the houses, were bitterly cursing and swearing one at another, and two of them above the rest, when an arch they were under fell, and crushed those two, with all their bones in pieces.' Will ye not at length hear the rod, and Him that hath appointed it?

Between five and six in the evening, we reached Minehead. Finding a general expectation of it among the people, about seven I preached near the sea-shore, to almost all the inhabitants of the place Most of the gentlemen of the town were there, and behaved with seriousness and decency.

Thursday 19, Having a sloop ready, which came on purpose, we ran over the channel in about four hours. Some of our friends were waiting for us on the shore. About one we came to Fonmon Castle. I found a natural wish, "O for ease and a resting place." Not yet. but eternity is at hand!

I preached at six, and at five in the morning. Friday 20, about ten we set out for Cardiff: where in the evening I preached in the Castle-yard. All were serious and attentive.

Saturday 21, I rode to Garth in Brecknockshire, and on Sunday 22, preached in the Church there, both morning and afternoon. On Monday 23, I preached in Maesmennys Church, and afterwards in the Church-yard at Builth. I observed only one man with his hat on: probably through inattention; for he likewise kneeled down on the grass with the rest, as soon as I began to pray.

Tuesday 24, I preached at Maesmennys again, and about five in Landan Church, near Brecknock. Such a Church I never saw before. There was not a glass window belonging to it; but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which a dim light glimmered in. Yet even here may the light of God's countenance shine. And it has shone on many hearts.

Wednesday 25, We rode over the still snowy mountains. At twelve I preached at Killigaer: in the evening at Cardiff, and the next evening at Fonmon. On Saturday 28, I returned to Bristol.

After resting here, for eight days, (though not unemployed,) on Monday, May 7, I set out for the North. I preached about eight at Acton; in the afternoon at Stroud: in the evening at Painswick, and at five the next morning. About eight, Tuesday 8, I called at Gloucester, designing only to speak with a friend; but finding a house full of people, I would not disappoint their expectation, but stayed and preached on the form and the power of godliness. This made me somewhat later than I intended at Cheltenham, where I preached on *By grace ye are saved through faith*, to a company who seemed to understand just as much of the matter, as if I had been talking Greek. I found a people of quite another kind at Gutherton, to whom I preached on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* And many called upon God for grace so to do, even with strong cries and tears.

We had a remarkable blessing again at five in the morning, Wednesday 9. About noon I preached at Stanley, (a mile from Gutherton) at three in Tewksbury, and in the evening at the Abbey in Evesham.

Thursday 10, Riding by Birmingham, I called at a village, three miles beyond it. Here a poor man was cursing and swearing at so uncommon a rate, that I was constrained to speak to him very plainly. He received it, drunk as he was, in great love, and so did all his companions.

Friday 11, I preached at Sheffield: on Saturday 12, about ten at Barley-hall. In the afternoon I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes, and his honest and open testimony for the truth, before the Worshipful bench at Kirton. It was not his fault, that *those honourable men* regarded not the laws either of God, or the King. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong—"Because he was a preacher." So to make all sure, they sent him away, a prisoner to Lincoln goal?

My first design was, to have gone the shortest way from Sheffield to Newcastle. But it was well I did not, considering the inexpressible panic, which had spread itself in all places. So that I came just in time to remind all the poor frighted sheep, that *even the hairs of our head are all numbered.*

I preached thrice at Epworth on Sunday, and on Monday 14, at Ferry. The Constable which took Mr. Downes for a soldier, with one of the Church-wardens, were of my audience. I was informed, they had threatened great things before I came. But their threatenings vanished into air.

At two, many of our brethren at Epworth met, whom I cheerfully commended to the grace of God. We were riding gently towards Fishlake, when two or three persons met us, and begged "we would not go that way: for the town," they said, "was all up in arms, and abundance were waiting for us in the way, many of whom had made themselves very drunk, and so were ripe for any manner of mischief." We accordingly rode to Sykehouse another way. Some came in all haste hither, also to tell us, "all the men in the congregation would be pressed." Others affirmed, "the mob was just coming, and that they

would certainly fire the house, or pull it down to the ground." I told them, "Then our only way was, to make the best use of it while it was standing." So I began expounding the tenth chapter of St Matthew. But no man opened his lips against us.

Tuesday 15, After comforting the little flock at Norton, I rode the shortest way to Birstal. Here I found our brethren partly mourning, and partly rejoicing, on account of John Nelson. On Friday, the 4th instant, (they informed me) the Constables took him just as he had ended his sermon at Atherton, and the next day carried him before the Commissioners at Halifax, the most active of whom was Mr. Coleby, Vicar of Birstal. Many were ready to testify, that he was in no respect such a person as the act of parliament specified. But they were not heard. He was a preacher; that was enough. So he was sent for a soldier at once.*

At seven I preached on the Hill, no man interrupting me. Afterwards I inquired into the state of the society, and found great cause to bless God, whose grace, even in these trying times, was sufficient for them.

Wednesday 16, I talked at large with Mr. Viney. He said, "His first perplexity arose from reading and reflecting upon some Writings which the Count published in Pennsylvania: and that the more deeply he considered the whole affair, the more thoroughly he was convinced, 1, That the Count was at least as much the head of theirs, as the Pope, of the Roman Church. 2, That he had cruelly and unjustly broke up the congregation at Pilger-ruh in Holstein, because, in obedience to the King of Denmark, their lawful Prince, they had disclaimed his superiority over them. 3, That the labourers among the *Brethren*, were absolutely arbitrary in their government of the people; and, lastly, that they grossly abused *The Lot*, in support of their arbitrary power.

Thursday 17, I preached at five on Matthew x.: at noon, at Little Horton, near Bradford: about three in the afternoon at Stickerlane, and at Birstal in the evening.

Friday 18, I rode to Leeds, and preached in great peace. Saturday 19, I went on to Mr. Clayton's at Wensley; and on Sunday 20, preached in Redmire Church, on part of John iii. the Gospel for the day. In the afternoon I preached at Bolton Chapel, on *We know that we are of God.* I was much pleased at the serious behaviour of the congregation, both in the morning and afternoon: especially at Redmire, where from a village of about thirty houses, we had more than fifty communicants.

Monday 21, I rode to Newcastle, and passed a quiet week. Monday 28, I began visiting the classes in the town, and on Sunday, June 3, those in the country, which I had never found so much in earnest before. I trust, there is not only, not a disorderly walker, but hardly a trifler left among them.

Friday 8, I preached at night on John xvii. 3. The house could not contain the congregation: and most of them stayed either within or without, until the end of the midnight hymn.

* All the particulars of this memorable transaction are set down in "The Case of John Nelson, written by himself."

Sunday 10, I preached at Biddick, about eight: at Tanfield, as soon as Morning Prayer was over: at Spen about three, and in Newcastle at six. I concluded the day, in praising God with the society.

Monday 11, I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon met John Nelson at Durham, with Thomas Beard: another quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife, and children, and sent away as a soldier: that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to live among lions, for no other crime either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body after a while sunk under its burden. He was then lodged in the hospital at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off; two or three days after which, God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

> "Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
> The better fight; who single has maintain'd
> Against revolted multitudes the cause
> Of God, in word, mightier than they in arms."

Tuesday 12, In the evening I came to Knaresborough. About nine o'clock I was informed, that the house in which we were, was beset on every side, with men, women, and children. I desired those within to set open the doors, and let all come in that would. When the house was full, I came down. The noise presently ceased, and I proclaimed, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* Only one drunken man gave a little interruption; but his companions soon thrust him out of doors. So let Satan's devices fall on his own head! I trust, this mob did not come together in vain.

Wednesday 13, I rode to Leeds, and thence to Birstal. Tuesday 14, I accompanied John Bennet into Lancashire. I preached to a small congregation at eleven; in the afternoon at Woodly in Cheshire; and in the evening at Chinley-End in Derbyshire, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Friday 15, I preached at Chinley at five: about noon in the Peak, and in the evening at Barley-hall. Saturday 16, in the evening I preached at Sykehouse. And by setting out early in the morning, Sunday 17, at eight I preached in Epworth. I came thither in season. For two such sermons as Mr. Rumley preached on this day, so exquisitely bitter, and totally false, I cannot say I ever heard before.

After evening service I preached on Rom. iii. 22, to a much larger congregation than in the morning; and I believe all that were sincere of heart were exceedingly comforted.

Monday 18, I left Epworth, and on Wednesday 20, in the afternoon met my brother in London.

Monday 25, and the five following days, we spent in conference with many of our brethren, (come from several parts,) who desire nothing but to save their own souls, and those that hear them. And surely as long as they continue thus minded, their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The next week we endeavoured to purge the society of all that did not walk according to the Gospel. By this mean we reduced the number of members to less than nineteen hundred. But number is an inconsiderable circumstance. May God increase them in faith and love!

Monday, July 9, My brother set out for Cornwall. I had much trouble for the fortnight following, in endeavouring to prevent an unwary man from destroying his own soul, and the souls of many others. On Monday 23, when I set out for Bristol, I flattered myself that the work was done. But upon my return, I found I had done just nothing; so that on Thursday, August 2, I was constrained to declare in the society, that Thomas Williams was no longer in connexion with us.

Friday 10, I preached to the debtors in Newgate, and desired two or three of my friends to attend them weekly. I had a serious, well-behaved congregation. Perhaps God may give us some fruit here also.

Tuesday 14, Mr. Piers rode over with me to Shorcham, and introme to Mr. Perronet. I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever for the acquaintance begun this day.

Wednesday 15, I went to Bedlam, at the repeated request of Mr. S., who had been confined there above two years. This was the person, who while he was speaking against my brother and me to the Society at Kingswood, was in a moment struck raving mad. But it seems God is at length intreated for him, and has restored him to a sound mind.

Thursday 16, I received a remarkable letter, part of which is here subjoined:

"*Aug.* 4, 1744.

"REV. SIR,

"I was surprised on Sunday, when you were pleased to tell me I carried things to extremes, in denying the lawful pleasures in eating. I denied only self-indulgence in eating; all which I advance is, that he who will be Christ's disciple must absolutely deny himself. It was once a great self-denial to me, not to go to a play, or to other diversions; but this is now no self-denial to me at all. So that if I were now called to deny myself in these things only, I might take up with what is past, and now live an agreeable, self-indulgent life. But God forbid. I plainly see every hour produces occasions of self-pleasing; and this I apprehend is a sufficient call for, and rule of self-denial. For instance, in the morning it is a great self-denial to rise out of a warm bed. But if I do not, I am immediately condemned as a slothful servant; if I do, I find a great inward blessing. Under the preaching, it is self-pleasing to see who is here, who there. But if I do let my eye wander, I become cold and lifeless; if I deny myself, I often find even a present reward. In walking the streets, I can please myself, by looking this way and that, on this chariot, that house, and picture, But if I deny myself, for Christ's sake, his consolations abound with me.

"But I may deny myself outwardly, and yet be self-indulgent, namely, by allowing myself in vain and trifling thoughts. Here is a continual fight and a hard struggle I must have before I conquer. But when I do overcome, I lose nothing by it, for my soul is delighted with secret refreshings.

"At noon I may find many pleasant things. And of this it was that I said to Mr. Richards, 'If there are two dishes set before you, by the rule of self-denial, you ought to eat of that which you like the least.' And this rule I desire to observe myself, always to choose what is least pleasing and cheapest. Therefore I feed much upon milk; it is pleasant enough, and nothing I can find is so cheap. Whereas, if one sort of food be dearer than another, and yet I use it, because more agreeable to my appetite, this I apprehend is directly contrary to the discipleship of a self-denying master. And this kind of self-indulgence (not in food only) is practised by too many that know the truth.

"I suppose, Sir, you now perceive I do not condemn all pleasure in eating; but I condemn all self-indulgence both in that and other things, particularly in talking. Many who think themselves believers, please themselves with talking more than is profitable; they talk even of the things of God, till they bring a deadness, nay, an unaccountable carelessness over their spirits. I do not say they laugh or talk idly. But still they are not deeply serious, nor is their conversation truly solid; whereas I should think the concience of a true believer is as tender as the apple of an eye; and that to such a one it would be less pain to suffer the rack, than to trifle either in word or deed."

Tuesday 21, I set out with a few friends for Oxford. On Wednesday my brother met us from Bristol. Friday 24, St. Bartholomew's day, I preached, I suppose, the last time at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.

The Beadle came to me afterwards, and told me, "the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes." I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands. But by this mean it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.

I left Oxford about noon, preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on Saturday 25, returned to London.

Saturday, September 1, I talked pretty largely with George Newans, the supposed Shropshire prophet. I am inclined to think he believes himself; but I cannot believe God has sent him.

Wednesday 5, One sent me word, "He had now found the right way of worshipping God; and therefore he must leave off prayer and the rest of our will-worship, and join himself to the Quakers." However, in the evening, he ventured among us once more. And God smote him to the heart, so that he knew, and felt, and declared aloud, that he had no need for going elsewhere to find the power of God unto salvation.

Thursday 6, I committed to the dust the remains of Elizabeth Marsh, a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour. But she never murmured or repined at any thing. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed, and found her always quiet and calm, always cheerful, praising God in the fires, though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, even for a moment, from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, "I am concerned I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, you shall recover within ten days. And I said, 'I do not want to recover.'" A little before her speech failed, she beckoned one to her, and said, "Go and tell Molly Brown, from me, she must come back to Mr. Wesley. I have not breath to speak to her myself; but do you tell her from me she must come back." She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But

> "Her eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
> As any Muse's tongue could speak."

It said, "to me to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only speak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the Foundery, God made his word as a flame of fire. I spoke from that passage in the Revelation, *And one of the Elders said unto me, What are these who are arrayed in white robes; and whence come they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and they washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

A young man, servant to Mrs. C., of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house, on Monday, the 10th, (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before,) he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight. Both his words and his eyes "witnessed huge affliction and dismay." Death stared him in the face, and he knew not God. He could but just say, "For God's sake, pray for me."

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All this day as his illness, so his terrors increased. But the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die, for I know God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people; but now I love you as my own soul; I love you all; I know you are the people of God, and I am just going to him." He continued praising God as long as he could speak; and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on Wednesday morning he cried out, "I have lost my God! Where is he? I cannot see him." But he soon recovered himself, and said, "Now I have found him; and I shall lose Him no more." About seven I prayed with him, and praised God on his behalf; and not long after, he fell asleep.

Friday 14, I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people at a small distance from that of Elizabeth Marsh.

Sunday 16, I buried near the same place, one who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance of faith, when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions, in speaking of, or to God. And when she perceived her strength to be nearly exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her Ministers, for the Church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes, said, "Thy Kingdom come," and died.

All this Summer, our brethren in the West had as hot service, as those in the North of England. The war against the Methodists, so called, being every where carried on, with far more vigour than that against the Spaniards. I had accounts of this from all parts: one of which was as follows:

"REV. SIR.

"THE Word of God has free course here, it runs, and is glorified. But the devil rages horribly. Even at St. Ives we cannot shut the doors of John Nance's house, to meet the society, but the mob immediately threatens to break them open. They now triumph over us more and more, saying, It is plain nothing can be done against them. And in other places it is worse. I was going to Crouan on Tuesday was se'nnight: on the road two of our brothers met me. When we came within a mile of the house, we saw a great mob at some distance: but they were going another way. We then left our horses at the house of a friend, and went forward on foot. Within a quarter of a mile of the place where I was to preach, two persons met us, who used to be persecutors, but they now desired me, for God's sake, 'Not to go up: for if I did, they said, there would surely be murder: if there was not already; for many were knocked down before they came away.'

"By their advice, and the intreaties of those that were with me, I turned back to the house where we left our horses. We had been there but a short time, when many of the people came, being very bloody, and having been beaten very bad. But the main cry of the mob was after the preacher, whom they sought for in every corner of the house: swearing bitterly 'they only wanted to knock him on the head, and then they should be satisfied.'

"Not finding me there, they said, However they should catch him on Sunday at Cambourn. But it was Mr. Westell's turn to go thither on Sunday. While he was preaching there, at Mr. Harris's house, a tall man came in and pulled him down Mr. Harris demanded his warrant. But he swore, 'warrant or no warrant, he should go with them:' so he carried him out to the mob, who took him away to the Church-town. They kept him there till Tuesday morning, and then carried him to Penzance: where, in the afternoon, he was brought before three Justices, and asked abundance of questions, to which

they required him to answer upon oath. Then Dr. Burlast, wrote his *Mittimus*, by virtue of which he was to be committed to the House of Correction at Bodmin, as a vagrant. So they took him as far as Cambourn that night, and the next day on to Bodmin.

"I desire your continual prayers for me,

"Your weak servant in Christ,

"HENRY MILLARD."

I pray, for what pay could we procure men to do this service? to be always ready to go to prison or to death!

Henry Millard did not long continue therein. After he had for some time fought a good fight, he took the small-pox, and in a few days joyfully resigned his spirit to God.

The Justices who met at the next Quarter-Sessions at Bodmin, knowing a little more of the laws of God and man, declared Mr. Westell's commitment to be contrary to all law, and set him at liberty without delay.

Tuesday, October 30, I was desired to call on a young gentlewoman dangerously ill. But I soon found, she needed no physician for her soul, being full of righteousness and good works. However I spoke to her with all plainness: and she awoke as one out of sleep. She drank in every word, and soon perceived the want of a better righteousness than her own. But her companion sent her father word, and she was immediately removed; so that I saw her no more.

Sunday, November 4, Poor Richard I., who in spite of his former conviction, was now determined to renounce us and join the *Quakers*, ventured, however, once more to come to the Lord's table. He had no sooner received, than he dropped down and cried with a loud voice, "I have sinned; I have sinned against God." At that instant, many were pierced to the heart. I could hardly speak for some time. Several mourners were filled with strong consolation. And all said. "Surely God is in this place!"

About this time, I received a letter, dated from the camp at Lisle. Part of it ran as follows:—

"May 1, We marched to the camp, near Brussels. There a few of us joined into a society, being sensible, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there is our Lord in the midst of them. Our place of meeting was a small wood near the camp. We remained in this camp eight days, and then removed to a place called Arsk. Here I began to speak openly at a small distance from the camp, just in the middle of the English army. And here it pleased God to give me some evidences, that my labour was not in vain. We sung an hymn, which drew about two hundred soldiers together, and they all behaved decently. After I had prayed, I began to exhort them, and though it rained very hard, yet very few went away. Many acknowledged the truth; in particular a young man, John Greenwood by name; who has kept with me ever since, and whom God has lately been pleased to give me for a fellow-labourer. Our society is now increased to upwards of two hundred, and the hearers are frequently more than a thousand; although many

say, I am mad; and others have endeavoured to incense the Field-Marshal against us. I have been sent for, and examined several times. But, blessed be God, He has always delivered me.

"Many of the officers have come to hear for themselves, often nine or ten at a time. I have endeavoured to lose no opportunity. During our abode in the camp at Arsk, I have preached thirty-five times in seven days. One of those times a soldier who was present, called aloud to his comrades, to come away, and not hear that fool any longer. But it pleased God, to send the word spoken, to his heart: so that he roared out in the bitterness of his soul, for a considerable time: and then He who never fails those that seek Him, turned his heaviness into joy. He is now never so happy as when he is proclaiming the loving-kindness of God his Saviour.

"I was a little shocked at my first entrance on this great work, because I was alone, having none to help me. But the Lord helped me, and soon raised up William Clements, and in June, John Evans, belonging to the train, to my assistance. Since we have been in this camp, we have built two small tabernacles, in which we meet at eight in the morning, at three in the afternoon, and seven at night: and commonly two whole nights in each week.

"Since I began to write this, we are come to our winter-quarters: so that our society is now parted. We are some in Bruges, some in Ghent. But it has pleased the Lord, to leave neither without a teacher: for John Greenwood and I are in this city; and W. Clements and Evans in Ghent. So that we trust our Lord will carry on his work in both places.

"We that are in Bruges, have hired a small place in which we meet. And our dear Lord is in the midst of us. Many times the tears run down every face, and joy reigns in every heart.

"I shall conclude with a full assurance of your prayers, with a longing desire to see you. O when will the joyful meeting be? Perhaps not on this side death. If not, my Master's will be done,

"Your unworthy brother in the Lord,

"J. H."

Sunday 11, In the evening I rode to Brentford. In the Inn where I lodged the next night, was a company of men exceeding drunk. Nature suggested, "Why should you speak to them? It will be, at best, labour lost. For you may be well assured, none of them will mind one word you say." However, we spoke a few words to them. One of them immediately rose up, and said "It was all true," followed us as well as he could into our room, and appeared deeply convinced, and strongly desirous to serve a better master.

Tuesday 13, In the evening we reached Bath, and the next morning rode to Bristol. After spending a few days there and at Kingswood, on Saturday 24, I came again to London.

Sunday 25, I conversed with one, who was greatly extolling the comfortable way wherein the *Brethren* preach. I understood him well. One who was a believer falls into carelessness, or wilful sin. If he come to hear our preaching then, we shake all his bones in

pieces. If he come to them, they stroke him and lull him asleep. O how does any backslider escape this *comfortable* preaching!

Sunday, December 2, I was with two persons who believe, they are saved from all sin. Be it so, or not, why should we not rejoice in the work of God, so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance, I ask John C., "Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in every thing give thanks? In loss? In pain? In sickness, weariness, disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness in whatever you speak or do, that it is pleasing to God?" If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps, because I have an exceeding complex idea of sanctification, or a sanctified man. And so for fear he should not have attained all I include in that idea, I cannot rejoice in what he has attained.

After having often declared the same thing before many witnesses, this day Mr. Williams wrote a solemn retraction of the gross slanders he had been propagating for several months, concerning my brother and me. This he concluded in these words: "Though I doubt not but you can forgive me, yet I can hardly forgive myself: I have been so ungrateful and disobedient to the tenderest of friends, who through the power of God, were my succour in all my temptations——

"I intreat your prayers in my behalf, that God may restore, strengthen, stablish, and settle me in the grace to which I have been called——That God may bless you, and your dear brother, and that we may be all united again in one fellowship, is the prayer of him, who for the future, hopes to be,

"Your obedient Son and Servant,

"For Christ's sake,

"THOMAS WILLIAMS."

Monday 3, I answered the letter I had received from Flanders; an extract of which is here subjoined:—

"GHENT, NOV. 12 O. S. 1744.

"REV. SIR,

"We have made bold to trouble you with this, to acquaint you with some of the Lord's dealings with us here. We have hired two rooms, one small one, wherein a few of us meet every day at one o'clock; and another large one for public service, where we meet twice a day, at nine in the morning, and four in the afternoon: and the hand of the Omnipotent God is with us, to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan.

"The seventh instant, when we were met together in the evening, as I was at prayer, one that was kneeling by me, cried out (like a woman in travail) 'My Redeemer! my Redeemer!' Which continued about ten minutes. When he was asked, 'What was the matter;' he said, 'He had found that which he had often heard of; that is, a heaven upon earth;' and some others had much a-do to forbear crying out in the same manner.

"Dear Sir, I am a stranger to you in the flesh: I know not if I have seen you above once, when I saw you preaching on Kennington-Common; and then I hated you, as much as now, by the grace of God, I love you. The Lord pursued me with convictions from my infancy, and I often made abundance of good resolutions. But finding as often, that I could not keep them (as being made wholly in my own strength) I at length left of all striving, and gave myself over to all manner of lewdness and profaneness. So I continued for some years, till the battle of Dettingen. The balls then came very thick about me, and my comrades fell on every side. Yet I was preserved unhurt. A few days after this, the Lord was pleased to visit me again. The pains of hell gat hold upon me, the snares of death encompassed me. I durst no longer commit any outward sin, and I prayed God to be merciful to my soul. Now I was at a loss for books. But God took care for this also. One day as I was at work, I found an old Bible in one of the train-waggons. To read this, I soon forsook my old companions; all but one, who was still a thorn in my flesh. But not long after, he sickened and died.

"My Bible was now my only companion, and I believed myself a very good Christian, till we came to winter-quarters, where I met with John Haime. But I was soon sick of his company. For he robbed me of my treasure; he stole away my gods telling me, 'I and my works were going to hell together.' This was strange doctrine to me, who being wholly ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, sought only to establish my own righteousness. And being naturally of a stubborn temper, my poor brother was so perplexed with me, that sometimes he was resolved (as he afterwards told me) to forbid my coming to him any more.

"When the Lord had at length opened my eyes, and shewn me that, *by grace we are saved, through faith*, I began immediately to declare it to others, though I had not as yet experienced it myself. But October 23, as William Clements was at prayer, I felt on a sudden a great alteration in my soul. My eyes overflowed with tears of love. I knew I was through Christ reconciled to God; which inflamed my soul with fervent love to Him, whom I now saw to be my complete Redeemer.

"O the tender care of Almighty God, in bringing up his children! How are we bound to love so indulgent a Father, and to fall down in wonder and adoration of his great and glorious name for his tender mercies! ————Dear Sir, I beg you will pray for him who is not worthy to be a door-keeper to the least of my Master's servants.

"JOHN EVANS."

He continued both to preach and to live the gospel, till the battle of Fontenoy. One of his companions saw him there, laid across a cannon (both his legs having been taken off by a chain-shot) praising God, and exhorting all that were round about him; which he did till his spirit returned to God.

Monday 17, In the evening I rode to Brentford. Many poor wretches endeavoured to make a disturbance just as I began to preach, and employed one of their number, utterly void of shame, to lead

the way. But he acted his part with so uncommon a degree both of impudence and dulness, that when I turned about and asked, to whom he belonged? his companions were ashamed to own him. So some went away, and the rest stood still; and we had a quiet and comfortable hour.

Sunday 23, I was unusually lifeless and heavy, till the Love-feast in the evening: when just as I was constraining myself to speak, I was stopped, whether I would or not: for the blood gushed out of both my nostrils, so that I could not add another word. But in a few minutes it stayed, and all our hearts and mouths were opened to praise God.

Yet the next day I was again as a dead man; but in the evening, while I was reading prayers at Snows-fields, I found such light and strength, as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought (as well as every action or word) just as it was rising in my heart; and whether it was right before God, or tainted with pride or selfishness: I never knew before (I mean not as at this time) what it was *to be still before God.*

Tuesday 25, I waked, by the grace of God, in the same spirit: and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe, and tender sense of the presence of God, as greatly confirmed me therein. So that God was before me all the day long: I sought and found him in every place; and could truly say, when I lay down at night, "Now I have *lived* a day."

Thursday 27, I called on the Solicitor whom I had employed, in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster, *A Chancery-Bill!* A scroll it was of forty-two pages in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines! And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies, (many of them too, quite foreign to the question) as I believe, would have cost the compiler his life, in any heathen court either of Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing other grievances!

I conclude this year, with the extract of a letter, which I received some weeks before.

"HONOURED SIR,

"I beg leave to give you a short account of my experience, from the time I can remember.

"In my childhood confused convictions often passed through my mind, so that I had almost always the fear of God before my eyes, and a sense of his seeing me; and I frequently used to abstain from sin upon that account. When I did sin, I was immediately checked and grieved; so that I generally was serious, nothing like any of my other brothers, and was on that account esteemed a good child, and greatly caressed. I constantly said my prayers, and was much given to reading: but it was chiefly plays and romances; of which I was as fond as I was of cards, shews, races, feasts, and whatever are called innocent diversions. Yet even these were always a burthen to me when over; so that I was forced to own, all these are vanity.

"At about sixteen, I was sent to Yarmouth, where I fell twice or thrice into intemperance, for which I was severely reproved in my conscience; but I used to make up matters by going oftener to church. And having good health, and no care, I was generally easy in my mind, and gay and jocose in my conversation.

"In this temper, after about six months, I returned home; but a severe temptation soon following, and a severe illness in my head, made me think more and more of what is beyond the grave: this also made me exceeding diligent in prayer, till God not only restored my bodily health, but also gave me power against my inward enemy, and peace to my troubled soul.

"In half a year after, I was called to London, where, for the first year, I had little religion left, only that I never missed church. But after I was settled, conviction began to revive, particularly for sins of omission. I prayed three times in a day, and I was uneasy if I missed once. I read all books of religion that came in my way. And now because I prayed and read so much, and went constantly to church, and sometimes to the sacrament, I thought myself in a right good way. And yet I was continually uneasy, though I knew not why; till one day I lit on *Thomas a Kempis*. The more I read, the more I liked it. I bought one of the books, and read it over and over. I was more convinced of sin than ever, and had more power against it. I forsook many things, which I allowed myself in before: though I still allowed myself to see a play once a month. But the last I saw, I felt a hell in my conscience for a week after, so that I determined, even for ease, never to go again.

"I was now well settled in the form of godliness, and I knew a little of the power of it, when I was pressed by a relation to pay him a visit at Oxford, which I did at Whitsuntide, 1742. But here I soon lost both power and form. I saw many places, was much in company, and grew more dead to the things of God, every day than other. I was truly glad to see London again, and the very first night began to consider, how I might recover my peace! But before I had executed any thing, I was seized with a fever. I looked up to God, but all was dark with the trouble both of my body and mind, I really thought I should have gone distracted. Yet I was too self-righteous to beg for mere mercy. All my cry was, Lord, give me health, and I will obey thee.

"God did give me health, and I was more diligent than ever in going to church or Sacrament: insomuch that on a week day, I have gone four or five times to church in an afternoon. Yet sin was my master, although every time I fell into it, I was condemned exceedingly. I began now to see, that my laughter and jesting were wrong. But I thought, if I left them, my friends would cast me off. So I went on, sinning against light, and never finding peace for one whole day together.

"One day being in great trouble of mind, and thinking, where shall I find a man, who lives up to the rules given by *Kempis*, it came strongly into my mind, 'Go to the Foundery.' Immediately I went, but with fear and trembling. Here I continued a constant hearer for

above two months, before I spoke to one person belonging to it: which I purposely abstained from, that I might the more exactly observe the whole behaviour, both of yourself and those that heard you. And the more closely I examined, the more clearly I was convinced, 'These are the men I have been seeking so long.'

"At last I was admitted into the society, and after the usual trial, into the bands: I was now continually walking upon the wings of love. The life and power of religion was all my talk. I was not ashamed to declare it before all men: for the candle of the Lord constantly shone upon my head.

"At present, I find my soul continually hungering and thirsting after the Spirit's indwelling in me. I often find a solid peace, a serious watchfulness, a presence of mind, never confused or hurried; a sweet communion with God, good-will toward all men, with much grief at their misery, but no fear. I can with unaccountable boldness, yet with meekness and love, reprove the most daring sinner. And the more I obey this spirit, the more of it I feel: the more sensible I am of my own weakness, and at the same time filled with praise and amazement to feel my strength in the Lord." "W. B——."

Saturday, January 5, 1745, Desiring to see once more our old acquaintance, Mr. Gambold, my brother and I called at James Hutton's. We found there not him, but Mr. S., a new creature indeed! (though not in the Gospel sense) so extremely gay, easy, unconcerned, that one of the Primitive Christians, instead of supposing him to be *at rest*, as he termed it, *in the wounds of Jesus*, would have judged he had never heard of his name, much less of taking up his cross daily.

I had often wondered at myself, (and sometimes mentioned it to others,) that ten thousand cares of various kinds were no more weight or burthen to my mind than ten thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be, that, on Sunday 13, that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One and another and another hurrying me continually, it seized upon my spirit more and more, till I found it absolutely necessary to flee for my life, and that without delay. So the next day, Monday 14, I took horse, and rode away for Bristol.

Between Bath and Bristol I was earnestly desired to turn aside, and call at the house of a poor man, William Shalwood. I found him and his wife sick in one bed, and with small hopes of the recovery of either. Yet (after prayer) I believed they would not die but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord. The next time I called, he was sitting below stairs, and his wife able to go abroad.

As soon as we came into the house at Bristol, my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had lain upon my mind, more or less for several days. On Sunday several of our friends from Wales, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And every day we found more and more cause to praise God, and to give him thanks for his still-increasing benefits.

I found peculiar reason to praise God for the state of the society, both in Bristol and Kingswood. They seemed at last clearly deli-

vered from all vain jangling, from idle controversies and strife of words, and determined not to know any thing, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Wednesday 30, All our family were at St. James's, our parish church. At twelve we met together, to pour out our souls before God, and to provoke each other to love and to good works. The afternoon I set apart for visiting the sick. Blessed be God, this was a comfortable day.

Thursday 31, I rode to Coleford, about twenty (real, twelve computed) miles south-east from Bristol. The colliers here were only not as famous as those at Kingswood were formerly. I preached near the road side, for the house could not contain a tenth part of the congregation. None opposed, or mocked, or smiled. Surely some of the seed is fallen upon good ground.

Monday, Feb. 4, I had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. Hartley, a particular account of Dr. Cheyne's last hours; during his last illness, he felt a gentle and gradual decay, so that he apprehended what the event would be. But it did not appear to give him any concern. He seemed quite loose from all below, till without any struggle, either of body or mind, he calmly gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 5, We set out early, and the next day at noon met the little society at Windsor. We called at Brentford likewise, and after a short stop rode on and reached London in the evening.

Sunday 17, I laboured much with one of our brethren, whose eyes the Antinomians had just opened, and for the present he seemed to be convinced. But I doubt that conviction will not continue, it being not so easy to remove any one from that Gospel, which flesh and blood have revealed unto them.

My exhorting the congregation here, not to consult with flesh and blood, but to attend the morning preaching, occasioned my receiving the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"FOR some time past I have been very negligent of coming in a morning, though I have been often severely reproved in my own mind for omitting that which I knew was my duty both to God and my brethren. And from time to time, when you have exhorted us to partake of so useful a privilege, I have always been condemned.

"A few days ago I set myself to consider, whence this slackness must proceed; and I soon saw, the root of it was, an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, and therefore from his service. The pernicious branches of this I found to be ignorance and sloth. It was ignorance of myself that caused me to cry, Peace, peace, and to say within myself, I know enough and am satisfied. And while I was in this state, pride, anger, lust, worldly-mindedness, levity, and carelessness towards God and man, successively got dominion over me, so that I was no more like a christian than like an angel. Yet I felt but little trouble for it, (save at times) and thereby I sunk into a gulph of sloth, which got the dominion over me in such a manner, that I not only was content, frequently to lie in bed till eight,

but in the day time did not care to stir one step forward, especially if it were to visit the sick and distressed. I was forced to drag myself to and fro, and a heavy load I was to myself. And yet my eyes were so blinded, that I was scarce sensible of my sin. The cross I could hardly bear naming; for being so used to shun it at all times, it became a very harsh word to me, and I did not love to hear of it. But glory be to God, ever since this examination, I have been a little stirred up; though still I am in danger of this evil or any other. Lord, leave me not, for without Thee I can do nothing.

"I find, whenever I know myself to be poor, and miserable, and blind, and foolish; and while I have a deep sense of my want of love, humility, meekness, seriousness, and wisdom, that I then am in earnest in every duty, particularly rising in the morning. But when I am inwardly careless and proud, full and wise enough, then I can very quietly neglect not only this, but every help which God has given me.

"And yet (to speak the whole truth) I am apt to attribute some part of my late sloth and slackness, to too smooth a doctrine which it seems to me has been lately preached among us. I thought the doctrine of Perfection in all its parts (perfect love, meekness, humility, resignation) has not been so strenuously insisted on, as in times past, but only now and then mentioned in general terms: and hereby I was encouraged to be content in this grovelling state, hanging between nature and grace, flesh and spirit. Then it was suggested, 'Lying in bed is not expressly forbidden in Scripture, nor is rising early expressly commanded.' Yet glory to be to God, I had power from Him to resist and overcome this thought: and being earnest with the Lord last night, this morning he did give me both a will and a power to break through, which I thankfully used, and came to meet my brethren at five, with primitive joy and satisfaction."

Monday 18, I set out with Richard Moss, for Newcastle. Wednesday 20, soon after we passed through Leicester, a gentlemen of Leicester overtook us, kept us company to Loughborough, dined with us there, then rode back to Leicester. His main business, I found, was to talk with me. He said, he had long been very low-spirited, had had the very best advice, and taken abundance of physic, and yet was as bad, or worse than ever. I explained his case to him at large, and advised him to apply to that Physician, who alone heals the broken in heart.

In the evening I preached to the little flock at Nottingham. The next day William Holmes met us at Doncaster, and piloted us through the mire, and water, and snow, lately fallen, to Sykehouse. Finding the congregation ready, I began preaching as soon as I came in, and exhorted them to follow after the great gift of God. Several from Epworth met us here, and we rejoiced unto God with reverence.

Friday 22, There was so much snow about Borough-bridge, that we could go on but very slowly: insomuch that the night overtook us when we wanted six or seven miles to the place where we designed to lodge. But we pushed on at a venture across the Moor, and about eight came safe to Sandhutton.

Saturday 23, We found the roads abundantly worse than they had been the day before: not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeway in many places unpassable (and turnpike roads were not known in these parts of England till some years after) but likewise because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them, during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to Gateshead Fell, which appeared a great, pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed; when an honest man of Newcastle overtook and guided us safe into the town.

Many a rough journey have I had before; but one like this I never had, between wind and hail, and rain and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past. Those days will return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been.

> "Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
> Whate'er molests or troubles life;
> However, grievous in its stay,
> It shakes the tenement of clay,
> When past, as nothing we esteem;
> And pain, like pleasure, is a dream."

On Monday and Tuesday I diligently inquired, Who were offended at each other? This being the sin, which of all others, most easily besets the people of Newcastle. And as many of them as had leisure to meet, I heard face to face. It was now an easy thing to remove their offences. For God was in the work. So that they were, one and all, as willing to be reconciled to each other, as I was to have them.

Friday 27, being Ash-Wednesday, after the public prayers, the little church in our house met together. Misunderstandings were cleared up, and we all agreed, to set out anew, hand in hand, and, by the grace of God, to forward one another, in running the race which is set before us.

Sunday, March 3, As I was walking up Pilgrim-street, hearing a man call after me, I stood still. He came up and used much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths and curses. Several people came out, to see what was the matter: on which he pushed me twice or thrice and went away.

Upon inquiry, I found this man had signalised himself of a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at any of our family that went that way. Therefore I would not lose the opportunity, but on Monday 4, sent him the following note:

'ROBERT YOUNG,

'I expect to see you, between this and Friday, and to hear from you, that you are sensible of your fault. Otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the Magistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street.

'I am, your real Friend,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

Within two or three hours, Robert Young came, and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a multitude of sins.

Sunday 10, We had a useful sermon at All-Saints in the morning, and another at our own Church in the afternoon. I was much refreshed by both, and united in love both to the two preachers and to the clergy in general.

The next day I wrote to a friend as follows:

"*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, March* 11, 1745-6.

"I have been drawing up this morning a short state of the case between the clergy and us: I leave you to make any such use of it as you believe will be to the glory of God.

"1. About seven years since we began preaching *inward, present* salvation, as attainable by *faith alone.*

"2. For preaching *this doctrine* we are forbidden to preach in the Churches.

"3. We then preached in *private houses,* as occasion offered; and when the houses could not contain the people, in the open air.

"4. For *this* many of the clergy *preached* or *printed* against us, as both heretics and schismatics.

"5. Persons who were convinced of sin, begged us to advise them more particularly, how to flee from the wrath to come? We replied, If they would all come at one time (for they were numerous) we would endeavour it.

"6. For *this* we were represented, both from the pulpit and the press (we have heard it with our ears and seen it with our eyes) as introducing *Popery,* raising *sedition,* practising both against Church and State: and all manner of evil was publicly said both of us and those who were accustomed to meet with us.

"7. Finding some truth herein, viz. That some of those who so met together, walked disorderly, we immediately desired them not to come to us any more.

"8. And the more steady were desired to overlook the rest, that we might know if they walked according to the Gospel.

"9. But now several of the *bishops* began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public.

"10. On this encouragement several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as out-laws or mad dogs.

"11. The people did so, both in Staffordshire, Cornwall, and many other places.

"12. And they do so still, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular Magistrate.

"Thus the case stands at present. Now what can *we* do, or what can *you* our brethren do toward healing this breach? which is highly desirable; that we may withstand, with joint force, the increasing flood of Popery, Deism, and Immorality,

"Desire of *us* any thing we can do with a safe conscience, and we will do it immediately. Will *you* meet us here? Will you do what we desire of you, so far as you can with a safe conscience?

"Let us come to particulars. Do you desire us, 1, To preach another, or to desist from preaching this doctrine?

"We think you do not desire it, as knowing we *cannot do this* with a safe conscience. Do you desire us, 2, To desist from preaching in private houses, or in the *open air?* As things are now circumstanced, this would be the same, as desiring us not to preach at all.

"Do you desire us, 3, To desist from advising those who now meet together for that purpose? Or, in other words, To dissolve our societies?

"We cannot do this with a safe conscience: for we apprehend many souls would be lost thereby, and that God would require their blood at our hands.

"Do you desire us, 4, To advise them only one by one?

"This is impossible, because of their number.

"Do you desire us, 5, To suffer those who walk disorderly still to mix with the rest?

"Neither can we do this with a safe conscience; because *evil communications corrupt good manners.*

"Do you desire us, 6, To discharge those leaders of bands or classes (as we term them) who overlook the rest?

"This is, in effect, to suffer the disorderly walkers still to mix with the rest, which we dare not do.

"Do you desire us, lastly, To behave with reverence toward those who are overseers of the church of God? And with tenderness, both to the character and persons of our brethren, the inferior clergy?

"By the grace of God, we can and will do this. Yea, our conscience beareth us witness, That we have already laboured so to do; and that, at all times and in all places.

"If you ask, What we desire of *you* to do? We answer, 1, We do not desire any of you to let us preach in your Churches, either if you believe us to preach false doctrine, or if you have upon any other ground, the least scruple of conscience concerning it. But we desire, any who believes us to preach true doctrine, and has no scruple at all in this matter, may not be either publicly or privately discouraged, from inviting us to preach in his Church.

"2, We do not desire that any one who thinks that we are Heretics or Schismatics, and that it is his duty to preach or print against us as such, should refrain therefrom, so long as he thinks it his duty: (although in this case, the breach can never be healed.)

"But we desire, that none will pass such a sentence, until he has calmly considered both sides of the question: that he would not condemn us unheard, but first read what we have written, and pray earnestly, that God may direct him in the right way.

"3, We do not desire any favour, if either Popery, Sedition, or Immorality be proved against us.

"But we desire, you will not credit without proof, any of those senseless tales that pass current with the vulgar: that if you do not credit them yourselves, you will not relate them to others (which we have known done) yea, that you will confute them, so far as ye

have opportunity, and discountenance those who still retail them abroad.

"4, We do not desire any preferment, favour, or recommendation from those that are in authority, either in Church or State. But we desire,

"1. That if any thing material be laid to our charge, we may be permitted to answer for ourselves. 2, That you would hinder your dependants from stirring up the rabble against us, who are certainly not the proper judges of these matters; and 3, That you would effectually suppress, and thoroughly discountenance all riots and popular insurrections, which evidently strike at the foundation of all government, whether of Church or State.

"Now these things you certainly can do, and that with a safe conscience, therefore until these things are done, the continuance of the breach is chargeable on you and you only."

Saturday 16, I visited part of the sick: (for I could not see them all in one day.) I found many in heaviness, through various temptations, added to that of bodily pain: but none sorrowing as men without hope: though some deeply mourning after God.

The following week I visited the societies in the country. On Thursday 28, a gentleman called at our house, who informed me his name was Adams: that he lived about forty miles from Newcastle, at Osmotherly, in Yorkshire, and had heard so many strange accounts of the *Methodists*, that he could not rest till he came to inquire for himself. I told him, he was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, if he could live on our lenten fare. He made no difficulty of this, and willingly stayed till the Monday se'nnight following, when he returned home fully satisfied with his journey.

Saturday, April 6, Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought the ground, on which our house is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writings. So I am freed from one more care. May I, in every thing, make known my request to God!

We met at four in the morning on Easter-day, and great was our joy in the Lord: I preached on *The Lord is risen indeed;* and at South-Biddick at seven o'clock. In the evening many of our brethren from all parts were present, and we again praised God with joyful lips.

Monday 15, We met at half an hour past four, and the room was filled from end to end. Many of the rich and honourable were there; so that I found it was time for me to flee away. At eight I preached in the street at Chester, to a large and quiet congregation. At Darlington (it being the fair-day) we could scarce find a place to hide our heads. At length we got into a little inn, but were obliged to be in a room, where there was another set of company, some of whom were cursing and swearing much. Before we went away, I stepped to them, and asked, "Do you think yourselves, that this kind of talking is right?" One of them warmly replied, "Sir, we have said nothing which we have need to be ashamed of." I said, "Have you not need to be ashamed of disobliging your best friend? And is not God the best friend you have?" They stared first at me, and then at one another. But no man answered a word.

In the evening I preached at the inn in Northallerton, where Mr. Adams, and some of his neighbours met me. On his saying, "He wished I could have time to preach in his house at Osmotherley:" I told him, "I would have time, if he desired it," and ordered our horses to be brought out immediately. We came thither between nine and ten. It was about an hour, before the people were gathered together. It was after twelve before I lay down; yet (through the blessing of God) I felt no weariness at all.

Tuesday 16, I preached at five on Rom. iii. 22, to a large congregation, part of whom had sat up all night, for fear they should not wake in the morning. Many of them I found, either were, or had been Papists. O how wise are the ways of God! How am I brought, without any care or thought of mine, into the centre of the Papists in Yorkshire! O that God would arise and maintain his own cause! And all the idols let him utterly abolish!

After sermon, an elderly woman asked me abruptly, "Dost thou think water-baptism an ordinance of Christ?" I said, "What saith Peter? *Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost even as we?* I spoke but little more before she cried out, "Tis right! 'Tis right! I will be baptized." And so she was the same hour.

About eight in the evening, I reached Sykehouse, and preached to a little company there. Wednesday 17, I rode by Epworth to Grimsby. The north-east wind was full in our faces, and exceeding sharp. I began preaching before eight: but to such a congregation as I had not lately seen: so stupidly rude and noisy, encouraged thereto, by their fore-speaker, a drunken ale-house keeper. I singled him out, and fastened upon him, till he chose to withdraw. The rest were soon calmed and behaved very quietly, until the service was ended.

Thursday 18, In the afternoon I rode to Hainton. Mr. Clark, the minister of Barkworth, a mile from thence, having several times sent word he should be glad to see me, I went to his house, and spent an agreeable hour, with an open-hearted, friendly man, not strongly prepossessed, and I believe, truly desirous to know the whole will of God.

Friday 19, William Fenwick rode with me to L——d: the minister of which had told him again and again, "Be sure to bring Mr. Wesley with you when he comes. It is for my soul: for the good of my poor soul" When we were alone he told me, "Sir, I have read your writings, but I could not believe them until very lately. Now I know your doctrine is true. God himself has shewn it to me. A few days since I was in great agony of soul, praying to God, to forgive my sins; and there was such a light about me as I cannot express: and I knew, God had heard my prayer. And my heart was filled with the love of God; and ever since I pray, and praise Him all day long."

I asked, if he had told this to any one else? He said, "I began to tell it to one I thought a very good Christian. But he seemed to think I was distracted. So I spoke no more. And indeed I do not know any that would hear me."

I told him, "You will meet with many such trials as this, and with many others, which you are not yet aware of." He answered, "I know that I cannot bear them of myself. I have no strength, unless I watch and pray always. But I do pray always. And what are trials to me? I am not in the world. I live in eternity. I cannot turn any way but I see God. He is with me continually, and on every side."

I found much comfort from this strong instance of the mercy of God. And so I did from a letter wrote by one of our preachers, concerning whom I often feared, I had laboured in vain. It ran in these words:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am fully convinced, your fear concerning me proceeds entirely from your love to my soul. Therefore I should think myself guilty of the greatest ingratitude, if I did not endeavour to make a proper use of your kind reproof.

"I know my soul has not prospered. I know my conversation has not always been as in the presence of God. I know I have not been, nor yet am, as I desire to be, a serious lowly follower of Jesus Christ. I have not been so exemplary in my behaviour, as was consistent with the important work wherein I was employed. But, dear Sir, let me beseech you, in God's name, tell me, do you really think, that instead of profiting, I destroy others? That so by desisting to preach, I may perish alone, and not the people perish with me. O, Sir, shall I be an instrument in the devil's hand, to destroy the souls for which Christ died? O that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth, rather than I should continue to do this great evil: O Lord, be merciful unto me, and forgive my sin; for it is great!

"I am not guiltless. But blessed be God, I have lately discovered, or rather felt many things which were hinderances of the work of God in my soul. I saw them before: but I saw in vain. I was not restless to be delivered from them, and therefore they still continued as so many insurmountable barriers in my way. I have been lately in great trouble of mind: the reproofs I received putting me upon a narrow, self-examination, I soon found many things wrong, and they lay so heavy upon me, that I went mourning all the day long. God only knows the uneasiness I felt. But, blessed be God, He did not leave me in distress, but in the midst of trouble sent me comfort. O may my soul for ever praise him!

"I have long been in a kind of dead and lifeless state, having lost those pleasing tastes of God's love I once enjoyed. I have not been able to find any delight in prayer. Nor could I pray from my heart. If I forced myself to pray (for it was a grievous cross) shame covered my face: and I durst scarce lift up my eyes, conscious of my own unfaithfulness to God, and my negligence in watching. All intercourse was stopped between God and my soul. Indeed when I have been praying with, or speaking to others, I have often found the Spirit of God enlivening my own soul. But when I came before God in secret, intending to pour out my complaint before him, my mouth hath been stopped, and the devil presently whispered, 'What profit is it that you pray?' If I persevered notwithstanding, my mind has been filled

with a thousand impertinent thoughts, so that I was either forced from my knees, or could only sigh or groan underneath my misery. My heart seemed harder and harder, so that I verily thought, I should at length become a cast-away.

"But blessed be God, I have for some time found a revival of love, and have had more communion with God than for a long season. O may it be my constant care, to watch and pray; the neglect of which was the chief cause of my former deadness. The levity and inconstancy of mind which used to oppress me, I find greatly taken away; and at present, (God grant it may always continue) the remembrance of them is grievous to me. I often find great sweetness in my soul, and can weep for my past ingratitude to God. O pray for me, dear Sir, if you love me, that I may never more resist his grace!

"I cannot tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, under God, for all your care, reproofs, and kindnesses. May God reward you! And may I never, never make an ill use of them; but love and reverence you, and praise God for his love, in making you a happy instrument of good to my soul."

I rode to Epworth in the afternoon. Sunday 21, I preached in the house at five, on *Quench not the Spirit;* about eight at the Cross, and again in the evening, to most of the adults in the town. Poor Mr. R.'s sermon, from beginning to end, was another *railing accusation.* Father, forgive him! For he knoweth not what he doth.

Monday 22, I rode with William Holmes to Norton, and after preaching there to a small company, went on to Oulton, three miles from Leeds, where a numerous congregation was waiting. On Tuesday I preached at Leeds, Armley, and Birstal. The next evening I was constrained to continue my discourse there, near an hour longer than usual: God pouring out such a blessing, that I knew not how to leave off.

Thursday 25, I preached at Horton and Bradford. Here I could not but observe, how God has made void all their labour, who *make void the law through faith.* Out of their large societies in these towns, how small a remnant is left! In Horton, scarce ten persons out of fourscore. In Bradford, not one soul.

Friday and Saturday, at John Bennet's request, I preached at several places in Lancashire and Cheshire. Sunday 28, I preached at five (as I had done overnight) about a mile from Altringham, on *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.* A plain man came to me afterward and said, "Sir, I find Mr. Hutchings and you do not preach the same way. You bid us read the Bible and pray, and go to Church; but he bids us let all this alone: and says, If we go to Church and sacrament, we shall never come to Christ."

At nine I preached near Stockport, to a large congregation. Thence we rode to Bongs in Derbyshire, a lone house, on the side of a high, steep mountain, whither abundance of people were got together before us. I preached on God's justifying the ungodly, and his word was as dew upon the tender herb. At five I preached at Mill-town, near Chapel-in-the Frith. The poor miller, near whose pond we stood, endeavoured to drown my voice, by letting out the water, which fell

with a great noise. But it was labour lost; for my strength was so increased, that I was heard to the very skirts of the congregation.

Monday 29, I preached at Taddington in the Peak, and rode from thence to Sheffield, where I preached on the floor of the late house, (which the good *Protestant* mob had just pulled down) to the largest and one of the quietest congregations I ever remember to have seen there. Tuesday 30, I preached at Barley-hall, and Wednesday, May 1, at Nottingham.

Thursday 2, I rode to Markfield. The Church was full, though the notice was so short. But I was sorry to hear, some of the neighbouring Churches are likely to be empty enough. For the *Still Brethren*, I found, had spread themselves into several of the adjacent parishes. And the very first sins their hearers leave off, are reading the Bible, and running to the Church and sacrament.

Friday 3, in the evening we came to Wednesbury. A while ago *the waves* here were *mighty, and raged horribly. But the Lord that dwelleth on high is mightier*, and has stilled the madness of the people. I preached at seven without any noise or hinderance at all. All was equally quiet on Saturday. Sunday 5, The number of people even at five, obliged me to preach abroad. About one I preached at Tipton-Green, and about four at Wednesbury. A few persons at first threw some clods; but they were quickly glad to retreat: so that there was no interruption at all while I applied those gracious words of our Lord, *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

I made haste from hence to Goston's-Green, near Birmingham, where I had appointed to preach at six. But it was dangerous for any who stood to hear; for the stones and dirt were flying from every side, almost without intermission, for near an hour. However, very few persons went away. I afterwards met the society, and exhorted them, in spite of men and devils, to continue in the grace of God.

Monday 6, I dined at Studley, where a poor man was swearing almost at every sentence. I asked him, "If he thought that was well done? And began to tell him, how God loved him." He got up as in amaze, made many bows, said, "I ask pardon, Sir, of God and you, and hope it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

In the evening I preached at Evesham. The next day Mr. Taylor, of Quinton, came, who, on Wednesday 8, rode with us to Oxford. I cannot spend one day here without heaviness in my heart for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt thou shew these, who say they are rich, that they are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked?

Friday 10, I preached at High-Wycombe in an open place, to a mixed multitude; some of whom were as rude as they dared to be, having none of the great vulgar to set them on.

Sat. 11, I came to London. The sower of tares, I found, had not been idle, but shaken many, and moved some from their steadfastness, who once seemed to be pillars. The next week, finding no other way to convince some who were hugely in love with that solemn trifle, my brother and I were at the pains of reading over Robert Barclay's Apology with them. Being willing to receive the light,

their eyes were opened. They saw his nakedness and were ashamed.

Thursday 23, We had one more conversation with one that had often strengthened our hands; but now earnestly exhorted us (what is man!) "To return to the Church: to renounce all our lay-assistants: to dissolve our societies: to leave off field-preaching, and to accept of honourable preferment!"

Wednesday 29, I talked at large with Howel Harris, not yet carried away by the torrent of Antinomianism. But how long will he be able to stand? Only till he consents to stand neuter. When he is brought not to oppose, he will quickly yield.

I would wish all to observe, that the points in question between us and either the German or English Antinomians, are not points of opinion, but of practice. We break with no man for his opinion. We think and let think. I cannot better express my sense of this than it is done by a serious man in the following letter:

"SIR,

"I ought to have mentioned sooner my receiving your's concerning Mr. Edwards, of New England. Mr. Robe is of his opinion as to the thing (the doctrine of particular Redemption), but not as to the absolute necessity of believing either the one or the other side of the question, And it is the maintaining the necessity of his side of the question which you justly blame. For the same reason I suppose you would blame the maintaining the necessity of your side of the question. On whatsoever side of the question one be, I apprehend this mistake of the necessity of it proceeds from what Mr. Locke calls, 'the association of ideas.' People long accustomed to explain the essential things of Christianity, in such a particular way, and never having observed how they can be explained in any other, transfer their zeal for these essential things to their own way of explication, and believe there is a necessary connexion between them, when in fact there is not. This has produced many mischiefs and animosities among all sorts of people. I would take my ground to stand on for clearing this, on what you say in the same letter to me. 'Whosoever agrees with us in that account of practical religion given in the Character of a Methodist, I regard not what his other opinions are: the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. I am more assured that love is of God, than that any opinion whatsoever is so. Herein may we increase more and more.'

"I have often thought since I was favoured with that letter, how far it natively and clearly went, as to many things that occasion contentions and schisms, even among real Christians; and what, as it natively and clearly follows from this principle, our practice ought to be.

"One effect of this has been to make me think I have not yet met with any set of people, whose practice is not, in several remarkable particulars, inconsistent with this good principle. But I will not suffer myself to be fully persuaded of this, as to one set of men, till I have the happiness to meet with your brother and you, and talk over some particulars, which you will allow me calmly and impartially to

lay before you. May the Holy Ghost lead you into all truth, and into every right way.

"As to outward communion with those in whom your characteristic is found,

"1, Is it not our duty and theirs to keep that communion together, as far as we can, without sin? And except in that case, is not separating from each other even in outward communion a sin? Consequently, is it not a sin in any of us, to set outward communion on such a foot, that others, who have this characteristic, cannot join in that communion without sin in them? Is it not also our duty not to cause them to stumble, by our way of insisting on our particular opinions? And is it not a sin in them, to be easily stumbled at us on that account?

"2, Is it not far wrong in any of us to teach our particular opinions, (especially to those whom we are to instruct in the essentials of religion) so as to lead them into such an association of ideas, between these essentials and those opinions, which want of judgment, narrowness of thought, and impatience of spirit, are so apt to lead even the strong into? Do we not often see how almost incurably this prejudices the weak against their brethren in Christ, and perplexes their minds about those opinions, and takes them off from the serious consideration of the essentials? Nay, have we not seen even the strong in grace, as well as in learning, mistake the Lord's shining on their souls, on account of their receiving and applying the essentials, for an approbation of their particular opinions? And have we not seen such hereby led to bear persecution from, and in their turn to inflict it on their brethren? Almost every one cries out against this spirit of persecution. But few seem to dive into the causes of it; and fewer still heartily seek after and follow the effectual cure. And therefore,

"3, Is it not the duty both of ministers and of private Christians in their several stations, to shew that their particular opinions are not so important, but that one in whom the grand characteristic is found, may hold different, nay contrary opinions? Is it not the duty of all, in their respective stations, to prevent or dissolve that groundless association of ideas? And is not the quite contrary done by almost all? Do they not proceed, as if they were rather desirous to establish (not dissolve) that association of ideas, in favour of their own particular opinions? And thereby (though perhaps their own hearts hide it from them) to establish their party, and fix their adherents unto them?

"4, Since, as you justly say, 'We are more sure that love is of God, than that any opinion whatever is so,' Is it not our duty to follow that love with all our brethren in Christ, and the native consequence of it, outward communion? So far, I mean, as that communion does not imply our owning as true an opinion which we do not believe to be so, And yet,

"5, When one is a member of a community, where many are extremely bigotted to their own opinions; in such a case, may not outward communion with our brethren in Christ, be kept in some instances, and not in others? But still, is it not our duty to use all our prudence and diligence to bring all the Lord's people from this

bigotry into that dear, mutual, universal love, and that actual communion, which is the native consequence of it?

"JAMES E——E."

Sunday, June 9, In the evening I rode to Colebrook, on Monday to Marlborough, and on Tuesday to Bristol. The Antinomians had taken true pains here also to seduce those who were shewing their faith by their works, But they had reaped little fruit of their bad labour; for upon the most diligent inquiry, I could not find, that seven persons out of seven hundred had been turned out of the old bible way.

We left Bristol early on Friday 14, and on Sunday morning reached St. Ginny's. The church was moderately filled with serious hearers, but few of them appeared to feel what they had heard. I preached both morning and afternoon, and on Monday evening; and many assented to, and approved of the truth.

Tuesday 18, Being invited by the rector of St. Mary-week (about seven miles from St. Ginny's) to preach in his church, we went thither in the afternoon. I had not seen in these parts of Cornwall, either so large a church or so large a congregation. Thence we rode to Lanest, where Mr. Bennet read prayers, and I preached, on *The redemption that is in Jesus Christ.*

Wednesday 19, Tresmere church was filled within and without, while I preached on Romans iv. 7. Here I took leave of a poor, mad, original enthusiast, who had been scattering abroad lies in every quarter. In the evening, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Shepherd rode with me to St. Eath, and the next day to Redruth.

Being informed here of what had befallen Mr. Maxfield, we turned aside toward Crowan Church-town. But in the way we received information, that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems the valiant constables, who guarded him, having received timely notice, that a body of five hundred Methodists were coming to take him away by force, had with great precipitation carried him two miles further, to the house of one Henry Tomkins.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired Henry Tomkins to shew me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. Borlase and his father, and Mr. Eustick, to the constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to "apprehend all such able-bodied men, as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance; and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at Marazion, on Friday 21, to be examined whether they were proper persons to serve his Majesty in the land-service."

It was endorsed (by the steward of Sir John St. Aubin) with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known to have lawful callings, and a sufficient maintenance thereby, But that was all one: they were called Methodists, therefore soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, "A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish."

A word to the wise! The good men easily understood, this could be none but the Methodist preacher, for who "disturbs the peace of

the parish," like one who tells all drunkards, whoremongers, and common-swearers, "You are in the high road to hell?"

When we came out of the house, forty or fifty Myrmidons stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed; nor did they recover, till we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones; one of which struck Mr. Thomson's servant.

Friday 21, We rode to Marazion (vulgarly called Marketjew.) Finding the Justices were not met, we walked up St. Michael's Mount. The house at the top is surprisingly large and pleasant. Sir John St. Aubin had taken much pains, and been at considerable expence in repairing and beautifying the apartments. And when the seat was finished, the owner died.

About two Mr. Thomson and I went into the room where the Justices and commissioners were. After a few minutes, Dr. Borlase stood up and asked, "Whether we had any business?" I told him, "We have. We desire to be heard, concerning one who was lately apprehended at Crowan." He said, "Gentlemen, the business of Crowan does not come on yet; you shall be sent for when it does." So we retired, and waited in another room till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr. Maxfield (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine, he was called. I would have gone in then, but Mr. Thomson advised to wait a little longer. The next information we received, was that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went straight to the Commission-chamber. But the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. Maxfield to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for Penzance. We were informed, "They had first offered him to the captain of a Man-of-War, that was just come into the harbour." But he answered, "I have no authority to take such men as these: unless you would have me give him so much a week to preach and pray to my people."

Saturday 22, We reached St. Ives about two in the morning. At five, I preached on *Love your enemies*: and at Gwenap in the evening, on *All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*

We heard to-day, that as soon as Mr. Maxfield came to Penzance, they put him down into the dungeon; and that the Mayor being inclined to let him go, Dr. Borlase had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the Articles of War in the Court, and delivered him to one, who was to act as an officer.

Sunday 23, I preached in Gwenap at five, and about eight at Stithians, to a large and quiet congregation. Thence we went to Wendron Church. At two I preached a mile and a half from the Church, under a large shady tree, on part of the epistle for the day, *Marvel not, if the world hate you, &c.* At five I began at Crowan, the head quarters of the people that delight in war. While I was expounding part of the second morning lesson, Captain R——ds came with a party of men, ready for battle. But their master riding away in two or three minutes, their countenances quickly fell. One and another

stole off his hat, till they were all uncovered: nor did they either move or speak, till I had finished my discourse.

We rode thence to St. Ives: where, Monday 24, I preached at five, on *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.* As we returned from Church at noon, a famous man of the town, attacked us, for the entertainment of his masters. I turned back, and spoke to him, and he was ashamed. In the afternoon, as I was walking over the Market-place, he just put out his head: but after one scream, ran back into the house with great precipitation. We expected a visit in the evening from some of the devil's drunken companions, who swarm here on a holy-day, so called. But none appeared. So after a comfortable hour, we praised God, and parted in peace.

Tuesday 25, We rode to St. Just. I preached at seven to the largest congregation I have seen since my coming. At the meeting of the earnest, loving society, all our hearts were in a flame: and again at five in the morning, while I explained, *There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.*

When the preaching was ended, the Constable apprehended Edward Greenfield, (by a warrant from Dr. Borlase) a tinner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children. Three years ago he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness. But those old things had been, for some time passed away; and he was then remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.

I asked a little gentleman at St. Just, "What objection there was to Edward Greenfield?" He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things: but his impudence the gentleman cannot bear. Why, Sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven!"—And, *for this cause,* he is adjudged to banishment or death.

I preached at Morva and Zunnor in my return to St. Ives. Friday 28, Mr. Thompson and Bennett returned home. Saturday 29, I preached at St. Just again, and at Morva and Zunnor on Sunday 30, About six in the evening I began preaching at St. Ives, in the street, near John Nance's door. A multitude of people were quickly assembled, both high and low, rich and poor. And I observed not any creature to laugh or smile, or hardly move hand or foot. I expounded the Gospel for the day, beginning with, *Then drew near all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.* A little before seven came Mr. Edwards from the Mayor, and ordered one to read the proclamation against riots. I concluded quickly after; but the body of the people appeared utterly unsatisfied, not knowing how to go away. Forty or fifty of them begged they might be present at the meeting of the society; and we rejoiced together for an hour in such a manner, as I had never known before in Cornwall.

Tuesday, July 2, I preached in the evening at St. Just. I observed not only several gentlemen there, who, I suppose, never came before, but a large body of tinners, who stood at a distance from the rest, and a great multitude of men, women, and children beside, who seemed not well to know, why they came. Almost as soon as we had done singing, a kind of gentlewoman began. I have seldom

seen a poor creature take so much pains. She scolded, and screamed, and spit, and stamped, and wrung her hands, and distorted her face and body all manner of ways. I took no notice of her at all, good or bad; nor did almost any one else. Afterwards I heard, she was one that had been bred a Papist; and when she heard we were so, rejoiced greatly. No wonder she should be proportionably angry, when she was disappointed of her hope.

Mr. Eustick, a neighbouring gentleman came, just as I was concluding my sermon. The people opening to the right and left, he came up to me and said, "Sir, I have a warrant from Dr. Borlase, and you must go with me." Then turning round, he said, "Sir, are you Mr. Shepherd? If so, you are mentioned in the warrant too. Be pleased, Sir, to come with me." We walked with him to a public-house, near the end of the town. Here he asked me, if I were willing to go with him to the Doctor? I told him, just then, if he pleased, "Sir," said he, "I must wait upon you to your inn; and in the morning, if you will be so good as to go with me, I will shew you the way." So he handed me back to my inn and retired.

Wednesday 3, I waited till nine. But no Mr. Eustick came. I then desired Mr. Shepherd to go and inquire for him at the house wherein he had lodged; *Si forte edormisset hac villa.* He met him coming, as he thought, to our inn. But, after waiting some time, we inquired again, and learned he had turned aside to another house in the town. I went thither and asked, "Is Mr. Eustick here?" After some pause, one said, "Yes;" and shewed me into the parlour. When he came down he said, "O Sir, will you be so good as to go with me to the Doctor's." I answered, "Sir, I came for that purpose." "Are you ready, Sir?" I answered, "Yes." "Sir, I am not quite ready. In a little time, Sir; in a quarter of an hour, I will wait upon you. I will come to William Chenhall's." In about three quarters of an hour he came, and finding there was no remedy, he called for his horse, and put forward towards Dr. Borlase's house. But he was in no haste: so that we were an hour and a quarter in riding three or four measured miles. As soon as we came into the yard, he asked a servant, "Is the Doctor at home?" Upon whose answering, "No, Sir, he is gone to Church:" he presently said, "Well, Sir, I have executed my commission. I have done, Sir: I have no more to say."

About noon Mr. Shepherd and I reached St. Ives. After a few hours rest, we rode to Gwenap. Finding the house would not contain one fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the tombs: and riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he: and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing an hymn. Upon this Mr. B. lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "Seize him, seize him. I say, seize the preacher, for his Majesty's service." But no one stirring, he rode up and

struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still, that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, "I take you to serve his Majesty." A servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm in arm for about three quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time, with the wickedness of the fellows belonging to the society. When he was taking breath, I said, "Sir, be they what *they* will, I apprehend it will not justify *you*, in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve his Majesty." He replied, "I seize you! and violently carry you away! No, Sir, no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house. And you said, you were willing. And if so, you are welcome. And if not, you are welcome to go where you please." I answered, "Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble." "Sir," said he, "I will go with you myself." He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

Thursday 4, I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides, by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them. But it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" (an unmeaning word which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist.) No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage. Only a wainscot petition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor Kitty was utterly astonished, and cried out, "O Sir, what must we do?" I said, "We must pray." Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, "But, Sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? To get into the closet?" I answered, "No; it is best for me to stand just where I am." Among those without, were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into the harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and coming up all together, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, "Avast, lads, avast!" Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them and said, "Here I am. Which of you has any thing to say to *me?* To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?" I continued speaking, till I came, bare-headed as I was (for I purposely left my hat, that they might all see my face) into the middle of the street, and then raising my voice, said "Neigh-

bours! Countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak?" They cried vehemently, "Yes, yes. He *shall* speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him." But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However, I spoke without intermission, and as far as the sound reached, the people were still: till one or two of their captains turned about and swore, "Not a man shall touch him." Mr. Thomas, a clergyman then came up, and asked, "Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?" He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town, and one of the Aldermen: with whom I walked down the town speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. Maddern's house. The gentleman proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the mean time. But on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out among the people again. So they chose to send my horse before me to Penryn, and to send me thither by water; the sea running close by the back door of the house in which we were.

I never saw before, no, not at Walsal itself, the hand of God so plainly shewn as here. There I had many companions, who were willing to die with me: Here not a friend, but one simple girl; who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. B.'s door. There I received some blows, lost part of my cloths, and was covered over with dirt. Here, although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the mid way, so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers. Neither was any thing thrown from first to last: so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes. Who can deny, that God heareth prayer? Or, that he hath all power in heaven and earth?

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues. But a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep, narrow passage from the sea, at the top of which the foremost man stood. I looked him in the face and said, "I wish you a good night." He spake not, nor moved hand nor foot till I was on horseback. Then he said, "I wish you were in hell;" and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of Tolcarn (in Wendron parish) where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, "Why not?" They said, "The Churchwardens and Constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you. They have a special warrant from the Justices met at Helston, who will stay there till you are brought." I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horsemen well-dressed, went straight to them and said, "Gentlemen, have any of you any thing to say to me? I am John Wesley." One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should "presume to say, I was Mr. John Wesley." And I know not how I might have fared, for

advancing so bold an assertion, but that Mr. Collins, the minister of Redruth (accidentally, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying, he knew me at Oxford; my first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began, "Whether this preaching had done any good?" I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed, (after many words) "People are the better for the present:" but added, "To be sure, by and by, they will be as bad, if not worse than ever."

When he rode away, one of the gentlemen said, "Sir, I would speak with you a little. Let us ride to the gate." We did so, and he said, "Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say, That you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him." Nay surely. *All the gentlemen in these parts*, will not lie against their own consciences!

I rode hence to a friend's house some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were many here also, who had an earnest desire to hear "this preaching." But they did not dare. Sir——— V———n, having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of Church, "If any man of this parish dare hear these fellows, he shall not——come to my Christmas feast."

Friday 5, As we were going to Trezilla, (in Gulval parish) several met us in great consternation, and told us, the Constables and Churchwardens were come and waited for us. I went straight on, and found a serious congregation, but neither Churchwarden nor Constable: nor any creature to molest us, either at the preaching, or at the meeting of the society. After so many storms, we now enjoyed the calm, and praised God from the ground of the heart.

Saturday 6, I rode with Mr. Shepherd to Gwenap. Here also we found the people in the utmost consternation. Word was brought, that a great company of tinners, made drunk on purpose, were coming to do terrible things. I laboured much to compose their minds. But fear had no ears: so that abundance of people went away. I preached to the rest, on *Love your enemies.* The event shewed, this also was a false alarm, an artifice of the devil, to hinder men from hearing the word of God.

Sunday 7, I preached at five to a quiet congregation, and about eight at Stithians. Between six and seven in the evening we came to Tolcarn. Hearing the mob was rising again, I began preaching immediately. I had not spoke a quarter of an hour, before they came in view. One Mr. Trounce rode up first, and began speaking to me, wherein he was roughly interrupted by his companions. Yet as I stood on a high wall, and kept my eyes upon them, many were softened, and grew calmer and calmer: which some of their companions observing, went round and suddenly pushed me down. I lit on my feet, without any hurt, and finding myself close to the warmest of the horseman, I took hold of his hand and held it fast, while I expostulated the case. As for being convinced, he was quite above it. However, both he and his fellows grew much milder, and we parted very civilly.

Monday 8, I preached at five, on *Watch and pray*, to a quiet and earnest congregation. We then rode to St. Ives, the most still and honourable post (so are the times changed!) which we have in Cornwall.

Tuesday 9, I had just begun preaching at St. Just, when Mr. E. came once more, took me by the hand, and said, "I must go with him." To avoid making a tumult, I went. He said, "I had promised last week, not to come again to St. Just for a month." I absolutely denied the having made any such promise. After about half an hour, he handed me back to my inn.

Wednesday 10, In the evening I began to expound (at Trevouan, in Morva) *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* In less than a quarter of an hour, the Constable and his companions came, and read the proclamation against riots. When he had done, I told him, "We will do as you require; we will disperse within an hour," and went on with my sermon. After preaching I had designed to meet the society alone. But many others also followed with such earnestness, that I could not turn them back. So I exhorted them all, to love their enemies, as Christ hath loved us. They felt what was spoken. Cries and tears were on every side; and all could bear witness,

"Even now the Lord doth pour
The blessing from above;
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love."

Thursday 11, I found some life even at Zunnor, and on Friday 12, at Gulval. Saturday 13, I met the stewards of all the societies at St. Ives, and preached in the evening at Gwenap without interruption. Sunday 14, at eight, I preached at Stithians, and earnestly exhorted the society, "Not to think of pleasing men, but to count all things loss, so that they might win Christ." Before I had done, the constables and churchwardens came, and pressed one of the hearers for a soldier.

Monday 15, Mr. Bennet met us at Trewint, and told us, Francis Walker had been driven thence, and had since been an instrument of great good, wherever he had been. Indeed, I never remember so great an awakening in Cornwall wrought in so short a time, among young and old, rich and poor, from Trewint quite to the sea-side

I preached between four and five, and then went on to Laneast church, where I read prayers, and preached, on *There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.* O how pleasant a thing is even outward peace! What would not a man give for it, but a good conscience!

Tuesday 16, I read prayers at five, and preached in Tresmere church. About three I preached in St. Mary Week church, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* Between six and seven I began reading prayers at Tamerton, where I preached on John iv. 24. Wednesday 17, I rode to Mr. Thomson's, near Barnstable, and the next evening to Minehead. Early, on Friday 19, we went on board, and in about four hours crossed the channel and reached Fonmon.

We were here, as it were, in a new world, in peace, and honour,

and abundance. How soon should I melt away in this sunshine! But the goodness of God suffers it not. In the morning I rode to Cardiff, where also there had been much disturbance; but now all was calm, I preached there in the evening. God gave a blessing with his word, and we greatly rejoiced before him.

Sunday 21, I preached at Cardiff at five, and at Wenvo, morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached again at Cardiff in the Castle-yard, on *Great is the mystery of godliness.* I never saw such a congregation in Wales before: and all behaved as men fearing God.

Monday 22, I preached at half an hour after four, and then set out with Mr. Hodges, rector of Wenvo, for Garth; Mr. Philips guided us till he thought all the difficulty was over. But it proved otherwise; for almost as soon as he left us, the night coming on, we got out of the road, and might very probably have wandered till day-light, had not a gentleman met us, and rode out of his way to shew us to Mr. Gwynne's house.

Tuesday 23, I preached about noon at Maesmennys to a larger congregation than the church could contain. About three I preached at Builth. Five clergymen of us were present, two Justices of Peace, and well nigh all the grown people in the town. I had not known so solemn a season, before, since we came into Wales.

Wednesday 24, I preached at Builth again, and afterwards at Maesmennys. Thence Mr. Phillips rode with us to Landdu Church, where I preached at six to a small serious congregation. And the next evening, Thursday 24, I came back safe, blessed be God, to Bristol.

I found both my soul and body much refreshed in this peaceful place. Thursday, August 1, and the following days, we had our second conference with as many of our brethren that labour in the word as could be present.

During my stay here, I took the opportunity of visiting the little societies round Bristol, in Wiltshire, and Somersetshire.

Monday 12, I was desired to read over my old friend Anthony Purvor's Essay toward a New Translation of the Bible. But how was I disappointed! I found the text flat and dead, much altered indeed, but commonly for the worse: and the notes merely critical, dull, and dry, without any unction, or spirit, or life.

I had now leisure to look over the letters I had received this summer; some extracts of which are here subjoined:

"LONDON, MAY 25, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"MARY COOK, who had been ill for above six months, grew much worse a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably serious, and greatly desirous of knowing her interest in Christ; but then her desires were much increased, and she had no rest in her spirit, but cried unto him day and night. On Monday last she mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted. Then she lay still awhile, and on a sudden broke out,

'Praise God from whom pure blessings flow.'

"Her mother asked her the cause of this. She said, 'O mother, I am happy, I am happy. I shall soon go to heaven;' and many more words she spoke to the same effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her still in a settled peace. She told me, 'I am assured of God's love to my soul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to himself; Lord, hasten the time. I long to be with thee." On Tuesday and Wednesday she spoke little, being exceeding weak, but continued instant in prayer. On Wednesday about noon, she desired her mother to get her up into the chair, which she did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, she desired her to let her go. Then placing herself upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majesty in her countenance, she said, 'Lord, receive my soul,' and expired."

"BRISTOL, JUNE 6, 1745.

"I have delivered another of my charge to the Lord, On Saturday night, Molly Thomas was taken home. She was always constant in the use of all the means, and behaved well, both at home and abroad. After she was taken ill, she was distressed indeed, between the pain of her body and the anguish of her soul. But where is all pain gone when Jesus comes? when he manifests himself to the heart? In that hour she cried out, 'Christ is mine I know my sins are forgiven me.' Then she sung praise to Him that had loved her, and bought her with his own blood. The fear of death was gone, and she longed to leave her father, and mother, and all her friends. She said, 'I am almost at the top of the ladder. Now I see the towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me. I shall soon go. 'Tis but for Christ to speak the word, and I am gone. I only wait for that word, 'Rise up, my love, and come away.'

"When they thought her strength was gone, she broke out again,

"Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up:
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope.
Author of my Faith He is;
He its finisher shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.'

"So she fell asleep. O Lord, my God, glory be to Thee for all things. I feel such desire in my soul after God that my strength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to spare; and yet how many do I lose! Lord Jesus, give me to be more and more diligent and watchful in all things. It is no matter to me how I was an hour ago. Is my soul now waiting upon God? O that I may in all things, and through all things, see nothing but Christ! O that when he comes, he may find me watching! S. C."

"JUNE 27, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sat up with Isaac Kilby three nights, and being greatly comforted by many of his expressions, I believed it would not be losing time to set a few of them down.

"On Wednesday, June 18, When I came into the house, he was supposed to be near his end. His body was in great pain, and just gasping for breath, but his mind was in perfect peace.

"He had little strength to speak. But when he did (which was now and then on a sudden, as if immediately supported for that purpose) his words were strangely powerful, just as if they came from one who was now before the throne of glory.

"When he had just drank something, I said, 'All may drink of the water of life freely.' He lifted up his hands in great love and said, 'Yea, all, all: all the world.'

"After long silence, he suddenly asked, how I felt myself? I replied, 'I find great consolation from the Lord.' He said, 'How strange it is, that such a rebel as I, should bring glory to God.'

"When dosing his mind would rove, but even then his discourse consisted chiefly, of strong exhortations to some of his acquaintance, to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

"On Friday I called and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God, and of his own unworthiness.

"Mention being made concerning his burial: (in the beginning of his sickness, he had desired, that Mr. Wesley might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*) He said, 'Now I do not think of such things. Bury me as you will. Yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. Wesley pleases.'

"He said to me, 'O go on, and you will rejoice as I do, in the like condition.' He prayed, that he might die before the morning; but added, '*Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*'

"Thus he continued till Wednesday, June 25, when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked, 'Isaac, how do you find your soul?' He answered, 'I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter.' And about half an hour after twelve, he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb for ever."

Some circumstances related in the following letter, which some may account odd accidents, I think are such instances of the Providence of God, as ought to be had in remembrance.

"BRISTOL, JUNE 28, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"On May 31, I went to Sykehouse, and exhorted the people at all opportunities. On Monday, June 3, about three in the morning, W. Holmes came to me, and said, 'Brother Moss, I have been just awakened by a dream, that the Constables and Churchwardens came, to press you for a soldier. I would have you get up and go to Norton. I did so, and he walked with me about half a mile. At his return, the Constables and Churchwardens were come: they asked him, 'Where is the preacher?' He said, 'I have just carried him

away. But have you a warrant to press such men as these?' They answered, 'Yes, we have, and will press him, if we see him here again.' He replied, 'You shall see him again when the Lord shall judge the world in righteousness.'

"He came and told me, and advised me to go thence. So I went to Epworth on Tuesday. On Wednesday night I had spoke about a quarter of an hour, when the Churchwardens and Constables came. They bade me stop. I told them, 'I will, when I have delivered my message.' They cried, 'Bring him away, bring him away.' I thought, 'but they cannot unless the Lord will.' The Constable coming up to me, I looked him in the face, and he shrunk back, and said, 'I cannot take him.' His companions swore, 'But we will fetch him soon.' As they were pressing on, many of the people got between, and kept so close together, that for near a half an hour they could get no further. Glory be to God, my soul all the time was rather in heaven than on earth.

"They went out to consult what to do, and soon returned with great staves, wherewith they beat down several that stood in their way; but still they could not make their passage through, until Mr. Maw came, (the chief gentleman in the town) and sent for me into the house. There we prayed and sung hymns, till about eleven o'clock. He then advised me to go out of the town. So many of our brethren went with me to Robert Taylor's house at Burnham; where we continued praying and praising God, until about four o'clock in the morning. I then rode back to Norton, and from thence by Leeds, Birstal, and Barley-hall to Sheffield.

"On Wednesday evening, June 12, as I was privately conversing with a few of the people, the Constables and Churchwardens came up, and dragged me down stairs. But quickly one of them listened a little and cried out, 'They are at prayers. I will have nothing to do in this matter.' The rest began to look at one another: took their hands off me, and went their way. I went from Sheffield through Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, to Birmingham; and so on by Evesham and Stanley. In most places I was threatened; but out of all dangers, the Lord delivered me.

"I remain, your Child and Servant in Christ,

"RICHARD MOSS."

"LONDON, JULY 10, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"The faith you mention, I have experienced much of, though not continually. But am groaning for all the glorious privileges of the children of God. And I really believe the greater part of us are earnestly seeking, and patiently aspiring after this full redemption.

"Heavenly meetings we have had on Wednesday evenings, since we have opened our minds freely to each other. No one speaks but in the fear of God, so that what is spoken by any, is felt by all the rest. And if any one begins to tell an unprofitable tale, there is a stop put to it without offence. So that since I have belonged to the society, I never found so great love and unity in this meeting. In-

deed so awful it sometimes is, that I seem to be little less than a spirit casting down my crown before the throne.

"I find it necessary to follow after perfection in every thing, in every place, and in every hour. There are many thoughts I think, many words I speak, and many of my works, I find are now perfect in their kind; i. e. thought, spoke, and done with a single eye to the glory of God. I cannot think I ought to look for perfection in the future, and to sit still and idle at present. I received the grace of God, which I now must occupy, or suffer loss.

"Certainly God is pleased or displeased with all my thoughts, words, and actions, which is manifested to me by the convictions of his Holy Spirit. And the more I obey God, the more holy I am; and the more holy I am, the more I please God. Or, as one expresses it, 'The more I deny myself in thought, word or deed; of pride, lust, anger, self-will, wordly-mindedness, the more the good Spirit will dwell and abide in me; for where sin is, it drives the good Spirit away.' When my conscience is void of offence, I enjoy a continual sense of my justification, from which flows unspeakable peace, love, and happiness.

"I find more and more, I must deny myself. Whatever others may do, I find no peace (nor do I desire it) while my thoughts, words, or actions, are agreeable to nature.

"This is my misfortune. Nature has still a part in me, and I often yield to evil thoughts, trifling words, or foolish actions; works done, not in faith, which grieve the Spirit of God, and bring me into misery and trouble. Yet I have a good hope I shall go on, from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer.

"All is peaceable in this great city. How long it will remain so, is known only to Him that knows all things. My soul seems preparing for a storm, and the Spirit of Truth is continually teaching me, to divest myself of all things, that being in readiness, that hour may not come upon me unawares. I have nothing outwardly, glory be to God, that keeps me confined to the earth. And I hope what is still in me contrary to the purity of Him, before whom I must shortly stand and without a covering, will be taken away, before I depart hence to be no more seen.

Tuesday, August 13, I rode to Cirencester, and preached there in the evening: Wednesday 14, at Oxford: Thursday 15, at Wycombe, and on Friday 16, at London.

Saturday 17, I had much conversation with Mr. Simpson, an original enthusiast. That I might understand him the more thoroughly, I desired him in the evening, to give an exhortation to the penitents. He did so, and spoke many good things, in a manner peculiar to himself. When he had done, I summed up what he had said, methodizing and explaining it. O what pity it is, this well-meaning man should ever speak without an interpreter!

Sunday 25, I saw a poor man, once joined with us, who wanted nothing in this world, but the peace the world cannot give. A day or two before, he had hanged himself, but was cut down before he was dead. He had been crying out ever since, God had left him, be-

cause he had left the children of God. But he now began to have some glimmering of hope, that God would not hide his face for ever.

Tuesday, September 3, Great was our joy in the Lord, at the public reading of the letters. Part of one was as follows:—

"BETLY, NEAR NAMPTWICH, AUGUST 24, 1745.

"I rejoice that the Lord stirs you up more and more, to labour in his vineyard. I am persuaded, it is not a small matter, whether we speak or let it alone. If I go into any company, and there be an opportunity to reprove or exhort, and I come away without using it, I am as much condemned in my own conscience, as if I had robbed them. Pray for me, that I may have patience to endure the contradiction of sinners, and that I may always remember, the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

"Sunday, August 4, We met as usual. As soon as we had begun prayer, there came the curate, with a lawyer. He stayed until we had done prayer, and then asked 'What is the intent of your meeting?' I answered, 'To build each other up in our most holy faith.' He said, 'But what method do you use?' I answered, 'This is the third Sunday that I have met these my brethren. The first Sunday we read the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and exhorted one another, to follow after the holiness and happiness there described. Last Sunday we considered the sixth. And now, if we are not hindered, we shall go on to the seventh.' He bade us 'Go on, and he would stay a little and hear us' By the desire of the rest I read the chapter, which I had scarce done, when the Lawyer began a long harangue, concerning the danger we were in of running mad. I answered, 'Sir, as I perceive you have no design to help us, if you will not hinder us, we shall take it as a favour.' He went out directly, and left the Curate with us, who began to exhort us, not to be over anxious about our salvation, but to divert ourselves a little. I told him, 'Sir, we desire whatever we do to do all to the glory of God.' 'What,' said he, 'do you deny all diversions?' I said, 'All which do not agree with that rule.' He hurried away, and said as he went, 'I wish you do not fall into some error.'

"The following week, grievous threatenings were given out, of what we should suffer if we met again. On Friday 9, a gentleman sent for me, and told me, 'he would hire a mob to pull the house down; for we were the most disturbing dogs in the nation.' I said, 'Sir, if there be a disturbance now, it will lie at your door. A few of us intend to meet on Sunday after sermon, to encourage one another in serving God. You say, if we do, you will have the house pulled down. And then you will say, we have made the disturbance!' He said, he would send for me another time, and have an hour's discourse with me.

"On Sunday, the man at whose house we were to meet, was warned by his landlady, not to receive us; for if he did, the house would surely be pulled down. However, he did receive us. A great many people coming about the house, he told them, 'If they had a mind, they might come in:' so they came in, as many as the house would

hold. I told them all, the design of our meeting. Then we prayed, and I read the first chapter of St. James, and spoke a little on those words, *If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.* And two more of our brethren testified, by their own experience, that he is a God of truth. They stood as dumb men, until we had done, nor did one afterwards open his mouth against us.

"From this time we have been threatened more and more, especially by the gentry, who say they will send us for soldiers. Nevertheless, on Sunday 18, we had a quiet and comfortable meeting. We considered the third chapter of the first epistle of St. Peter, which was the Evening Lesson for the day. We were thankful for the record that is there left us, of the treatment we are to meet with. And we are all much humbled, that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of Christ.

"I have been ill this fortnight, having got a great cold, but am obliged to keep it to myself as much as I can: because a person here cannot have the very form of godliness, but if he be sick, that is the cause of it. I seem not to desire life or death; but that the will of God may be done."

Friday 6, Many of my friends were grieved at the Advertisement which James Hutton had just published, by order of Count Zinzendorf, declaring, that he and his people had no connexion with Mr. John and Charles Wesley. But I believed, that declaration would do us no more harm, than the prophecy which the Count subjoined to it, that we should "soon run our heads against the wall." We will not, if we can help it.

Sunday 8, In the evening, I desired the society to stay, that we might commend each other to God, as not knowing how He might see good to dispose of us, before we saw each other's face again.

Monday 9, I left London, and the next morning called on Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a portion of Scripture to the young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain.

In the evening, the Church at Markfield was full, while I explained, *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.* Wednesday 11, I preached at Sheffield. I had designed to go round by Epworth; but hearing of more and more commotions in the north, I judged it best, to go straight on to Newcastle.

Thursday 12, I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight, met the society: after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones, great part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening. And so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains, for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this! that the bulk of the English nation, will not suffer God to give them the blessings he would; because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies: for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces. He cannot trust

them with victory, lest they should thank him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

On Saturday and Sunday I preached at Armley, Birstal, and Leeds; and on Monday 16, rode to Osmotherly. Tuesday 17, I saw the poor remains of the old chapel on the brow of the Hill; as well as those of the Carthusian Monastery (called Mount-Grace) which lay at the foot of it. The walls of the Church, of the Cloister, and some of the cells, are tolerably entire. And one may still discern the partitions between the little gardens, one of which belonged to every cell. Who knows but some poor, superstitious monks, who once served God here, according to the light they had, may meet us by and by, in that house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Wednesday 18, About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants, in the utmost consternation: news being just arrived, that the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of Jonah; insisting particularly on that verse, *Who can tell, if God will return, and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?*

Thursday 19, The Mayor, (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town, to meet him at the Town-hall: and desired as many of them as were willing, to set their hands to a paper, importing, that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many hearts, *Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.*

Friday 20, The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now also Pilgrim-street gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in Him.

I had desired all our brethren, to join with us this day, in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met and poured out our souls before Him. And we believed he would send an answer of peace.

Saturday 21, The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling the guard, and for walling up Pandon, and Sally-port gates. In the afternoon I wrote the following Letter:—

"*To the Worshipful, the Mayor of Newcastle.*

"SIR,

"My not waiting upon you at the Town-hall, was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office-sake; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God ev-

ery magistrate in the land, would copy after such an example! Much less was it owing to any disaffection to his Majesty King George. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at Newcastle. I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

"All I can do for his Majesty, whom I honour and love, I think not less than I did my own father, is this, I cry unto God day by day, in public and private, to put all his enemies to confusion. And I exhort all that hear me to do the same, and in their several stations to exert themselves as loyal subjects, who so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the King.

"Permit me, Sir, to add a few words more, out of the fulness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense, that his kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom then (I may ask you) should we flee for succour, but unto Him whom by our sins we have justly displeased? O, Sir, is it not possible to give any check to these overflowings of ungodliness? To the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and profaneness, which so abound, even in our streets. I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve, direct you in this, and all things! This is the daily prayer of, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant, for Christ's sake,

"J. W."

Sunday 22, The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy, in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour, rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish Chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world! How do all things tend to the furtherance of the Gospel!

I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any Church at Newcastle, as was that at St. Andrew's this morning. The place appeared as indeed the house of God. And the sermon Mr. Ellison preached, was strong and weighty, which he could scarcely conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the North continued, and the storm seemed nearer and nearer every day. Many wondered we would stay without the walls. Others told us, we must remove quickly, For if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted. And I could not but adore the providence of God. For it was obvious, 1. They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2, The cannon on Newgate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-street-gate on the other, that none could come near our house either way, without being torn in pieces.

On Friday and Saturday, many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the North, was one whom the Mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of being a spy. As soon as he was left alone, he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly, sewed up the wound. So that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sunday 29, Advice came, that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening. At eight I called a multitude of sinners in Gateshead, to seek the Lord while he may be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day, *Jacob wrestling with the Angel.* The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God, to send his Majesty King George help from his holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On Monday and Tuesday I visited some of the societies in the country, and on Wednesday, October 2, returned to Newcastle; where they were just informed, that the rebels had left Edinburgh on Monday, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon, that this also was a false alarm: it being only a party which had moved southward; the main body still remaining in their camp, a mile or two from Edinburgh.

On Thursday and Friday I visited the rest of the country societies. On Saturday a part of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in town: and orders were given by the General, that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could, "That the design of the prince (as they called him,)was to seize on Tinmouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and amunition; and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town." And if this had been done, he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The Mayor immediately sent to Tinmouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and amunition in a safer place.

Tuesday 8, I wrote to General Husk as follows:

"A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come up stairs to me, nor so much as into the house: but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street: where he said, 'You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to morrow the General will pull them down for you.'

"Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of his Majesty's subjects, at so critical a time as this.

"I am ready, if it may be for his Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down: or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency's hands."

Wednesday 9, It being supposed that the danger was over for the present, I preached at four in Gateshead, (at John Lyddel's,) on *Stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong:* and then taking horse with Mr. Shepherd, in the evening reached Sand-hutton.

Thursday 10, We dined at Ferry-Bridge, where we were conducted to General Wentworth, who did us the honour to read over all the letters we had about us. We lay at Doncaster, nothing pleased with the drunken, cursing, swearing soldiers, who surrounded us on every side. Can these wretches succeed in any thing they undertake? I fear not, if there be a God that judgeth in the earth.

Friday 11, I rode to Epworth, and preached in the evening on the third of Jonah. I read to-day part of the Meditations of Marcus Antoninus. What a strange emperor! and what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed! In particular for his *good inspirations*, and for twice *revealing to him in dreams* things whereby he was cured of (otherwise) incurable distempers. I make no doubt, but this is one of those *many* who *shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, while *the children of the kingdom*, nominal Christians, are *shut out*.

Sunday 13, I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Romley preach an earnest, affectionate sermon, exhorting all men, to prevent the judgments of God, by sincere, inward, universal repentance. It rained both before and after, but not while I preached at the Cross in the afternoon. In the evening I strongly exhorted the society, to *Fear God and honour the King*.

Monday 14, I rode to Sheffield. We were much at a loss in the evening, what to do with the congregation. They stood above stairs, and below, and in the yard; but still there was not room. Tuesday 14, I wrote *A Word in Season, or Advice to an Englishman*. The next morning I preached in Barley-Hall, and then rode on for Leeds. I preached there at five, and the next morning and evening without any noise or interruption. Friday 18, at one I preachen at Oulton. The little company there do indeed love as brethren. I divided the residue of my time between Birstal and Leeds; and on Monday 21, took my leave of them for a short season, and rode to Mr. Adam's, at Osmotherly.

Tuesday 22, I came to Newcastle in the evening, just as Mr. Trembath was giving out the hymn: and as soon at it was ended, began preaching, without feeling any want of strength.

Wednesday 23, I found all things calm and quiet; the consternation of the people was over. But the seriousness which it had occasioned in many, continued and increased.

Saturday 26, I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter:

"SIR,

"THE fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for his Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action.

"My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of Newcastle, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men, to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a Christian or an honest Infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour, hear this without concern? Especially, if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these unhappy men themselves? For can it be expected, that God should be on their side, who are daily affronting him to his face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail.

"Is there no man that careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay, and do just nothing.

"I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies; to call these poor sinners to repentance, once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts) at any hour, or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this: unless what my Lord shall give at his appearing.

"If it be objected (from our heathenish poet) 'This conscience will make cowards of us all:' I answer, Let us judge by matter of fact. Let either friends or enemies speak. Did those who feared God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did J. H., the dragoon, betray any cowardice, before or after his horse sunk under him? Or did W. C., when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans, when the cannon-ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the King? As one who feared nothing, but lest his breath should be spent in vain.

"If it were objected, That I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions! That might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears: and they may judge, whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

"Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein: but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and Country. If it be judged, that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, Sir, to believe, that I have the same glorious cause, for which you have shewn such becoming zeal, earnestly at heart: and that therefore I am,

"With warm respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant.

"J. W."

Sunday 27, I received a message from Mr. Ridley, That he would communicate my proposal to the General, and return me his answer as soon as possible.

Monday 28, I rode to Biddick, where the first are become last. I preached on *Will ye also go away?* Many appeared to be cut to the heart. But it is well if these convictions also, do not pass away like the morning cloud.

Tuesday 29, A young gentleman called upon me, whose father is an eminent minister in Scotland, and was in union with Mr. Glass, till Mr. Glass renounced him, because they did not agree as to the eating of blood. (Although I wonder any should disagree about this, who have read the fifteenth chapter of Acts, and considered, that no Christian in the universe did eat it, till the Pope repealed the law which had remained ever since Noah's flood.) Are not these things in Scotland also for our instruction? How often are we warned, Not to fall out by the way? O that *we* may never make any thing, more or less, the term of union with *us*, but the having the mind which was in Christ, and the walking as he walked!

Thursday 31, At ten I preached on the Town Moor, at a small distance from the English camp, (the Germans lying by themselves,) on *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!* None attempted to make the least disturbance from the beginning to the end. Yet I could not reach their hearts. The words of a scholar did not affect them, like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

Friday, November 1, A little after nine, just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A lieutenant endeavoured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done, he tried to make amends, by getting up where I had stood, and telling the soldiers, all I had said was very good.

Saturday 2, The rain was stayed to-day also from nine to ten, (it fell both before and after,) while I preached, on *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise might be given to them that believe.* And I began to perceive some fruit of my labour, not only in the number of hearers, but in the power of God, which was more and more among them, both to wound and to heal.

Sunday 3, I preached about half an hour after eight, to a larger congregation than any before, on the *Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* And were it only for the sake of this hour, I should not have thought much of staying here longer than I intended. Between one and two in the afternoon I went to the camp once more. Abundance of people now flocked together, horse and foot, rich and poor, to whom I declared, *There is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* I observed many Germans standing disconsolate at the skirts of the congregation: to these I was constrained (though I had discontinued it so long) to speak a few words in their own language. Immediately they gathered up close together, and drank in every word.

I received two or three letters while I was at Newcastle, part of which is here subjoined:

"DEAR SIR,

"FOR more than three years I walked clearly in the light of God's countenance. Nothing could interrupt my peace, nor did I find the least rising of any evil temper; so that I believed I was in the full sense born of God: but at last I found I had been mistaken. It is now about a year since I found I could not bear all things; I could not bear to be slighted by those I loved. This occasioned pride and resentment to rise in my heart, so that I was forced to own, 'I have still an evil heart.' Then I was tempted to despair. But the Lord was still nigh me, and lifted up my head. He shewed me my sin; yet did He not hide himself from me; but I could still call Him, 'My Lord and my God.'

"It does not appear to me, that there is any need for us, in this case, to try to pull down one another. For though a person does think he has attained, what he has not, yet if he be simple and sincere, and desires to know himself, God will shew him, in the time and manner that seemeth Him best.

"As to myself, I often think had I been faithful to the grace of God, I never had needed to know trouble more. For I believe He would have carried me on from grace to grace, till he had made me meet for glory. But I know not if it is needful that I should see more of my heart. May his will be done! Only make me faithful in the fight, and then do what seemeth Thee good.

"I find a great difference between what I once felt in myself, and what I feel now. Then I felt nothing but love, and peace, and joy in believing. Now, though I feel a measure of all these heavenly tempers, yet I feel other tempers also; and if I do not continually fight against them, I am overcome. The devil tempted me then; but it was as nothing: for he seemed to have no part in me. But now I find an enemy in my own bosom that is ready to betray me every moment. I believe, did I not yet expect a full deliverance from sin, I should grow faint and weary. But the hope of that gives me fresh courage to go on. For I cannot doubt but I shall be a living witness of it. O may the Lord hasten the time! Dear Sir, do not fail to pray, that he may fulfil that great work in

"Your daughter in Christ,
"M. F."

"SEPT. 21, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"I will let you know, as near as I can, how the Lord hath dealt with me ever since I can remember. When I was five or six years old, I had many serious thoughts about death and judgment. I wanted to be good, but I knew not how. I was often in great trouble for fear I should die and go to hell. If at any time I told a lie, I was like one in hell. I was afraid to be one moment by myself, for I thought the devil would come and tear me in pieces; and so I continued till I was about eight years old. Then I received a measure of the love of God. I loved Jesus Christ, so that I thought I could suffer any thing for his sake. I could not bear to be with other children, but

when I was from school, I would go by myself, and pray, and read: I prayed much for death, for I wanted to be with Christ. And I thought if I lived I should sin and offend God.

"I continued in this temper till I went to a boarding-school. There I soon trifled away all the grace of God, and could play as well as the rest, though not without convictions; but I soon stifled them. As I grew in years I grew in sin, and delighted more and more in vanity, till I was fourteen or fifteen years old. I had then a severe fit of illness, in which I made many good resolutions, and when I recovered, I began to be more strict in outward duties. I went constantly to church and sacrament, but I had the same heart still that could not forsake my bosom sins, such as dancing, going to plays, and reading trifling books: the Spirit of the Lord often reproved me for these things; but I stifled the convictions hereby produced, by thinking, 'such and such an one does so, and they are very good people.'"

"When Mr. Whitefield first preached, I went to hear him, and I found great drawings from God. But till I heard your brother and you, I did not know myself. Then I found I was an unbeliever, and that none could help me but Christ. I cried unto Him, and He heard me, and spoke those words with power to my heart, *Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.* I was in great ecstacy of joy and love; and cried out, 'I shall never sin any more.' This continued about two months. But, having no acquaintance with any person of experience, I was ignorant of Satan's devices, when he transformed himself into an angel of light. He suggested, 'Christ has fulfilled the law for you. You are no longer subject to ordinances, you are now to be still, and wait upon God.' So I did not go to the sacrament for two months. Neither did I kneel down to pray, or use any other ordinance, unless I was moved to it. At first God strove with me: but the devil told me, 'It was the spirit of bondage, and I must resist it, for I was free from the law.' In a little time he left off striving, and I grew quite easy and satisfied; but withal quite dead and cold. I could now hear idle talking without any pain; nay, and my heart began to join with it. Then I awoke, as one out of sleep, and looked for the Lord; but he was departed from me. Just then the brethren at Fetter-lane began to preach *stillness.* I cried out, 'This doctrine is not right; for by yielding to this, I have lost all my peace and love.' I was now in great distress. The devil told me, it was impossible to renew me again to repentance: so that I fell into utter despair, and all my friends believed me to be quite distracted.

"I was in this dark state for more than a year. It was at the sacrament the Lord returned to me. The love and joy were the same that I felt when I received remission of my sins, only much greater. I was in a new world. My heart was so filled with love to God and to all mankind, that I thought all old things were passed away, and all things in me become new. For near four years I felt no evil in my heart, nor any desire but in submission to the will of God. But all this time I prayed to God that I might know myself, as I was known

of Him. And in his time he shewed me, that the evil of my heart was not taken away, but only covered.

"I still retain a sense of the love of God to me, and a power to love Him at all times. Other desires are often ready to creep in; but through the Lord strengthening me, I am more than conqueror. I find a thirst in my soul, which nothing short of the fulness of God can satisfy. O may the Lord hasten that time, when my whole soul shall be filled with God?"

"LEEDS, SEPT. 30, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"The first sight of you at Wakefield sunk my proud spirits: and I believe had I not gone up stairs, to harden my heart against the truth, what you said would have made a deeper impression upon me. I often afterwards thought, 'These things are true: but why does nobody understand them, but my husband and Frank Scot?' Then the rich clave to me, and advised me to use my husband ill, and see if that would not drive him from this way. And sometimes I used fair means. But this was dangerous; for then he could speak freely to me, and I found it stole upon me. But I took great care, he should not perceive it, least he should follow on, and make me like himself. Then I went to the Vicar, who said, my husband was mad, and there were no such things as he pretended to. Hereby my heart was hardened more and more till I resolved to go away and leave him. So I told him; which made him weep much, and strive to shew me the wickedness of my resolution. However, by the advice of my old friend the Vicar, I got over that doubt, took about sixty pounds of my husband's money, and fixed the time of my privately setting out for London. But God prevented me; for I found myself with child: so that design was at an end.

"Soon after, as few in Wakefield would employ my husband, he was obliged to remove to Leeds. What I now feared was, that they of the society would come and talk to me. But I soon forced them to stay away, I was so sharp and abusive to any that came. Yet my heart began to soften, and when I spoke things of them which I thought were false, I was afterwards checked in my own mind. I began to like that my husband should overcome when talking to gainsayers. I went more to Church and sacrament; and the time you were here before, when my husband said, you should come and see me, it pleased me much, though I hid it from him, and when he said, you were gone, it grieved me sore. Then being uneasy, I went to Mr. M——d. He said, you were all wrong. And that if I went to Church and sacrament, and did as I would be done by, all would be well. So my wound was healed, and I was easy.

"On Sunday, June 22, about midnight, I was taken ill of a fever, but thought nothing of death till Thursday, when the Doctor and Apothecary declared my danger, which with my husband's home speeches, sunk my spirits. And I promised God, how good I would be, if he would spare me; but yet could not abide the Methodists. On Friday, while my husband was talking with the Apothecary, of

the wickedness of flattering people with the hopes of life, till they died and dropped into hell, my mother brought in the Vicar. He asked the Apothecary, how I did? Who said, I was very ill; but my husband made me worse, by talking of my dying out of Christ, and being damned. The V—— flew vehemently at my husband, and said many warm things. My husband answered, 'Speak agreeably to Scripture, and the doctrine of our Church, or I will not hear you.' 'What,' said he, 'are you inspired?' 'Are not you, Sir?' said my husband.' 'To the Articles of the Church. *Before the grace of God, and the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, can no good work be done?*' He made no answer, but left the room in haste.

"On Saturday, my mother brought the Rev. Mr. S., who said, 'I suppose you are one of those perfection-men?' Sir,' said my husband, 'Are not you? Do you not pray every Sunday, that you may perfectly love God?' He was going away, but my mother begged him to see me, and asked, 'If there were any such thing as knowing one's sins forgiven?' He said, 'Some might; but I might be saved without.' My husband said, 'Sir, the Homilies speak otherwise:' and added a few words from them. Mr. S. answered, 'You want your head broken,' which surprised me much. However, he went to prayers, but in such a flutter, he forgot I was a woman, and prayed for a man, and then went away.

"I was sometimes more, sometimes less serious, until Monday afternoon, when an old acquaintance from Wakefield, came to see me; a poor, drunken, idle, talking man. When he was gone, my husband said, he would suffer no more of such as him to come near me. I flew into a great rage, on which he went into another room, and poured out his soul before God for me. The Lord hearkened, and heard, and sent his Holy Spirit, who gave me to think, 'What I had been doing all my life; and to resolve to give up all for Christ.' Immediately I felt a strong love to God, and a steadfast hope, that if I cried to him, I should have the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of my sins. When my husband came into the room, I called him to me, and told him how I was. He could hardly believe it, and to try me, asked, 'if John Nelson should come and pray with me? I said, 'Yes, or any of the children of God.' Then he took courage, and we wept on each other's neck. When John Nelson came, he strengthened me much. He came a second time between nine and ten. After he went, my husband and sister Fenton prayed with me, till they were quite spent: but I thought, if they were, I must not. So I looked to God for strength, and he gave it, and I prayed without ceasing, till that text came fresh into my mind, *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance.* I was then I know not how. I thought Christ stood in the front, and all the angels behind, and on each side of him, rejoicing over me. But still I had not a clear sight, that my sins were forgiven. However, I now ventured to take a little sleep. I slept from two till five. When I awaked, I began to cry out for help: I thought his chariots were long a coming. I continued in prayer, till my husband, who sat by

me, perceived my prayers were swallowed up in praise. Indeed I was lost in Christ. I knew not where I was. My burthen was quite gone, and I found my nature quite changed, and my affections carried away to heaven. Then I broke out into such expressions as I cannot utter now, praising God for what he had done for my soul. My fever also was gone. As soon as I was assured of his love, I was healed both in body and soul; which I told the Doctor and Apothecary in the morning, who stood like men in amaze, and confessed, they had never seen such a thing before. A deal of people came all that week: on Wednesday in particular I was talking to them, without any time for breakfast or dinner, from six in the morning to six at night. Dear Sir, pray for me, that God may keep me, who am,

"Your unworthy Sister,

"JANE BATE."

Having now delivered my own soul, on Monday 4, I left Newcastle. Before nine we met several expresses sent to countermand the march of the army into Scotland, and to inform them, that the rebels had passed the Tweed, and were marching Southward. Tuesday 5, in the evening I came to Leeds, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the English manner of keeping holy-days is. I immediately sent word to some of the Magistrates, of what I had heard on the road. This ran through the town, as it were, in an instant. And I hope it was a token for good: the hurry in the streets was quashed at once: some of the bonfires indeed remained. But scarce any one was to be seen about them, but a few children warming their hands.

Thursday 7, I rode to Stahley-hall in Cheshire, after many interruptions in the way, by those poor tools of watchmen, who stood with great solemnity, at the end of almost every village. I preached there on Mark i. 15, and rode on to Bradbury-Green.

Friday 8, Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C., had affirmed to many, "That Mr. Wesley was now with the Pretender near Edinburgh," I wrote him a few lines: it may be he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame for the time to come.

About noon I preached near Maxfield; in the evening at the Blackhouse. Saturday 6, in the afternoon we came to Penkridge, and lit on a poor, drunken, cursing, swearing landlord, who seemed scarce to think, there was either God or devil. But I spoke very little, when his countenance changed, and he was so full of his thanks and blessings, that I could hardly make an end of my sentence. May salvation come to this house also!

It was exceeding dark when we rode through Bilston. However, we did not stick fast, till we came to Wednesbury town-end. Several coming with candles, I got out of the quagmire, and leaving them to disengage my horse, walked to Francis Ward's, and preached, on *Fear not ye; for I know ye seek him that was crucified.*

Sunday 10, I preached at five, and at eight in Wednesbury, (about one at Tipton-green) and at four in the afternoon, to well nigh the whole town, high and low, as at the beginning.

Monday 11, I preached at Birmingham; the next morning I set out, and on Wednesday 13, reached London.

Monday 18, I spent a little time with B. Armsted, weak in body, but strong in faith. She had been calmly waiting for God, until her hands and feet grew cold, and she was, in all appearance, at the point of death. Then Satan returned with all his force, and covered her with thick darkness. This threw her into such a vehement wrestling with God, as brought back her fever and her strength: so that in all probability, the old murderer saved her life, by his furious attempt to destroy her soul.

Friday 22, The alarm daily increasing, concerning the rebels on one hand, and the French on the other, we perceived the wisdom and goodnes of Him, who hath his way in the whirlwind. The generality of people were a little inclined to *think*. And many began to own the hand of God.

Monday 25, I retired to Newington, in order to finish the *Farther Appeal:* the state of the public affairs loudly demanding, that whatever was done, should be done quickly.

Thursday 28, I wrote *A Word to a Drunkard.* Friday 29, I spent an hour with Mr. Lampe, who had been a Deist for many years, till it pleased God by the Earnest Appeal, to bring him to a better mind.

Monday, December 2, The alarms still increased in London, on account of the nearer approach of the rebels. But how easy are all these things to them who can commit both soul and body to a merciful and faithful Creator!

About this time I received some farther accounts from the army: the substance of which was as follows—

"OCTOBER 10, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"I shall acquaint you with the Lord's dealings with us, since April last. We marched from Ghent to Allost on the 14th, where I met with two or three of our brethren in the fields, and we sung and prayed together, and were comforted. On the 15th, I met a small company about three miles from the town, and the Lord filled our hearts with love and peace. On the 17th, we marched to camp near Brussels. On the 18th, I met a small congregation on the side of a hill, and I spoke from those words, *Let us go forth therefore to Him without the camp, bearing his reproach.* On the 28th, I spoke from those words of Isaiah, *Thus saith the Lord concerning the house of Jacob, Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale.* On the 29th, we marched close to the enemy, and when I saw them in their camp, my bowels moved toward them, in love, and pity for their souls. We lay on our arms all night. In the morning, April 30, the cannon began to play, at half an hour after four: and the Lord took away all fear from me, so that I went into the field with joy. The balls flew on either hand, and men fell in abundance; but nothing touched me until about two o'clock. Then I received a ball through my left arm, and rejoiced so much the

more. Soon after I received another into my right, which obliged me to quit the field. But I scarce knew, whether I was on earth or in heaven. It was one of the sweetest days I ever enjoyed.

"W. C."

"LEAR, NEAR ANTWERP, OCT. 21, 1745.

"Since I wrote to you last, I have gone through great trials. It was not the least, that I have lost my dear brother Clements for a season, being shot through both the arms. To try me farther, C. Evans and Bishop were both killed in the battle, as was C. Greenwood soon after. Two more who did speak boldly in the name of Jesus, are fallen into the world again. So I am left alone. But I know it is for my good. Seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many wax cold, adds wings to my devotion, and my faith grows daily as a plant by the water-side.

"April 30, The Lord was pleased to try our little flock, and to shew them his mighty power. Some days before, one of them standing at his tent door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand, and was so filled with the love of God, that he danced before his comrades. In the battle, before he died, he openly declared, 'I am going to rest from my labours in the bosom of Jesus.' I believe nothing like this was ever heard of before, in the midst of so wicked an army as ours. Some were crying out in their wounds, 'I am going to my Beloved;' others, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' and many that were not wounded, crying to their Lord, to take them to himself. There was such boldness in the battle among the little despised flock, that it made the officers, as well as common soldiers amazed. And they acknowledge it to this day. As to my own part, I stood the fire of the enemy for above seven hours. Then my horse was shot under me, and I was exposed both to the enemy and our own horse. But that did not discourage meat all; for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go, the balls flying on every side; and thousands lay bleeding, groaning, dying, and dead on each hand. Surely I was in the fiery furnace, but it never singed one hair of my head. The hotter it grew, the more strength was given me. I was full of joy and love, as much as I could well bear. Going on, I met one of our brethern, with a little dish in his hand, seeking for water. He smiled, and said, 'he had got a sore wound in his leg:' I asked, 'Have you gotten Christ in your heart?' He answered, 'I have, and I have had him all the day. Blessed be God that I ever saw your face.' Lord, what am I, that I should be counted worthy to set my hand to the Gospel-plough? Lord, humble me, and lay me in the dust! "J. H."

Sunday 7, I took my leave of poor J. C., just embarking for Germany. I admire the justice of God! He who would never long be advised by any who treated him as a reasonable creature, is at length fallen among those, who will make him as passive a tool, as ever moved upon wire.

Wednesday 18, Being the day of the National fast, we met at four in the morning. I preached on Joel ii. 12, &c. At nine our service

in West-street began. At five I preached at the Foundery again, on *The Lord sitteth above the water-floods.* Abundance of people were at West-street chapel, and at the Foundery both morning and evening; as also, (we understood) at every place of public worship, throughout London and Westminster. And such a solemnity and seriousness every where appeared, as had not lately been seen in England.

We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people. And it pleased God hereby to provoke others to jealousy; insomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed, and distributed to the train bands. And this day, an Earnest Exhortation to Serious Repentance, was given at every Church door in or near London, to every person who came out, and one left at the house of every householder who was absent from Church. I doubt not but God gave a blessing therewith. And perhaps then the sentence of desolation was recalled.

It was on this very day, that the Duke's army was so remarkably preserved, in the midst of the ambuscades at Clifton-moor. The rebels fired many vollies upon the King's troops, from the hedges and walls, behind which they lay. And yet, from first to last, only ten or twelve men fell, the shot flying over their heads.

Wednesday 25, I talked with a young man, who seemed to be under strong convictions. But I fear, only seemed. I am surprised, that in so many years, this is the first hypocrite of the kind I have met with; the first, who appeared to have deliberately put on the mask of religion, purely to serve a secular end.

Friday 27, Having received a long letter from Mr. Hall, earnestly pressing my brother and me to renounce the Church of England (for not complying with which advice he soon renounced us) I wrote to him as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Now you act the part of a friend. It has been long our desire, that you would speak freely. And we will do the same. What we know not yet, may God reveal to us!

"You think, First, That we undertake to *defend* some things, which are not *defensible* by the *Word of God.* You instance in three: on each of which we will explain ourselves as clearly as we can.

"1. That the *validity* of our *Ministry* depends on a *succession* supposed to be from the Apostles, and a *commission* derived from the Pope of Rome and his *successors* or *dependents.*

"We believe, it would not be right for us to *administer*, either baptism or the Lord's supper, unless we had a *commission* so to do from those Bishops, whom we apprehend to be in a *succession* from the Apostles. And yet we allow, these Bishops are the successors of those, who are dependent on the Bishop of Rome.

"But we would be glad to know, 'On what reasons you believe this to be inconsistent with the Word of God?'

"'2, That there is an *outward priesthood,* and consequently an *outward sacrifice,* ordained and offered by the Bishop of Rome, and

his *successors* or *dependents*, in the Church of England, as Vicars and Vicegerents of Christ?'

"We believe there is, and always was, in every Christian Church, (whether dependent on the Bishop of Rome or not) an *outward priesthood* ordained by Jesus Christ, and an *outward sacrifice* offered therein, by men authorized to act, as *ambassadors of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.*

"On what grounds do you believe, that Christ has abolished that *priesthood* or *sacrifice?*

"'3, That this *Papal Hierarchy* and *Prelacy* which still continues in the Church of England, is of *Apostolical institution;* and authorized thereby; though not by the *written word.*'

"We believe that the threefold order of Ministers (which you seem to mean by *Papal Hierarchy* and *Prelacy*) is not only authorized by its *Apostolical institution*, but also by the *written word.*

"Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary.

"You think, Secondly, 'That we ourselves give up some things as *indefensible*, which are *defended* by the same law and *authority* that establishes the things above-mentioned: such as are many of the *laws*, *customs* and *practices* of the *Ecclesiastical Courts.*'

"We allow, 1, That those *laws*, *customs*, and *practices* are really *indefensible:*

"2, That there are acts of Parliament, in *defence* of them: and also of the Threefold Order.

"But will you shew us, how it follows, either, 1, That those things and these stand or fall together? Or, 2, That we cannot *sincerely plead for* the one, though we *give up* the other?

"Do you not here, quite overlook one circumstance, which might be a key to our whole behaviour? Namely, that we no more look upon these *filthy abuses* which *adhere* to our Church, as *part* of the building; than we look upon any *filth* which may *adhere* to the walls of *Westminster Abbey*, as a part of that structure.

"You think, Thirdly, 'That there are other things which we *defend* and *practise*, in *open contradiction* to the *orders* of the Church of England. And this you judge to be a *just exception* against the *sincerity* of our *professions* to adhere to it.

"Compare what we *profess* with what we *practise*, and you will possibly be of another judgment.

"We profess, 1, That we will obey all the laws of that church (such we allow the rubricks to be, but not the customs of the Ecclesiastical Courts) so far as we can with a safe conscience.

"2, That we will obey, with the same restriction, the bishops, as executors of those *laws.* But their bare *will*, distinct from those *laws*, we do not *profess* to obey at all.

"Now point out, what is there in our *practice*, which is an *open contradiction* to these *professions?*

"Is *field-preaching?* Not at all. It is contrary to no law which we *profess* to obey.

"The allowing *lay-preachers?* We are not clear that this is con-

trary to any *such law*. But if it be, this is one of the exempt cases; one wherein we cannot obey with a safe conscience. Therefore (be it right or wrong on other accounts,) it is however no just exception against our sincerity.

"The *rules* and *directions* given to our *societies?* Which, you say, is a discipline *utterly forbidden* by the *bishops*.

"When and where did any *bishop forbid* this? And if any did, by what *law?* We know not either the man, who ever *did* forbid, or the law by which he *could* forbid it.

"The 'allowing *persons* (for we require none) to *communicate* at the chapel? In contradiction (you think) to *all those rubricks* which require *all* to attend *always*, on their own *parish* church and *pastor*, and to receive *only* at his table?'

"Which rubricks are those? We cannot find them. And till these are produced, all that is so frequently said of *parochial* unity, &c. is merely *gratis dictum*. Consequently, neither is this any just exception against the sincerity of any of our professions.

"J. W."

Dec. 30, 1745.

Wednesday, January 1, 1746, I preached at four in the morning, on *I am the Almighty God: walk before me and be thou perfect.* We dined with poor John Webb, now thoroughly poisoned by Robert Barclay's Apology, which he was sure would do him no hurt, till all his love to his brethren was swallowed up in dotage about questions and strife of words.

Wednesday 8, I waited on Mr. B——, rector of ——, who had sent to me as soon as he had read the Farther Appeal. He said, Sir, "All this is sad truth. But what can we do to help it?" I went afterwards to another clergyman, who had likewise sent and desired to speak with me. How is this? I thought the publication of this Tract would have enraged the world above measure. And, on the contrary, it seems nothing ever was published, which softened them so much!

Monday 13, I had a visit from Mr. S., an honest, zealous Anabaptist teacher. Finding he would dispute, I let him dispute, and held him to the point till between eleven and twelve o'clock. By that time he was willing to take breath. Perhaps he may be less fond of dispute for the time to come.

Monday 20, I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's account of the Primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe, that this was a fair and impartial draught. But if so, it would follow, that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order; and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

Tuesday 21, I read Bishop Butler's Discourse on Analogy, a strong and well written Treatise; but I am afraid far too deep for their understanding, to whom it is primarily addressed.

Monday, February 3, and the following days, I visited several of the country societies. Monday 10, I preached at Paulton. On

Thursday noon at Shepton-Mallett, and at Oak-hill in the evening. The next morning I walked (it being scarce possible to ride, because of the frost,) to Coleford. Sunday 16, I took my leave of Bristol and Kingswood, and Monday 17, set out for Newcastle.

I preached near Thornbury about noon, and in the evening at Wallbridge near Stroud. Tuesday 18, we pushed on through thick and thin, and with much difficulty got to Stanley. Thence, after an hour's stop, we hastened on. The brooks were so swollen with the late rains, that the common roads were impassable. But our guide, knowing the country, carried us round about through the fields, so that we escaped the dangerous waters, and soon after sunset came (wet and dirty enough) to Evesham.

Wednesday 19, We rode to Birmingham, where many of our brethren from several parts, met us in the evening. Thursday 20, we set out as soon as it was light. Before we came to Aldridge Heath the rain changed into snow, which the northerly wind drove full in our faces, and crusted us over from head to foot in less than an hour's time. We inquired of one who lived at the entrance of the Moors, which was our best way to Stafford? "Sir," said he, "it is a thousand pounds to a penny you don't come there to-day. Why, it is four miles to the far side of this common, and in a clear day I am not sure to go right across it. And now all the roads are covered with snow, and it snows so, that you cannot see before you." However, we went on, and, I believe, did not go ten yards out of the way till we came into Stafford.

In the evening we reached Roger Moss's house. I preached, on Rom. iii. 22., and joined a few together as a society. Friday 21, we breakfasted at Bradbury-Green, whence we rode on to Marsden, and the next day, Saturday 22, to Leeds. I preached at five. As we went home a great mob followed, and threw whatever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all. I walked on to the Recorder's, and told him the case. He promised to prevent the like for the time to come.

Sunday 23, I preached at eight without any interruption; in Birstal at one, and again at five. Monday 24, I preached at Skircoat Green, near Halifax, to a whole company of Quakers. The good man of the house, about fourscore years old, had formerly been a speaker among them. But from the fear of man, he desisted, and so quenched the Spirit, that he was in darkness for near forty years; till hearing John Nelson declare the love of God in Christ, light again sprung up in his soul.

In the evening I preached to a quiet congregation at Bradford. Tuesday 25, about nine I began at Keighley. Thence (finding the snow was so deep, I could not go through the vales,) I went the strait way, and came to Newcastle, Wednesday 26.

Friday 28, I took my leave of Katy Parks, calmly waiting till her change should come. A day or two after she had her desire, sweetly giving up her soul to God.

Of the same spirit was the writer of the following letter:

"FEBRUARY 22, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU may remember to have seen me at Oxford once. Since then, by walking somewhat differently from the ways of the world, I have incurred the displeasure of the world; and have gone through many trials. My friends and nearest relations have done their utmost to separate me from God and his children. But blessed be our dear Lord, all their attempts have hitherto been in vain. Of late they have seemed resolved on other measures; namely, to separate me from themselves. But notwithstanding all their threats, I hope by the power of God to remain unshaken to the end. I would willingly suffer the loss of all things rather than deny the Lord that bought me. And I am persuaded, that neither life nor death shall ever separate me from his love.

"The sum of all my desires and hopes in this world for many years has been this, to be regularly sent as an ambassador of Christ. I long to spend and be spent for the best of masters. But I doubt my relations have disappointed me of this, for Oxford knows my place no more.

"My uncle sees that nobody can do his business better, or perhaps so well as myself. But he cannot bear a Methodist in his house. He wants to have me of his own taste. But as I have been washed, I cannot, I dare not, I will not, by the grace of God, turn to my former wallowing in the mire.

"Dear Sir, you see my case. There is nothing I so much long for, as to be employed in the Lord's vineyard, though utterly unworthy. I should be glad to be advised and directed by you what to do. I will do whatsoever you judge most proper toward the promoting our Saviour's interest. I am happy in his love, and

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN BOSWORTH."

But there was no need for his taking thought for the morrow; for, in a few weeks, God took him to himself.

Saturday, March 1, I visited the sick, who increased daily in every quarter of the town. It is supposed that two thousand of the soldiers only, have died since their encampment; the fever or flux sweeping them away by troops, in spite of all the physicians could do.

Wednesday 5, I preached at Wickham at noon; in the evening at Spen; the next day at Burnup-field; and on Saturday 8, in the square at Placey. A vehement storm began in the middle of the sermon, which was driven full upon us by the north-east wind. But the congregation regarded it not.

Sunday 9, Was a day of solemn joy. Yet in the afternoon I felt a great damp, occasioned by my neglecting to speak plainly to some who were deceiving their own souls. I do not wonder at the last words of St. Augustine and Archbishop Usher, "Lord, forgive me my sins of omission."

I preached on Monday at Horseley, on Tuesday at Biddick, and on Wednesday 12, at Sunderland, where I endeavoured to bring the

little society into some kind of order. In the afternoon, being at Mrs. Fenwick's, and seeing a child there of ten or twelve years old, I asked, "Does your daughter know Christ? or know she has need of Him? She replied with much concern, "I fear not; nothing has ever affected her at all." Immediately that word came into my mind, *Before they call, I will answer.* I was going to say, "Come, let us call upon God, to shew her she has need of a Saviour;" but before the words were pronounced, the child turned away her face, and began crying as if she would break her heart. I could get no word from her, but "My sins! my sins!" We then besought God to carry on his own work.

Monday 17, I took my leave of Newcastle, and set out with Mr. Downes and Mr. Shepherd. But when we came to Smeton, Mr. Downes was so ill that he could go no further. When Mr. Shepherd and I left Smeton, my horse was so exceeding lame, that I was afraid I must have lain by too. We could not discern what it was that was amiss; and yet he would scarce set his foot to the ground. By riding thus seven miles I was thoroughly tired, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver, is the naked fact; let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, "Cannot God heal either man or beast by any means or without any?" Immediately my weariness and head-ach ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next. A very odd accident this also!

Tuesday 18, I rode to Pontefract; on Wednesday to Epworth, and on Thursday, by Barley-Hall to Sheffield. I was glad of having an opportunity here of talking with a child I had heard of. She was convinced of sin some weeks before by the words of her elder brother (about eight years of age) dying at a hundred years old, in the full triumph of faith, "I asked her abruptly, "Do you love God?" She said, "Yes, I do love Him with all my heart." I said, "Why do you love Him?" She answered, "Because He *has* saved me." I asked, "How has he saved you?" She replied, "He has taken away my sins." I said, "How do you know that?" She answered, "He told me himself on Saturday, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' And I believe Him. And I pray to him without a book. I was afraid to die. But now I am not afraid to die. For if I die I shall go to him."

Friday 21, I came to Nottingham. I had long doubted what it was which hindered the work of God here. But upon inquiry the case was plain. So many of the society were either triflers, or disorderly walkers, that the blessing of God could not rest upon them. So I made short work, cutting off all such at a stroke, and leaving only that little handful, who, as far as could be judged, were really in earnest to save their souls.

Saturday 22, I came to Wednesbury. The Antinomian teachers had laboured hard to destroy this poor people. Sunday 23, I talked an hour with the chief of them, Stephen Timmins. I was in doubt whether pride had not made him mad. An uncommon wildness and fierceness in his air, his words, and the whole manner of his behav-

iour, almost induced me to think God had, for a season, given him up into the hands of Satan.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Here another of their pillars, J—— W——, came to me, and looking over his shoulder, said, "Do not think I want to be in your society; but if you are free to speak to me, you may." I will set down the conversation, dreadful as it was, in the very manner wherein it passed; that every serious person may see the true picture of Antinomianism full grown, and may know what these men mean by their favourite phrase, of being "perfect in Christ, not in themselves."

"Do you believe you have nothing to do with the law of God?" I have not. I am not under the law. I live by faith. "Have you, as living by faith, a right to every thing in the world?" I have. All is mine, since Christ is mine. "May you then take any thing you will any where? Suppose, out of a shop, without the consent or knowledge of the owner?" I may, if I want it. For it is mine. Only I will not give offence. "Have you also a right to all the women in the world?" Yes, if they consent. "And is not that a sin?" Yes, to him that thinks it is a sin. But not to those whose *hearts are free.* The same thing that wretch Roger Ball affirmed in Dublin. Surely these are the first-born children of Satan!

Tuesday 25, I preached at Evesham: Wednesday 26, about ten at Stanley; in the afternoon, at the Friars in Gloucester. I preached at Wall-Bridge, near Stroud, in the evening, and on Thursday 27, rode to Bristol.

Thursday, April 3, I spent an agreeable hour with our old fellow-labourer, Mr. Humphrey's. I found him open and friendly, but rigorously tenacious of the Unconditional Decrees. O that opinions should separate chief friends! This is bigotry all over.

Monday 7, I preached at Kingswood, on Isaiah lx., the 17th and following verses, and laid the first stone of the new house there. In the evening I rode (with Mr. Shepherd) to Bath, and Tuesday the 8th, to Newbury. Here we met with several of the little society in Blewbury some of whom were truly alive unto God. What a proof is this, that God sends by whom he will send! Who hath begotten us these? David Jefferies!

Wednesday 9, In the evening I preached at Brentford. Many were got together there who threatened great things. I went and took one or two of their chiefs by the hand, and desired them to come in. They did so, and were calm and silent. It was a season of great refreshment. The next morning we rode to London.

In the afternoon I buried the body of Ann Clowney, a poor woman, whom many could never think to be a believer, because she was a fool; (one of exceeding weak understanding, though not directly a natural,) but in the time of sickness and pain, none could deny the work of God. Neither did she die as a fool dieth.

Tuesday 22, I rode with Mr. Piers to see one who called himself a prophet. We were with him about an hour: but I could not at all think that he was sent of God. 1, Because he appeared to be full of himself, vain, heady, and opinionated. 2, Because he spoke with ex-

treme bitterness both of the King, and of all the Bishops, and all the Clergy. 3, Because he aimed at talking Latin, but could not; plainly shewing, he understood not his own calling.

Wednesday 23, At the earnest request of a friend, I visited Matthew Henderson, condemned for murdering his mistress. A real, deep work of God seemed to be already begun in his soul. Perhaps by driving him too fast, Satan has driven him to God; to that repentance, which shall never be repented of.

About this time I received a letter from John Nelson, (whom I had left at Birmingham.) part of which was as follows:

"BIRSTAL APRIL 22, 1746.

"AFTER I left Wednesbury, I stayed two nights at Nottingham, and had large congregations: but while I was meeting the society the second night, there came a mob, raging as if they would pull the house to the ground. As soon as we had done meeting, the Constable came and seized me, and said, I must go before the Mayor for making a riot. So he took me by the arm and led me through the streets, the mob accompanying us with curses and huzzas. God gave me as we went, to speak very plainly to the Constable, and to all that were near me; till one cried out, 'Don't carry him to the Mayor, for he is a friend to the Methodists; but to Alderman———.' Upon this, he turned, and led me to the Alderman's. When we were brought in, he said, 'Sir, I have brought you another Methodist preacher.' He asked my name, and then said, 'I wonder you cannot stay at home: you see the mob will not suffer you to preach in this town.' I said, 'I did not know this town was governed by the mob. Most towns are governed by the Magistrates.' He said, 'What, do you expect us to take your parts, when you take the people from their work?' I said, 'Sir, you are wrong informed. We preach at five in the morning, and seven at night. And these are the hours when most people are in their beds in the morning, and at night, either at play or at the alehouse.' Then he said, 'I believe you are the cause of all the evil that is fallen upon the nation.' I said, What reason have you to believe so? Can you prove that one Methodist in England did assist the rebels, with either men, money, or arms?' He answered, 'No. But it has been observed, that there has been always such a people, before any great evil fell on the land.' I said, 'It hath been as you say. But that people was not the cause of the evil, no more than we are at this time. But these mobbers, and swearers, and drunkards, and whoremongers, and extortioners, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; these are the cause why God afflicteth both man and beast. Not we: we are sent to persuade them to break off their sins by repentance, that the heavy judgments of God may not consume such a people. And if there be not a general reformation, God will be avenged of such a nation as this.' Then he said, 'Do not preach here.' But God opened my mouth, and I did not cease to set life and death before him. The Constable began to be uneasy, and said, 'What must we do with him?' 'Well, he said, I understand he is for leaving the town to-morrow; I think you must

take him to your house.' But he desired to be excused. Then the Justice said, 'You may go where you came from.' When I had gone a little way through the mob, he came to the door, and called, 'Mr. Nelson, stop a little.' Then he ordered the Constable to conduct me to the house he fetched me from, and take care that the mob did not hurt me.' This seemed to be a great mortification to him. But he was obliged to do it. So he brought me to our brethren again. And left us to give thanks to God for all his mercies."

Sunday, May 4, We left London in the evening, and on Tuesday came to Bristol.

Monday 12, I dined with a gentleman who is fully persuaded, that there is no such thing as either virtue or happiness upon earth: "Having found," he said, "by repeated experiments, that notwithstanding a thousand fair appearances, every man living was at the bottom wholly selfish, and truly miserable." I should not wonder, if every rational deist, were of the same mind. Nay, they must, if consistent with themselves. For it is sure all men are both miserable and selfish, whatever show they may make, who have not faith; even that *evidence of things not seen*, the very being whereof they question.

Thursday 15, I preached at Bath, and setting out at three the next morning, in the evening came to Blewbury.

In riding, I read Dr. H.'s Lectures on the first chapters of St. Matthew. Are they not more strange than true? Here are the first elements of the gospel of the Mysties! But is this the Gospel of Christ?

I preached in the evening, on Romans i. 18, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.* And setting out early in the morning, Saturday 17, in the evening came to London.

Monday 19, I saw an amazing instance of distress. A sensible young woman (no Methodist) constantly attending her church, had all her life long believed herself to be a right, good christian. And in this persuasion she continued during a violent fever, till the physician told her brother "she must die:" on which she cried out, "So my brother and you are going to heaven, and I am going to hell." Her brother said, "From that hour she was in the agony of despair, saying, she was in hell already, she felt the flames; the devil had her soul and body, and was now tearing her in pieces. If she swallowed any thing, she cried out, she was swallowing fire and brimstone. And for twelve days she took nothing at all; for above twenty nothing but water. She had no sleep, day or night, but lay cursing and blaspheming, tearing her clothes, and whatever she could reach, in pieces. The sins which lay heaviest upon her, were, the having no knowledge or love of God; the not believing in Christ, and yet having persuaded herself, and others, that she was a good christian." She was quieter from the time we prayed with her first, and left off cursing and blaspheming. In a few days after she began to drink a little tea, though still remaining in settled despair. But afterwards God turned her heaviness into joy.

Friday 23, I made over the houses in Bristol and Kingswood, and the next week, that at Newcastle, to seven trustees, reserving only to my brother and myself, the liberty of preaching and lodging there.

Friday 30, I lit upon a poor, pretty, fluttering thing, lately come from Ireland, and going to be a singer at the playhouse. She went in the evening to the Chapel, and thence to the watch-night, and *was almost persuaded to be a Christian.* Her convictions continued strong for a few days: but then her old acquaiutance found her, and we saw her no more.

Saturday, June 7, I asked Richard Langman and his wife, how they recovered from their German delusion? She said, "None could ever have delivered us from them but themselves, for there is no fence against their soft words. But one or two of their sermons opened our eyes; particularly one, wherein the preacher was describing, how the Virgin "fed the dear little Lamb with pap; and how when he grew bigger, she might send him of an errand, perhaps for a porringer of milk, which, if he happened to let fall, he might work a miracle to mend the porringer." They were not then able to digest these things.—But now they never turn their stomach at all.

In the afternoon, an old friend (now with the Moravians) laboured much to convince me, that I could not continue in the Church of England, because I could not *implicitly submit* to her determinations: "For this," he said, "was essentially necessary to the continuing in any Church." Not to the continuing in any, but that of *the Brethren:* if it were, I could be a member of no Church under heaven. For I must still insist on the right of private judgment. I dare call no man Rabbi. I cannot yield either implicit faith or obedience to any man or number of men under heaven.

Friday 13, I was desired to visit a poor sinner, who had just made his fortune on board a privateer, and was preparing to enjoy it, when he was summoned of God, to arise and go hence. I found God had shewn him terrible things, and had afterward cut the work short in his soul. For he already knew in whom he had believed, and a few days after, slept in peace.

Monday 16, I had an hour's conversation with Mr. Simpson (not the same with him above-mentioned) a man of a clear head and loving heart. But, O! the abyss of the providence of God! I saw him some time after in a fever, and deprived of his senses; at least so his relations say. And in fact, he has been confined ever since. Is it not the Methodists who have driven this man also distracted?

Saturday 28, I inquired more particularly of Mrs. N., concerning her little son. She said, "He appeared to have a continual fear of God, and an awful sense of his presence: that he frequently went to prayers by himself, and prayed for his father, and many others by name: that he had an exceeding great tenderness of conscience, being sensible of the least sin, and crying and refusing to be comforted, when he thought he had in any thing displeased God: that a few days since he broke out into prayer aloud, and then said, "Mamma, I shall go to heaven soon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my papa; but you will not go so soon:"

that the day before he went to a little girl in the house and said, "Polly, you and I must go to prayers. Do not mind your doll. Kneel down now. I must go to prayers: God bids me." When the Holy Ghost teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then just three years old. A year or two after, he died in peace.

Wednesday, July 2, I received the following letter from that amiable man, who is now with God:

"NORTHAMPTON, JULY 29, 1746.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I AM truly glad, that the long letter I last sent was agreeable to you. I bless God that my prejudices against the writers of the Establishment were so early removed and conquered. And I greatly rejoice when I see in those, whom, upon other accounts, I must highly esteem as the excellent of the earth, that their prejudices against their brethren, of any denomination, are likewise subsided, and that we are coming nearer to the harmony in which I hope we shall ever be one in Christ Jesus.——

"I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship, to use our mutual endeavours to render the characters of each other as blameless, and as valuable as possible. And I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations, than when those worthy persons who have honoured me with their affection and correspondence, have freely told me what they thought amiss, in my temper and conduct. This, therefore, dear Sir, is an office which you might reasonably expect from me, if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me, not to believe any flying story, to the prejudice of those, whom I had apparent reason, from what I knew of them, to esteem. And consequently, as I should never make this a foundation, you must be contented to wait longer, before you will be likely to receive that office of fraternal love, which you ask from,

"Rev. and dear Sir,
"Your obliged and affectionate
"Brother and Servant,
"P. DODDRIDGE."

"Your caution has suggested a thought to me, Whether it be modest to call ourselves humble? If the expression mean, a real readiness to serve in love, in any thing low, as washing the feet of another, I hope I can say, *I am your humble servant:* but if it mean one who is in all respects as humble as he could wish, God forbid I should arrogate so proud a title! In what can I say, *I have already attained?* Only I love my Divine Master, and I would not have a thought in my heart, that he should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in His gracious hand, which all the world cannot possibly afford; and which I really think, would make me happier in a dark dungeon, than ten thousand worlds could make me without it. And therefore I love every creature on earth that bears his image. And

I do not except those, who through ignorance, rashness, or prejudice, have greatly injured me."

Sunday 6, After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time, and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty, in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years standing. And accordingly the three first days, my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday in the afternoon, my memory failed, almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my head ache was gone. My memory was as strong as ever. And I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

Thursday 17, I finished the little collection which I had made among my friends for a lending-stock: it did not amount to thirty pounds; which a few persons afterwards made up fifty. And by this inconsiderable sum, above two hundred and fifty persons were relieved in one year.

Monday 20, I set out for Salisbury, where, to my utter amazement, on Wednesday 22, Mr. Hall desired me to preach. Was his motive only, to grace his own cause? Or rather, was this the last gasp of expiring love?

I did not reach Bristol till Friday 25. On Sunday 27, I preached at Baptist Mills, to the largest congregation I had seen at that place, since I was there with Mr. Whitefield.

About this time I received a melancholy letter from abroad: part of which I have subjoined.

"MEERKERK IN HOLLAND, JULY 29, 1746.

"I HAVE, for some years, endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. And for above two years, I have known, that God for Christ's sake had forgiven me all my sins. I lived in the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all states. Wet or weary, cold or hungry, I could rejoice. And faith and love did increase so fast, that it was my soul's delight to do good to them that hated me, to bless them that cursed me, and to call all those that were in a perishing condition, to accept of life and salvation. But, O! how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! April 6, 1746, I was overcome by a great temptation: it it came as quick as lightning. I know not whether I was in my senses. But I fell. I rose the same moment, and called upon my offended God. And so I have done ever since. But notwithstanding, his Spirit has departed from me. I have wounded my conscience exceedingly. I am fallen into the spirit of bondage and fear. And I often cry out,

Who shall tell me, if the strife
In heaven or hell shall end?"

Monday, August 4, I received a letter from Yorkshire, part of which was in these words:

"On Wednesday, July 16, I called on good old Mr. Clayton. He was exceeding weak, and seemed like one that had not long to continue here. I called again on Monday 21, and found him very ill. He told me, no one else should have been admitted: that he had much to say to me to tell *you*, and desired me, to send his kind respects to you, and wished you prosperity in your pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the last time. But when I returned into these parts on Saturday last, I found he died that morning between two and three. On Monday last I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good, old friend. I followed his corpse to the ground, where I saw it solemnly interred. Many of his parishioners dropped tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, though he had an estate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he has been rector three and forty years."

Wednesday 6, I preached at Oak-hill. How is this? I have not known so many persons earnestly mourning after God, of any society of this size in England, and so unblameable in their behaviour. And yet not one person has found a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the first preaching here to this day!

When I mentioned this to the society, there was such a mourning, as one would believe should pierce the clouds. My voice was quickly drowned. We continued crying to God with many loud and bitter cries, till I was constrained to break away, between four and five, and take horse for Shepton.

Here the good curate (I was informed) had hired a silly man, with a few other drunken champions, to make a disturbance. Almost as soon as I began, they began screaming out a psalm: but our singing quickly swallowed up theirs. Soon after their orator named a text, and (as they termed it) preached a sermon: his attendants mean time being busy (not in hearing him, but) in throwing stones and dirt at our brethren: those of them I mean, who were obliged to stand at the door. When I had done preaching, I would have gone out to them; it being my rule, confirmed by long experience, always to look a mob in the face. But our people took me up whether I would or no, and carried me into the house. The rabble melted away in a quarter of an hour, and we walked home in peace.

Thursday 7, That venerable old man, Mr. Tindal, called upon me once more. How strange it is, to find one of fourscore and ten, as humble and teachable as a little child!

Sunday 10, In the evening, having determined to spend a little time in Wales, I rode to S. Crocker's, to be ready for the first passage in the morning. On Monday 11, we came to the water side, at half an hour after five: but we did not pass till near twelve, and then rode to Abergavenny. Mr. Phillips afterwards met us on the road, and brought us to a friend's house between nine and ten.

Tuesday 12, I preached at Maesmennys' Church, and in the after-

noon, in Builth Church-yard. The greatest part of the town was present there, as usual. And God gave us the usual blessing.

Wednesday 13, I preached at Lanzufried. As soon as we came out of the Church, a poor woman met us whom Satan had bound in an uncommon manner for several years. She followed us to the house where our horses were, weeping, and rejoicing, and praising God. Two clergymen were there, besides me, and the house was full of people. But she could not refrain from declaring before them all, what God had done for her soul. And the words which came from the heart, went to the heart. I scarce ever heard such a preacher before. All were in tears round about her, high and low; for there was no resisting the Spirit by which she spoke.

The odd account she gave of herself was this: (concerning which let every one judge as he pleases:) That near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to Francis Morgan (a man famous in those parts) and gave him fourteen shillings to *do his worst* to her: that the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the devil was close to her: that, at the same time a horse she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a lamb, leaped to and fro, and tore in such a manner, that she was forced to rise and turn him out: that, a tree, which grew at the end of the house, was torn up by the roots: that, from thenceforth she had no rest, day or night, being not only in fear and horror of mind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling as if her flesh were tearing off with burning pincers: that, till this day, she had never had any respite or ease; but now she knew her God had delivered her, and she believed he would still deliver her, body and soul, and bruise Satan under her feet."

At three in the afternoon I preached at Builth, designing to go from hence to Caermarthen. But notice having been given, by mistake, of my preaching at Leominster, in Herefordshire, I altered my design, and going to Lanzufried that night, the next day rode to Leominster.

At six in the evening, I began preaching on a tombstone, close to the south side of the Church. The multitude roared on every side; but my voice soon prevailed. And more and more of the people were melted down, till they began ringing the bells. But neither thus did they gain their point, for my voice prevailed still. Then the organs began to play amain. Mr. C., the Curate, went into the Church, and endeavoured to stop them; but in vain. So I thought it best to remove to the Corn-market. The whole congregation followed, to whom many more were joined, who would not have come to the Church-yard. Here we had a quiet time, and I shewed what that *Sect* is *which is every where spoken* against. I walked with a large train to our inn, but none, that I heard, gave us one ill word. A Quaker followed me in and told me, "I was much displeased with thee, because of thy *Last Appeal*. But my displeasure is gone. I heard thee speak, and my heart clave to thee."

Friday 15, I preached at five to a large company of willing hearers. We breakfasted with a lovely old woman, worn out with sickness and pain, but full of faith and love, and breathing nothing but prayer and thanksgiving.

About ten we came to Kington, three hours ride (which they call eight miles) from Leominster. I preached at one end of the town: the congregation divided itself into two parts. One half stood near, the other part remained a little way off, and lowered defiance. But the bridle from above was in their mouth, so that they made no disturbance at all.

At four we had another kind of congregation at Maesmennys; many who had drank largely of the grace of God. I examined them, *Do ye now believe?* And the Word was as a two-edged sword. After taking a sweet leave of this loving people, we rode with honest John Price of Mertha to his house. We had four hours rain in the morning, but a fair, mild afternoon, in the close of which we came to Cardiff.

Sunday 17, I preached at Wenvo Church, morning and afternoon: at five in the evening in the Castle-yard at Cardiff, to the far largest congregation which I had ever seen in Wales. All stood uncovered and attentive, and I trust, few went empty away.

Monday 18, I rode with Mr. Hodges to Neath. Here I found twelve young men, whom I could almost envy. They lived together in one house, and continually gave away whatever they earned above the necessaries of life. Most of them (they told me) were Predestinarians, but so little bigotted to their opinion, that they would not suffer a Predestinarian to preach among them, unless he would lay all controversy aside. And on these terms they gladly received those of the opposite opinion.

The multitude of people obliged me to preach in the street, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* One man would fain have interrupted, and had procured a drunken fidler for his second. But finding none to join with them, they were ashamed; so the gentleman stole away on one side, and the fidler on the other.

Tuesday 19, I preached again at five. Whatever prejudice remained, now vanished away as a dream, and our souls took acquaintance with each other, as having all drank into one spirit.

About ten I preached in my return at Margum, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* There being many present, who did not well understand English, one repeated to them in Welch, the substance of what I had said. At one we came to Bridge-End, where I preached on a small Green, not far from the Church, on *Jesus Christ, made of God unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* It being the time of the yearly revel, we had many strangers from all parts. But none behaved unseemly; none opened his mouth; for the fear of God was amongst them. In the evening I preached at Fonmon-Castle, on the fruits of the Spirit: I concluded the day with the little society there, rejoicing and praising God.

Wednesday 20, I preached near Wilton, a little town about a mile

from Cowbridge; and on Thursday at Lanmais, four miles from Fonmon, to a people of a simple, loving, childlike spirit.

Friday 22, I returned to Cardiff, and spoke plainly to those who were wise in their own eyes. This, however, was matter of joy: they were willing to receive reproof. Otherwise I should have feared that, with regard to them, I had laboured in vain.

Saturday 23, Returning to Bristol, I found poor C. G. there, proclaiming open war. He had preached at S— G—'s once or twice; but I believe had done neither good nor harm. I invited him to lodge at our house; but he did not choose it. O poor head! and honest heart!

Friday 29, I talked largely with S— F—, and took from her the following account:—

"On Saturday, July 15, 1743, S— T, then about ten years and three quarters old, waked in perfect health. She had never had any fits of any kind, nor any considerable sickness. About six in the morning she was rising, and inwardly praying to God, when on a sudden she was seized with a violent trembling. Quickly after, she lost her speech; in a few minutes her hearing; then her sight, and at the same time, all sense and motion.

"Her mother immediately sent for Mrs. Designe, to whom she then went to school. At the same time her Father sent for Mr. Smith, Apothecary, who lived near. At first, he proposed bleeding her immediately, and applying a large blister. But upon examining her farther, he said, 'It signifies nothing, for the child is dead.'

"About twelve o'clock, she began to stir; then she opened her eyes, and gave the following account:

"As soon as I lost my senses, I was in a dismal place, full of briars, and pits, and ditches, stumbling up and down, and not knowing where to turn, or which way to get either forward or backward. And it was almost quite dark, there being but a little faint twilight, so that I could scarce see before me. I was crying ready to break my heart; and a man came to me and said, 'Child, where are you going?' I said, 'I could not tell.' He said, 'What do you want?' I answered, 'I want Christ to be my refuge.' He said, 'What is your name?' And I told him. But I did not tell him S—F—. I told him a name which I never heard before. He said, 'You are the child for whom I am sent. You are to go with me.' I saw it grew lighter as he spoke. We walked together, till we came to a stile. He went over, and bid me stay a little. I stayed about half a quarter of an hour; and then I observed his clothes. They reached down to his feet, and were shining, and white as snow.

"Then he came back, and kneeled down and prayed. You never heard such a prayer in your life. Afterward he said, 'Come with me.' I went over the stile, and it was quite light. He brought me through a narrow lane, into a vast broad road, and told me, 'This leads to hell. But be not afraid. You are not to stay there.' At the end of that road a man stood clothed like the other, in white, shining clothes, which reached down to the ground. None could pass in or out without his knowledge. But he had not the key. The man that

was with me carried the key, and unlocked the door, and we went in together.

"For a little way we walked straight forward; then turning to the left hand, we went down a very high, steep hill. I could scarce bear the stench and smoke of brimstone. I saw a vast many people, that seemed to be chained down, crying and gnashing their teeth. The man told me, 'The sins they delighted in once, they are tormented with now.' I saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other. And many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another. I saw many others who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames. And others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them.

"We stayed here, I thought, about half an hour. Then my guide said. 'Come: I will shew you now a glorious place.' I walked with him till we came into a narrow road, in which we could hardly walk a-breast. This brought us into a great broad place. And I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open; but it was so bright, I could not look at it long. We went straight in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels: and through another large place, where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature. And when one prayed, they all prayed; when one sung they all sung. And they all sung alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another.

"We then went through this into a third place. There I saw God sitting upon his throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun: I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw Three, but all as One. Our Saviour held a pen in his hand. A great book lay at his right side; another at his left, and a third partly behind him. In the first he set down the prayers and good works of his people. In the second, he set down all the curses, and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw that he discerns the whole earth at a glance. And he discerns the whole heavens. At once he beholds earth and heaven with one look.

"Then our Lord took the first book in his hand, and went and said, 'Father, behold the prayers and the works of my people.' And he held up his hands, and prayed, and interceded to his Father for us. I never heard any voice like that. But I cannot tell how to explain it. And his Father said, 'Son, I forgive thy people; not for their sake, but thine.' Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to his throne rejoicing with the host of heaven.

"It seemed to me, as if I stayed here several months. But I never slept all the while. And there was no night. And I saw no sky or sun, but clear light every where.

"Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened, and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walked, I said, 'I did not see my brother here:' (who died some time before,) He said, 'Child, thou canst not know thy brother yet; because thy breath remains in thy body. Thy spirit is to return to the earth. Thou must watch and pray: and when thy breath leaves

thy body, thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these, and know every one as before.' I said, 'When is that to be?' He said, 'I know not: nor any angel in heaven: but God alone.'

"Then he took me into another pleasant garden, where were all manner of fruits. He told me, 'This garden bears fruit always.' Here I saw a glorious place which had large gold letters written over the door. He bade me read, and I read, 'This is a fountain for sin and uncleanness for my people. At what time soever they will return, they shall be cleansed from all their idols.' The door stood open, and I looked in, and I saw, as it were, a great cistern, full of water, white as milk. We seemed to walk up and down in this garden for some weeks, and he told me what every thing meant. I never wanted to eat or drink, nor felt any weariness.

"While we were walking, he said, 'Sing.' I said, 'What shall I sing?' And he said, 'Sing praises unto the King of the place.' I sung several verses. Then he said, 'I must go.' I would have fain gone with him. But he said, 'Your time is not yet. You have more work to do upon the earth.' Immediately he was gone; and I came to myself, and began to speak."

Her mother told me farther, "As soon as ever she recovered her speech, she gave me just the same account: adding, 'I have learned the finest hymn you ever heard in your life.' She then sung three verses, the most solid, awful words which I have ever heard. She continued speaking many awful words, with many sighs and tears: until about three in the afternoon, she fell into a slumber, which continued till seven. She then spoke the same things to Mrs. Designe: after which she was silent, till about five in the morning.

"She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance, she has continued in faith and love, but has been very sickly and weak in body."

Monday, September 1, I rode with T. Butts to Middlesey, and preached to a small, earnest congregation. We set out early in the morning, and were thoroughly wet by noon. In the evening we reached Sticklepath.

Wednesday 3, About one we came to Plymouth. After dinner I walked down to Herbert Jenkins, and with him to the Dock. In the way we overtook Mr. Mignon; then a pattern to all that believed. Herbert preached a plain, honest sermon. But the congregation was greatly displeased; and many went away as soon as he began, having come on purpose to hear me.

Thursday 4, Abundance of people from Plymouth were at the Room by half an hour after four. I was much refreshed in applying those words to them, *The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.* And many of us found our hearts knit together, in that love which never faileth.

As many as the room could well contain, followed me to Mr. Hide's, and importuned me much, to call again in my return from Cornwall. We dined at Loo, (a town near half as large as Islington, which sends only four Burgesses to the Parliament,) called at Grampond in the afternoon, and just at seven reached Gwenap. The con-

gregation waiting, I began without delay, and found no faintness or weariness, while I expounded, *We all beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.*

Friday 5, I inquired concerning Jos. Trembath's late illness. It was a second relapse into the spotted fever: in the height of which they gave him sack, cold milk and apples, plumbs, as much as he could swallow. I can see no way to account for his recovery, but that he had not then finished his work. In the evening I preached at St. Ives.

Saturday 6, I rode to Trewillard, in the parish of St. Just. I found no society in Cornwall so lively as this. Yet a few of them I was obliged to reprove for negligence in meeting, which is always the forerunner of greater evils.

I preached in the evening in the Green Court, which was well filled with earnest hearers. I thought the house would have contained the congregation at five; (Sunday 7,) but it would not. At eight I preached to a large congregation at Morva, and rode on to Zunnor before the Church Service began. As soon as it was ended, I began near the church-yard (and surely never was it more wanted) to expound, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* I preached at St. Ives to a more understanding people, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

On Monday 8, I wrote the following letter to Mr. ——:

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"ON Tuesday last I lit upon a letter of yours in Devonshire, which I understand has been a great traveller. I think it is the part of brotherly love to mention to you some points therein, wherein I doubt whether you are not a little mistaken; if I mistake, you will set me right. You say,

"1. First as to *stillness*, 'the thing meant hereby is, that man cannot attain to salvation by his own wisdom, strength, righteousness, goodness, merits, or works: that therefore when he applies to God for it, he is to cast away all dependence upon every thing of his own, and trusting only to the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, in true poverty of spirit, to resign himself up to the will of God, and thus quietly wait for his salvation.' I conceive this to be the first mistake. I have nothing to object to this *stillness*. I never did oppose this in word or deed. But this is not the thing meant thereby, either by Mr. Molther, or the Moravians, or the English brethren, at the time that I, (and you, at Mr. Bower's) opposed them.

"2. 'That the Brethren teach, that people who are seeking after salvation, are all the while to sit still and do nothing; that they are not to read, hear, or pray, is altogether false.' This I apprehend to be a second mistake. Whatever the Brethren do now, they did teach thus, and that explicitly, in the years 1739 and 1740; in particular Mr. Brown, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Bell, Mr. Bray, and Simpson, then with the Moravians. Many of their words I heard with my own

ears; many more I received from those who did so. And Mr. Molther himself, on December 31, 1739, said to me, in many, and plain words, that the way to attain faith, is, to be still; that is,

'Not to use (what we term) the Means of Grace;
'Not to go to church;
'Not to communicate;
'Not to fast;
'Not to use *so much* private prayer;
'Not to read the Scriptures;
'Not to do temporal good; and,
'Not to attempt to do spiritual good.'

These things I myself heard him speak; as I am ready to give upon oath, whenever required. You ought not therefore to say, 'this is altogether false,' on the bare denial of Mr. Molther, or any other.

"3. 'Some of Fetter-lane society, when the difference broke out, spoke and acted very imprudently. But then to lay the blame on the Moravian church, as if it were their fault, is quite wrong.' I think so too; and have said so in my answer to Mr. Church, published some time before you sent your letter. If, therefore, you imagine that I lay the blame on the Moravian church, you are under a mistake here also; or, if you think I 'lay the fault of one man upon a whole community.'

"4. 'As to the English that really were to blame, they confessed their faults, and asked Mr. W.'s pardon. And some of them, if I mistake not, did it with tears.' I really think you do mistake again. I remember no such thing. Fifty persons, and more, spoke bitter things concerning me. One or two asked my pardon for so doing, but in so slight and cursory a manner, that I do not so much as know who were the men; neither the time nor place where it was done; so far were they from doing it with tears, or with any solemnity or earnestness at all. As for the rest, if they were ever convinced or ashamed at all, it is a secret to me to this day.

"5. 'Therefore to publish things which ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion, is what I do not like.' This whole matter of asking pardon you seem to mistake, as Count Z. did before. I wish you would consider the answer I gave him, 'They asked my pardon for using me ill. I replied that was superfluous. I was not angry with them; but I was afraid of two things: 1, That there was error in their doctrine: 2, That there was sin (allowed) in their practice. This was then and is at this day, the one question between them and me.' Now this cannot be buried in oblivion, that error and sin have spread too far already; and it was my part, after private reproof had been tried again and again to no purpose, to give public warning thereof to all the world, that, if possible, they might spread no farther.

"6. 'Mr. W. is partial throughout his Journal:' I want to know the particular instances. 'In what he mentions of me, he does not represent our conversation rightly.' Then it is the fault of my memory. But be so kind as to point out the particulars that are not rightly represented. 'He has done the cause of our Saviour more mischief than any one else could have done.' Tell me how—unless

you mean the Antinomian cause, by the cause of our Saviour. 'I have several times gone to Mr. W. to explain matters, and to desire him to be reconciled.' Several times! When, and where? You surprise me much! Either my memory or your's fails strangely. 'In truth, it is he that has stood out.' Alas, my brother! what an assertion is this! Did not I come three years ago (before that Journal was published) in all haste from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and my brother, in five days, from the Land's End to a supposed Conference in London? Was this standing out? But with what effect? Why Mr. Spangenberg had just left London. None besides had any power to confer with us. And to cut us off from any such expectation, James Hutton said, 'they had orders, not to confer at all, unless the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London, were present.'

"There cannot be under heaven a greater mistake than this, that I ever did stand out, or that I do so now. There has not been one day for these seven years last past, wherein my soul has not longed for union. And they have grossly abused your honest credulity, whoever have made you believe the contrary.

"'7. Since Mr. Wesley have published such stuff and inconsistencies, I cannot agree with them.' My brother, make some of those inconsistencies appear, and it will be an act of solid friendship. But 'time will manifest matters, and what is of God will stand, and what is of man will come to nought.' Most true, and according to this sure rule, it has already appeared, whose work is of God, both at Bradford, at Horton, and in several towns, not far from your own neighbourhood.

"8. The acount you give of the Moravians in general, is the very same I had given before; viz. that next to those of our own church, 'who have the faith and love which is among them, without those errors either of judgment or practice, the body of the Moravian church, however mistaken some of them are, in the main, of all whom I have seen, the best Christians in the world.' In the same Tract, I sum up my latest judgment concerning them in these terms: 'I believe they love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and have a measure of the mind that was in Him. And I am in great earnest when I declare once more, that I have a deep, abiding conviction, by how many degrees the good which is among them overbalances the evil, that I cannot speak of them but with tender affection, were it only for the benefits I have received from them; and that at this hour I desire union with them, (were those stumbling-blocks once put away, which have hitherto made that desire ineffectual) above all things under heaven.'

"9. In what respects the Brethren are Antinomians, in what sense they lean to Quietism, I have spoken at large. If they can refute the charge, I shall rejoice more than if I had gained great spoils.

"My brother, I heartily wish both you and them the genuine, open Gospel-simplicity; that you may always use that artless, plainness of speech, in which you once excelled; and that by manifestation of the truth, you may commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I am,

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. W."

Tuesday 9, I preached at Crowan. The night came upon us while I was speaking; but none offered to go away.

Wednesday 10, I preached at Portkellis, in Wendown, to many more than the house could contain. W—— T——, of Sithney, rode with me to Gwenap, a constant companion of Mr. N——'s, so long as he would join with him in riot and drunkenness. But with his drunkenness ended Mr. N——'s friendship.

When he heard that one John O——n, a tinner, was preaching, he went on purpose to make sport; but the word of God struck him to the earth. Yet he struggled in the toils; sometimes wanting to go again; sometimes resolving never to go any more. But one day, calling at his sister's, he took up a little girl, (about four years old,) and said, "they tell me you can sing hymns. Come, sing me a hymn." She began immediately,

"My soul, don't delay!
Christ calls me away:
Rise! follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day!
No mortal doth know
What he can bestow:
What peace, love, and comfort: Go after Him, go!"

He started up at once, and went to the preaching. And the same night he found peace to his soul.

Thursday 11, E—— T—— (W—— T——'s sister) rode with me to Cambourn. When she heard her brother was perverted, she went over to Sithney, on purpose to reclaim him. But finding neither fair words, nor hard names, nor oaths, nor curses, nor blows would prevail, she went away, renouncing him and all that belonged to him, and fully resolved to see him no more.

Six weeks after, she met him at Redruth, and desired him to step into a house. When they were sat down, she burst into tears, and said, "Brother, follow those men in God's name; and send me word when any of them preach in your house, and I will come and hear him."

He asked, "How is this? How came you to be so changed?" She replied, "A fortnight ago, I dreamed, a man stood by me and said, 'Do not speak evil of these men; for they are the servants of God.' I said, 'What are you one of them? I defy you all. I will keep to my church." He said, and when you are at church, how are your thoughts employed? or even at the Lord's table? And he went on, telling me all that was in my heart. And every word went through me. And I looked up, and saw him very bright and glorious. And I knew it was our Saviour. And I fell down at his feet. And then I waked."

The week after, she went to Sithney, where Mr. M—— was preaching, and saying, "Is there any of you that have shut your doors against the messengers of God? How if our Lord shut the door of mercy against you?" She cried out, "It is I;" and dropped down. Nor had she any rest, till God made her a witness of the faith which once she persecuted.

Saturday 13, I took my leave of our brethren of St. Ives, and between one and two in the afternoon began preaching before Mr. Probi's house, at Bray, on *The promise* which *is given to them that believe.* Many were there who had been vehement opposers; but from this time they opposed no more.

At six I preached at Sithney. Before I had done, the night came on; but the moon shone bright upon us. I intended after preaching to meet the society, but it was hardly practicable, the poor people so eagerly crowding in upon us. So I met them all together, and exhorted them not to leave their first love.

Sunday 14, For the sake of those whom came from far, I delayed preaching till eight o'clock. Many of Helston were there, and most of those, who in time past had signalized themselves by making riots. But the fear of God was upon them; they all stood uncovered, and calmly attended from the beginning to the end.

About one I began preaching, near Portkellis, to a much larger congregation; and about half an hour after four, at Gwenap, to an immense multitude of people, on *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* I was at first afraid my voice would not reach them all: but without cause, for it was so strengthened, that I believe thousands more might have heard every word. In the close of my sermon, I read them the account of Thomas Hitchins's death. And the hearts of many burned within them, so that they could not conceal their desire to go to him, and to be with Christ. At six we took horse, and about nine (having bright moon-shine) reached St. Columb.

Monday 15, A guide meeting us at Camelford, conducted us to St. Mary Week. Mr. Bennet overtook us on the road, and Mr. Thompson came in soon after, having lost his way, and so picked up Mr. Meyrick and Butts, who were wandering they knew not where. It was the time of the yearly revel, which obliged me to speak very plainly. Thence we rode to Laneast, where was a much larger congregation, and of quite another spirit.

Tuesday 16, I rode to Plymouth Dock, and preached in the evening, and the next morning at five. A little after ten I began preaching in a meadow near Tavistock. In the afternoon we called at Sticklepath, and about nine at night came, weary enough, to Exeter.

Thursday 18, About one I preached at Beercrocomb. About five we reached Bridgewater. We expected much tumult here, the great vulgar stirring up the small. But we were disappointed. The very week before our coming, the grand jury had found a bill against the rioters, who had so often assaulted Mary Lockyer's house. This, and the awe of God, which fell upon them, kept the whole congregation quiet and serious.

Before I preached, my strength was quite exhausted, and I was exceedingly feverish through mere fatigue. But in riding to Middlesey I revived; and in the morning, Friday 19, I rose quite well. *My strength will I ascribe unto thee.*

After a long morning's ride, we came to Mr. Star's, at Waywick. Mr. S., a neighbouring gentleman, who not long since hired a mob to make a disturbance, coming in, Mrs. Star detained him till the time

of preaching. He seemed struck much more than the congregation. In the evening we came to Bristol.

Tuesday 23, I went on to Road, where the mob threatened loud. I determined, however, to look them in the face. And at twelve I cried to the largest congregation by far, which I had ever seen in these parts, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.* The despisers stood as men astonished, and neither spoke nor stirred till I had concluded my Sermon.

Between five and six I preached at Bearfield. The next evening at Blewberry. While I was afterwards meeting the society, one grievous backslider, who had been for some time as in the belly of hell, was struck to the earth and roared aloud. He ceased not till God restored the pearl he had lost. Does not our God abundantly pardon?

Thursday 25, I came to Wycombe. It being the day on which the Mayor was chosen, abundance of rabble, full of strong drink, came to the preaching, on purpose to disturb. But they soon fell out among themselves, so that I finished my sermon in tolerable quiet.

Friday 26, Mr. B. went to the Mayor and said, "Sir, I come to inform against a common swearer. I believe he swore a hundred oaths last night; but I marked down only twenty." "Sir," said the Mayor, "you do very right in bringing him to justice. What is his name?" He replied, R—— D——. "R—— D——!" answered the Mayor; "why that is my son!" "Yes, Sir," said Mr. B.; "so I understand." "Nay, Sir," said he, "I have nothing to say in his defence. If he break the law, he must take what follows."

Saturday, October 4, My brother and I took up our cross, and talked largely with Mr. G——. But he still insisted, 1, That there was no repentance at all, antecedent to saving faith: 2, That naked faith alone was the only condition of everlasting salvation: and, 3, That no works need be preached at all, neither were necessary either before or after faith.

We took horse at nine, and soon after one came to Sevenoaks. After refreshing ourselves a little, we went to an open place near the Free-school, where I declared to a large, wild company, *There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.* They grew calmer and calmer till I had done, and then went quietly away. As we returned, a poor Shimei came to meet us, bitterly cursing and blaspheming. But we walked straight on, and even his companions, the mob, neither laughed nor opened their mouth.

Sunday 5, I preached at the church at Shoreham, morning and afternoon. The congregation seemed to understand just nothing of the matter. But God can give them understanding in his time.

Thursday 9, The day of public thanksgiving for the victory at Culloden was to us a day of solemn joy. Saturday 11, I had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. P. He said, "I rejoiced greatly when the Count came over, hoping now I should understand the truth of the matter, and I went to hear him, full of expectation. His text was, *Neither do I condemn thee.* He began, "The Sa-

viour says, I came not to destroy the law; but the fact is contrary, for he does destroy it. It is plain, the law condemned this woman, but the Saviour does not condemn her. Again, the law commands to keep the Sabbath holy. But the Saviour did not keep it holy. Nay, God himself does not keep the law. For the law says, *Put away all lying.* But God said, *Nineveh shall be destroyed;* yet Nineveh was not destroyed." The whole sermon was of the same thread. I understood him well, and do not desire to hear him any more.

Saturday 26, I buried the body of George Adams, a child about twelve years old. He is the first of the children brought up at our school, whom God has called to himself. From the time God manifested his love to him, he was eminently of a meek and quiet spirit. And as he lived, so he died in sweet peace.

Saturday, November 1, I dined at J—— E——'s. Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning? Has there been one in our memory that so signalized himself as an enemy to all serious, inward religion? But it is past. He was going out on pleasure, as usual. His foot slipped, and as he was falling, a thought came, "What if instead of falling to the earth, thou hadst now died and fallen into hell?" He heard and acknowledged the voice of God, and began to seek his face.

Wednesday 12, In the evening at the Chapel, my teeth pained me much. In coming home, Mr. Spear gave me an account of the rupture he had had for some years, which after the most eminent Physicians had declared it incurable, was perfectly cured in a moment. I prayed, with submission to the will of God. My pain ceased, and returned no more.

Sunday 16, I was desired to pray with one in despair. I had never seen her before, but soon found she was a sensible woman, and well acquainted with the theory of religion; yet when I spoke to her of some of the first principles of Christianity, she cried out, as if she had never heard them before, "Here! He says, I may be saved! He says, God loves me! Christ died for me! And that I may live with him in heaven! O then, what is this world? What is life, what is pain! I do not care for it. Let me die; let me suffer any thing here, so I may but live with Christ in heaven."

About this time I received a remarkable account, from Grimsby in Lincolnshire.

"William Blow, John Melton, and Thomas Wilkinson were going, on Friday last, in a boat on the sea, near Grimsby. John Melton could swim exceeding well, but William Blow not at all. When they were about half a league from the shore, they were both beat over-board. John Melton sunk to the bottom like a stone. William Blow sunk and rose several times, and was in the water near a quarter of an hour, before Thomas Wilkinson could get near him. At last he saw his hand above the water. He then struck down his boat-hook at a venture, and caught him by the flap of his coat, and pulled him to the boat-side. He was quite sensible, and said, 'Tommy, I am afraid you cannot get me in.' 'Nay then,' said Thomas, 'we will

sink together, for I will not let thee go.' At last he did get him in, and brought him safe to land.

"We asked, 'How he could keep in the water so long, and not be drowned?' He said, 'God gave him that thought, to keep his mouth shut, and when he was almost choaked, he gave a spring up, and got a little breath.' I asked him, 'How he felt himself, when he was under water? If he were not afraid of death?' He answered, 'No, my soul was lifted up unto the Lord, and I freely resigned myself into his hands.'"

I received likewise from several of our brethren abroad, an account of the deliverance God had lately wrought for them.

"BUSH OFF BRABANT.

"REV. SIR,

"I have long had a desire to write, but had not an opportunity till we came to our winter-quarters. When we came over, we thought we should have had J. Haime with us, as formerly: but we were disappointed. We were about three weeks upon our march, and endured a great deal through the heat of the weather, and for want of water. At Villear camp, we lay so near the enemy, and were forced to mount so many guards, that we had hardly any time to ourselves, nor had J. Haime time to meet with us. We left this camp in twelve or fourteen days time, and wherever we marched we had the French always in our view: only a few days, when we were marching through woods, and over high mountains. Coming back to Maestricht, at some camps we have lain so near the enemy, that their centries and ours have taken snuff with one another: having then no orders to fire at, or hurt each other. But the day we came off, we found it otherwise. For at eleven o'clock the night before, orders came for us to be ready to turn out at an hour before day, which was the 30th of September. At day-break, orders came to our regiment and Colonel Graham's, to advance about a mile and a half towards the French. We were placed in a little park, and Graham's regiment in another, to the right of us. We lay open to the French; only we cut down the hedge breast high, and filled it up with loose earth. Thus we waited for the enemy several hours, who came first with their right wing upon the Dutch, that were upon our left. They engaged in our sight, and fired briskly upon each other, cannon and small shot for two hours. Then the Dutch, being overpowered, gave way, and the French advanced upon us, and marched a party over the ditch on the left of Graham's, and fell in upon them; not withstanding our continual firing both with our small arms and four pieces of cannon. So when the French had got past us, our regiment retreated, or we should have been surrounded. In our retreat, we faced about twice and fired on the enemy, and so came off with little loss; though they fired after us with large cannon shot, I believe four and twenty pounders.

"We lost one brother of Graham's regiment, and two of our's, Andrew Paxton, shot dead in our retreat, and Mark Bend, who was wounded and left on the field. The Lord gave us all on that day an extraordinary courage, and a word to speak to our comrades, as we

advanced toward the enemy, to tell them, how happy they were that had made their peace with God. We likewise spoke to one another, while the cannon were firing, and we could all rely on God, and resign ourselves to his will.

"A few of us meet here twice a day; and thanks be to God, his grace is still sufficient for us. We desire all our brethren to praise God on our behalf. And we desire all your prayers, that the Lord may give us to be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"I remain, your loving Brother,

"*Nov.* 17, 1747. "S. S."

Nearly the same account we received a few days before, in a letter from the camp near Maestricht. Part of this ran as follows:—

"Ever since the 22d of July, our army and the French have lain so close, and marched so close together, that we have expected them to come upon us almost every night, and have had, for many nights, strict orders, not to take off our accoutrements, but to be ready to turn out at a minute's warning. And almost every day, some of our outguards have had skirmishes with them. On September 29, at night, Prince Charles had intelligence, that they design to fall upon us with all their force. So we had orders to be ready, and at break of day, our regiment and Graham's were ordered to march in the front of the army, with two Hessian, two Hanoverian, and a part of the Dutch. We marched a mile forward into little parks and orchards, a village being between us and our army. In this posture we remained about three hours, while their right wing was engaged with the Dutch, the cannon playing every where all this time. But we were all endued with strength and courage from God, so that the fear of death was taken away from us. And when the French came upon us, and overpowered us, we were troubled at our regiment's giving way, and would have stood our ground, and called to the rest of the regiment, to stop and face the enemy, but to no purpose. In the retreat we were broke; yet, after we had retreated about a mile, we rallied twice and fired again. When we came where we thought the army was, they were all gone. So we marched good part of the night, and the next day, about four o'clock, we came to this camp. We left our brother, Mark Bend, in the field; whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell: but the last of our brothers that spoke to him, after he was wounded, found him quite resigned to the will of God. We, that he has spared a little longer, desire you to return thanks to God, for all his mercies to us."

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. VII.

FROM NOVEMBER 25, 1746, TO JULY 20, 1749.

TUESDAY, Nov. 25, 1746, I laboured much to convince one, who had known me for several years, that she had left her first love, and was in the utmost danger of losing the things which she had wrought. But she was proof against argument as well as persuasion, and very civilly renounced all fellowship with me, "Because (she said) I was disaffected to the Government!" O! what will not those either believe or assert, who are resolved to defend a desperate cause!

Sunday 30, John Jones (late a zealous Calvinist) preached, for the first time, at the Foundery. I trust he will never rest, till He who *died for all*, hath *cleansed him from all unrighteousness.*

Thursday, December 4, I mentioned to the society my design of giving physic to the poor. About thirty came the next day: and in three weeks, about three hundred. This we continued for several years, till the number of patients still increasing, the expence was greater than we could bear. Mean time, through the blessing of God, many who had been ill for months or years, were restored to perfect health.

Monday 15: Most of this week I spent at Lewisham, in writing *Lessons for Children:* consisting of the most practical Scriptures, with a very few, short, explanatory Notes.

Saturday 20, I had a visit from Mr. Bland, an accurate master of the Hebrew Tongue: but how exceeding far from the judgment of Mr. Hutchinson! He avers, (and thinks he has demonstrated, in a tract on that head, lately published,) that both the vowel and accent points are absolutely essential to the Hebrew Language; and that they are far elder than Ezra, yea co-eval with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

Monday 20, I resumed my vegetable diet, (which I had now discontinued for several years,) and found it of use both to my soul and

body. But after two years, a violent flux which seized me in Ireland, obliged me to return to the use of animal food.

Wednesday 31, I heard an amazing instance of the providence of God. About six years ago, Mr. Jebner (as he related it himself) and all his family, being eight persons, were in bed, between ten and eleven at night. On a sudden he heard a great crack, and the house instantly fell, all at once, from the top to the bottom. They were all buried in the ruins. Abundance of people gathered together, and in two or three hours dug them out. The beds in which they had lain, were mashed in pieces, as well as all the furniture of the house. But neither man, woman, nor child, was killed or hurt. Only he had a little scratch on his hand.

Saturday, January 3, 1747, I called upon poor Mr. C., who once largely *tasted of the good word and of the powers of the world to come.* I found him very loving,—and very drunk, as he commonly is, day and night. But I could fix nothing upon him. "He may fall *foully;* but not *finally!*"

Sunday 11, In the evening I rode to Brentford; the next day to Newbury; and Tuesday 13, to the Devizes. The town was in an uproar from end to end, as if the French were just entering: and abundance of swelling words we heard, oaths, curses, and threatenings. The most active man in stirring up the people, we were informed, was Mr. J., the C.; he had been indefatigable in the work, going all the day from house to house. He had also been at the pains of setting up an advertisement in the most public places of the town, "Of an Obnubilative, Pantomime Entertainment, to be exhibited at Mr. Clark's," (where I was to preach.) The latter part of it contained a kind of double entendre, which a modest person cannot well repeat. I began preaching at seven, on *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Many of the mob came in, listened a little, and stood still. No one opened his mouth, but attention sat on the face of every hearer.

Wednesday 14, I rode on to Bristol, and spent a week in great peace.

Thursday 22, About half an hour after twelve I took horse for Wick, where I had appointed to preach at three. I was riding by the wall through St. Nicholas' gate, (my horse having been brought to the house where I dined,) just as a cart turned short from St. Nicholas' street, and came swiftly down the hill. There was just room to pass between the wheel of it and the wall; but that space was taken up by the car-man. I called to him to go back, or I must ride over him. But the man, as if deaf, walked straight forward. This obliged me to hold back my horse. In the mean time, the shaft of the cart came full against his shoulder, with such a shock as beat him to the ground. He shot me forward over his head, as an arrow out of a bow, where I lay, with my arms and legs, I know not how, stretched out in a line, close to the wall. The wheel ran by, close to my side, but only dirtied my clothes. I found no flutter of spirit, but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study. When the cart was gone, I rose. Abundance of people gathered round,

till a gentleman desired me to step into his shop. After cleaning myself a little, I took horse again, and was at Wick by the time appointed.

I returned to Bristol (where the report of my being killed had spread far and wide) time enough to praise God in the great congregation, and to preach, on *Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast.* My shoulders, hands, side, and both my legs were a little bruised; my knees something more, my right thigh the most, which made it a little difficult to me to walk. But some warm treacle took away all the pain in an hour, and the lameness in a day or two.

After visiting the little societies in Somersetshire and Wiltshire, on Thursday 29, I preached at Bearfield in my way, and thence rode on to the Devizes; I found much pains had been taken again, to raise a mob: but it was lost labour. All that could be mustered were a few straggling soldiers, and forty or fifty boys. Notwithstanding these, I preached, in great peace, on *All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* In the morning, January 30, I explained and applied, *He healeth them that are broken in heart.* We then took horse, in the midst of a quiet, civil multitude, and the next afternoon came to London.

Monday, February 2, I began examining the classes. Having desired the Leaders, such as had leisure, to give me a short account in writing of those under their care, among many others, I received the following note :—

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope my class are bending one way. But it seems to me, we all want advice that is plain and cutting, and awakening and shaking, and hastening us, like that of the angel, *Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain.* I find the Lord often waking me as with thunder. Yet I find a spirit of stillness and lukewarmness to cleave to me like the skin to my flesh. The Lord shews me, at times, how insensibly it steals upon me, and makes me tremble, because I have not been fearing always. May he give us to feel the true state of our souls! Which, I hope, will ever be the prayer of

"Your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

"JOHN HAGUE."

Ye who loved and profited by this man of God, when he was alive, hear what, *being dead he yet speaketh.*

Tuesday 10, My brother returned from the north, and I prepared to supply his place there. Sunday 15, I was very weak and faint. But on Monday 16, I rose soon after three, lively and strong, and found all my complaints were fled away like a dream.

I was wondering the day before at the mildness of the weather, such as seldom attends me in my journies. But my wonder now ceased: the wind was turned full north, and blew so exceedingly hard and keen, that when we came to Hatfield, neither my companions nor I had much use of our hands or feet. After resting an hour, we bore up again, through the wind and snow, which drove full in

our faces. But this was only a squall. In Baldock Field the storm began in earnest. The large hail drove so vehemently in our faces, that we could not see, nor hardly breathe. However, before two o'clock we reached Baldock, where one met and conducted us safe to Potten.

About six I preached to a serious congregation. Tuesday 17, we set out as soon as it was well light. But it was really hard work to get forward. For the frost would not well bear or break. And the untracked snow covering all the roads, we had much ado to keep our horses on their feet. Mean time the wind rose higher and higher, till it was ready to overturn both man and beast. However, after a short bait at Bugden we pushed on, and were met in the middle of an open field, with so violent a storm of rain and hail, as we had not had before. It drove through our coats, great and small, boots, and every thing, and yet froze as it fell, even upon our eye-brows: so that we had scarce either strength or motion left, when we came into our inn at Stilton.

We now gave up our hopes of reaching Grantham, the snow falling faster and faster. However, we took the advantage of a fair blast to set out, and made the best of our way to Stamford Heath. But here a new difficulty arose, from the snow lying in large drifts. Sometimes horse and man were well nigh swallowed up. Yet in less than an hour we were brought safe to Stamford. Being willing to get as far as we could, we made but a short stop here; and about sun-set came, cold and weary, yet well, to a little town called Brig-casterton.

Wednesday 18, Our servant came up and said, "Sir, there is no travelling to-day. Such a quantity of snow has fallen in the night, that the roads are quite filled up." I told him, "at least we can walk twenty miles a day, with our horses in our hands." So in the name of God we set out. The north-east wind was piercing as a sword, and had driven the snow into such uneaven heaps, that the main road was not passable. However, we kept on, a-foot or on horseback, till we came to the White Lion at Grantham.

Some from Grimsby had appointed to meet us here. But not hearing any thing of them, (for they were at another house by mistake,) after an hour's rest, we set out straight for Epworth. On the road we overtook a clergyman and his servant; but the tooth-ache quite shut my mouth. We reached Newark about five. Soon after we were set down, another Clergyman came and inquired for our fellow-traveller. It was not long before we engaged in close conversation. He told me some of our preachers had frequently preached in his parish. And his judgment was, 1, That their preaching at Hunfleet had done some good, but more harm. Because, 2, Those who attended it had only turned from one wickedness to another; they had only exchanged sabbath-breaking, swearing or drunkenness, for slandering, backbiting, and evil-speaking: and, 3, Those who did not attend it, were provoked hereby to return evil for evil. So that the former were, in effect, no better; the latter worse than before.

The same objection (in substance) has been made in most other parts of England. It therefore deserves a serious answer, which will

equally hold in all places. Whether, then, we speak of Hunfleet, Leeds, Bristol, or London, it is allowed, "1, That our preaching has done some good: common swearers, sabbath-breakers, drunkards, thieves, fornicators, having been reclaimed from those outward sins:" but it is affirmed, "2, That it has done more harm, the persons so reclaimed, only changing one wickedness for another: and their neighbours being so provoked thereby, as to become worse than they were before."

"Those who have left their outward sins," you affirm, "have only changed drunkenness or sabbath-breaking, for backbiting and evil-speaking." I answer, if you affirm this of them all, it is notoriously false. Many we can name, who left cursing, swearing, and backbiting, drunkenness, and evil-speaking, altogether, and who are to this day just as fearful of slandering, as they are of cursing or swearing. And if some are not yet enough aware of this snare of the devil, we may hope they will be ere long. Mean time see that you bless God for what he has done, and pray that he would deliver them from this death also.

You affirm farther, "That their neighbours are provoked hereby, to return evil for evil; and so while the former are no better, the latter are worse than they were before."

I answer, 1, These are worse than they were before. But why? Because they do fresh *despite to the Spirit of grace?* because they *despise* that *long-suffering* love *of God*, which would lead them (as it does their neighbours) to repentance. And in laying the blame of this on those who will *no longer run with them to the same excess of riot*, they only fulfil the Scriptures, and fill up the measure of their own iniquity.

I answer, 2, There is still no proportion at all, between the good on the one hand, and the harm on the other; for they who reject the goodness of God, were servants of the devil before; and they are but servants of the devil still. But they who accept it, are brought from the power of Satan, to serve the living and true God.

Thursday 19, The frost was not so sharp: so that we had little difficulty till we came to Haxey-Car. But here the ice which covered the dykes, and great part of the common, would not bear, nor readily break. Nor did we know, there being no track of man or beast, what parts of the dykes were fordable. However, we committed ourselves to God, and went on. We hit all our fords exactly, and without any fall or considerable hinderance, came to Epworth in two hours, full as well as when we left London.

Sunday 22, I preached at five and at eight in the room, after evening prayers at the Cross. I suppose most of the grown people in the town were present. A poor drunkard made a noise for some time: till Mr. Maw (the chief gentleman of the town) took him in hand, and quieted him at once.

Monday 23, leaving Mr. Meyrick here, I set out with Mr. Larwood, and a friend from Grimsby. At two I preached at Laseby in the way, to a quiet and serious congregation. We reached Grimsby by five, and spoke to as many of the society as could conveniently

come at that time. About seven I would have preached to a very large audience; but a young gentleman with his companions quite drowned my voice, till a poor woman took up the cause, and by reciting a few passages of his life, wittily and keenly enough turned the laugh of all his companions full upon him. He could not stand it, but hastened away. When he was gone, I went on with little interruption.

Tuesday 24, I wrote a few lines to Mr. C., giving him an account of his kinsman's behaviour. He obliged him to come straight to me, and ask my pardon. Since that time we have had no disturbance at Grimsby.

At noon I examined the little society at Tetney. I have not seen such another in all England. In the class-paper (which gives an account of the contribution for the poor) I observed one gave eightpence, often ten-pence a week: another thirteen, fifteen or eighteenpence: another sometimes one, sometimes two shillings. I asked Micah Elmoor, the leader, (an Israelite indeed, who now rests from his labour,) "How is this? Are you the richest society in England?" He answered, "I suppose not: but all of us who are single persons, have agreed together, to give both ourselves and *all we have* to God: and we do it gladly, whereby we are able from time to time, to entertain all the strangers that come to Tetney, who often have no food to eat, nor any friend to give them a lodging.

We came to Hainton soon after sun-set. I never before saw so large a congregation here. I declared to them all, (Protestants and Papists) "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and they seemed to be indeed, (as Homer says) πτερα πτερογντα, *winged words;* that flew as arrows from the hand of the Most High, to the heart of every hearer.

Wednesday 25, I had designed to go straight for Epworth. But W. Fenwick begged I would call on the little flock at Tealby. Mr. B. (he said) the Minister of the place had preached against them with the utmost bitternesss, had repelled them from the Lord's table, and zealously endeavoured to stir up the whole town against them. I called there about seven; and began to talk with two or three that were in the house where we alighted. Presently the house was full from end to end. I stood up and declared, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* Even at Hainton I did not find such a blessing as here. Surely this day was the Scripture fulfilled, "If ye be reproached for the sake of Christ happy are ye: for the Spirit of Glory and of God resteth upon you."

About two in the afternoon I preached at Ferry, and in the evening at Epworth. Thursday 26, I left them all in peace and love, and rode to Sykehouse, where W. Shent met me, and one from Acomb. I preached at three and at seven, and we were not a little comforted.

Friday 27, Honest muddy M. B. conducted me to his house at Acomb. I now found out (which I could not comprehend before) what was the matter with him. He and one or two more, since I saw them last, had been studying the profound Jacob Behmen. The event was (as might easily have been foreseen) he had utterly con-

founded their intellects, and filled them so full of sublime speculations, that they had left Scripture and common sense far behind.

I preached at seven, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* The congregation, many of whom came from York, were surprisingly quiet, though I used the utmost plainness of speech. Several of York came again at five in the morning. After preaching I spoke with a few, who were desirous to join heart and hand together, in seeking the kingdom of God.

Saturday 28, I called at Shipton, on Mr. C., the minister of Acomb, who had desired to see me: and after half an hour, both agreeably and usefully spent, rode on to Thirsk.

Here I rejoiced with T. Brooke and his wife, lights shining in a dark place. God has lately added to them a third; one formerly famous for all manner of wickedness, who was cut to the heart while Mr. Brooke was talking to him, and went down to his house justified. This had struck the whole town; so that when I went down about five, to preach in a vacant house, it was quickly filled, within and without, the Justice being one of the congregation. In the morning, about six, I preached again to a congregation more numerous than before. Nor did any man open his mouth, either at the time of preaching, or while I walked through the town, unless it were to bid me God speed, or to inquire when I would come again.

Sunday, March 1, I came to Osmotherly about ten o'clock, just as the Minister (who lives some miles off) came into town. I sent my service to him, and told him, "If he pleased, I would assist him, either by reading prayers or preaching." On receiving the message, he came to me immediately, and said, "He would willingly accept of my assistance." As we walked to Church, he said, "Perhaps it would fatigue you too much to read prayers and preach too." I told him, "No: I would choose it, if he pleased;" which I did accordingly. After service was ended, Mr. D. said, "Sir, I am sorry I have not a house here to entertain you. Pray let me know whenever you come this way." Several asking, "Where I would preach in the afternoon?" One went to Mr. D. again, and asked "If he were willing I should preach in the church?" He said, "Yes, whenever Mr. Wesley pleases." We had a large congregation at three o'clock. Those who, in time past, had been the most bitter gainsayers, seemed now to be melted into love. All were convinced, we are no Papists. How wisely does God order all things in their season!

Monday 2, I rode to Newcastle. The next day, I met the Stewards, men who had approved themselves in all things. They are of one heart and of one mind. I found all in the house of the same spirit; pouring out their souls to God many times in a day together, and breathing nothing but love and brotherly kindness.

Wednesday 4, Being Ash-wednesday, I spent some hours in reading the Exhortations of Ephraim Syrus. Surely never did any man, since David, give us such a picture of a broken and contrite heart.

This week I read over with some young men, a compendium of Rhetoric, and a System of Ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months time, more of solid Phi-

losophy than is commonly learned at Oxford, in four (perhaps seven) years.

Sunday 8, I preached at Gateshead, and declared the loving-kindness of the Lord. In the evening, observing abundance of strangers at the room, I changed my voice and applied those terrible words, *I have overthrown some of you as I overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and the rest of you were as brands plucked out of the burning; yet have ye not turned unto me, saith the Lord.*

On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, I examined the classes. I had been often told, "It was impossible for me, to distinguish the precious from the vile, without the miraculous discernment of spirits." But I now saw, more clearly than ever, that this might be done, and without much difficulty, supposing only two things: First, courage and steadiness in the examiner: Secondly, common sense and common honesty in the leader of each class. I visit, for instance, the class in the Close, of which Robert Peacock is leader. I ask, "Does this, and this person in your class, live in drunkenness or any outward sin? Does he go to Church, and use the other means of grace? Does he meet you as often as he has opportunity? Now if Robert Peacock has common sense, he *can* answer these questions truly, and if he has common honesty, he will. And if not, some other in the class has both, and can and will answer for him. Where is the difficulty then of finding out, if there be any disorderly walker in this class? And consequently, in any other? The question is not, concerning the heart, but the life. And the general tenor of this, I do not say, cannot be *known*, but cannot be *hidden*, without a miracle.

Where then is the need of any miraculous discernment, in order to purge one of these societies? Nay, where is the use of it? For if I had that discernment, I am to pass sentence only *ex allegatis & probatis:* not according to what I miraculously discern, but according to what is proved in the face of the sun.

The society, which, the first year, consisted of above eight hundred members, is now reduced to four hundred. But, according to the old proverb, the half is more than the whole. We shall not be ashamed of any of these, when we speak with our enemies in the gate.

Friday 13, I found Mr. P. and I. almost discouraged, at the doctrine of absolute and connotative nouns. I wonder any one has patience to learn Logic, but those who do it on a principle of conscience, unless he learns it, as three in four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do; that is, goes about it and about it, without understanding one word of the matter.

In some of the following days I snatched a few hours, to read "The History of the Puritans." I stand in amaze. First, at the execrable spirit of persecution, which drove those venerable men out of the Church, and with which Queen Elizabeth's clergy were as deeply tinctured as ever Queen Mary's were: Secondly, at the weakness of those holy confessors, many of whom spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's supper!

Thursday 19, I considered, 'What would I do now, if I were sure I had but two days to live? All outward things are settled to my wish. The houses at Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle, are safe. The deeds whereby they are conveyed to the Trustees, took place on the 5th instant. My Will is made. What have I more to do, but to commend my soul to my merciful and faithful Creator?'

Some days I spent in every week in examining the societies round Newcastle. And great cause I found to rejoice over them.

Tuesday 24, I rode to Blanchland, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Derwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is, indeed, little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the church-yard, under one side of the building, upon a large tomb-stone, round which, while I was at prayers, all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead mines from all parts; many from Allandale, six miles off. A row of children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word, with such earnestness in their looks, that I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy.

In the evening I came back to Newlands, where also John Brown has gathered a society. O! what may not a man of small, natural talents do, if he be full of faith and love!

Sunday 29, After preaching at South Biddick at five, I hastened to Sunderland, where I preached at eight, and again at two, in the main street, to a Kennington-Common congregation. I admire the spirit of this people. From the first day I preached here to this hour, I have not seen a man behave indecently. Those who did not approve, quietly went away.

Monday 30, I had leisure to reflect on the strange case of Francis Coxon, who was at first the grand support of the society at Biddick. But after a time he grew weary of well-doing, complaining, "That it took up too much of his time." He then began to search after curious knowledge, and to converse with those who were like-minded. The world observed it, and courted his company again, "Now he was not so precise." His school was filled with children. Money flowed in, and he said, *Soul, take thy ease for many years.* He came to Newcastle with John Reach the Saturday after I came; but had no leisure to call upon me. At night they set out homeward. He was walking a little before his companion, about three miles from Newcastle, in a way he knew as well as his own house-floor, when John heard him fall, and asked, "What is the matter?" He answered, "God has overtaken me. I am fallen into the quarry, and have broken my leg." John ran to some houses that were near, and having procured help, carried him thither. Thence he was removed to another house, and a Surgeon sent for, who came immediately. He soon recovered his spirits, and asked how long it would be before he could be in his school again? And on Sunday, Monday,

and Tuesday, was full of the world, nor was God in all his thoughts. On Wednesday, the Surgeon told him honestly, "He thought he could not live." Then he awoke out of sleep. The snares of death came about him; the pains of hell overtook him. He continued all Thursday and Friday in the lowest pit, in a place of darkness, and in the deep, warning all to beware of drawing back unto perdition, and calling upon God with strong cries and tears. On Sunday, he found a little dawning of hope: this gradually increased all the day. On Monday, he knew God had healed his backsliding, and sorrow and sighing fled away. He continued all day in fervent prayer, mingled with praise and strong thanksgiving. "This night (said he) will be a glorious night to me. My warfare is accomplished. My sin is pardoned." Then he broke out again into vehement prayer. About eight he left off speaking, and soon after, without any struggle or groan, gave up his soul to God.

Wednesday, April 1, I rode to Winlinton Mills, a place famous above many, and called the Rebels, "To lay down their arms, and be reconciled to God through his Son." I saw neither old nor young that behaved amiss, for the dread of the Lord was upon them.

Sunday 5, We set out early, and about eight went out into the market-place at Hexham. A multitude of people soon ran together, the greater part mad as colts untamed. Many had promised to do mighty things. But the bridle was in their teeth. I cried aloud, *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.* They felt the sharpness of the two-edged sword, and sunk into seriousness on every side; insomuch, that I heard not one unkind or uncivil word, till we left them standing and staring one at another. At one I preached at Horsely; and about five in the evening at Newcastle.

Monday 6, Having been informed there were many large collieries, three or four miles north and north-west from Durham, I rode to a village called Renton, in the midst of them, and proclaimed, *The Lord God, gracious and merciful.* Abundance of people gave earnest heed to every word which was spoken; kneeled down when I prayed, sung (after their manner) when I sung, and crowded into the house when I went in, crying out, one and all, "Aye, they were only too long a-coming! Why did they not come sooner?"

Tuesday 7, Finding the people about Dent's hole were grown dead and cold, I preached there at twelve o'clock; *If happily it might please God yet again to breathe on the dry bones that they might live.*

Wednesday 8, I found the congregation at Blanchland abundantly increased. I preached in the evening at Spen, and the next day at noon to a serious congregation at Winlinton Mills; a gentleman who had talked of making a disturbance, found not one man to second him.

Friday 10, Having settled all the societies in the country, I began examining that of Newcastle again. It was my particular concern, to remove, if possible, every hindrance of brotherly love. And one odd one I found creeping in upon us, which had already occasioned

much evil; namely, a fancy, that *we must not justify ourselves*, (some of the spawn of mystic divinity;) just contrary to the Scriptural injunction, *Be ready to give* a reason of *the hope that is in you.* For want of doing this in time, some offences were now grown incurable. I found it needful, therefore, to tear up this by the roots; to explain this duty from the foundation, and to require all who desired to remain with us to *justify themselves*, whenever they were blamed unjustly; and not to swallow up both peace and love in their *voluntary humility.*

Sunday 12, I preached at Gateshead in the morning, at Swalwell about two; and at the Room in the evening. I scarce ever heard so fine a defence of a weak cause as was Mr. S.'s sermon in the morning; wherein he laboured much to prove the unlawfulness of laymen's preaching: but with such tenderness and good-nature, that I almost wished the sermon were printed, for a pattern to all polemical writers.

Sunday 19, being Easter-day, I preached in Gateshead for the last time; afterwards at Swalwell, and at Newcastle in the evening. I could gladly have spent six weeks more in these parts; but my time being now expired, I preached my farewell sermon at five.

On Monday 20, A great part of the congregation (which filled the Room) were some of the finest people I had ever seen there. Surely God is working a new thing in the earth. Even to the rich is the Gospel preached! And there are, of these also, who have ears to hear, and hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

About nine I preached to a large congregation at Renton, and before six reached Osmotherly. Finding Mr. D. (as I expected) had been vehemently attacked by the neighbouring clergy and gentry, that he might be exposed to no farther difficulty on my account, I did not claim his promise, but preached on a tombstone near the church, on *The Lord is risen indeed!* How wisely does God order all things! Some will not hear even the word of God out of a church. For the sake of these we are often permitted to preach in a church. Others will not hear it in a church. For their sakes we are often compelled to preach in the highways.

Here John Nelson met me. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, he had preached at Acomb and the neighbouring places; on Good Friday, in particular, on Heworth Moor, to a large and quiet congregation. On Easter Sunday, at eight, he preached there again, to a large number of serious hearers. Towards the close of his discourse, a mob came from York, hired and headed by some (miscalled) gentlemen. They stood still, till an eminent Papist cried out, "Why do you not knock the dog's brains out?" On which they immediately began throwing all that came to hand, so that the congregation was quickly dispersed. John spoke a few words, and walked towards York. They followed with showers of bricks and stones; one of which struck him on the shoulder, one on the back: and a little before he came to the city, part of a brick hit him on the back of the head, and felled him to the ground. When he came to himself, two of Acomb lifted him up, and led him forward between them. The

gentlemen followed throwing as before, till he came to the city gate, near which lived an honest tradesman, who took him by the arm, and pulled him into his house. Some of the rioters swore they would break all his windows, if he did not turn him out. But he told them resolutely, "I will not; let any of you touch my house at your peril. I shall make you remember it as long as you live." On this they thought good to retire.

After a Surgeon had dressed the wound in his head, John went softly on to Acomb. About five he went out, in order to preach, and began singing a hymn. Before it was ended, the same gentlemen came in a coach from York with a numerous attendance. They threw clods and stones so fast on every side, that the congregation soon dispersed. John walked down into a little ground, not far from Thomas Slaton's house. Two men quickly followed; one of whom swore desperately he would have his life. And he seemed to be in good earnest. He struck him several times, with all his force, on the head and breast; and at length threw him down, and stamped upon him, till he left him for dead. But, by the mercy of God, being carried into a house, he soon came to himself; and after a night's rest was so recovered, that he was able to ride to Osmotherly.

Tuesday 21, I called at Thirsk. But finding the town full of holiday folks, drinking, cursing, swearing, and cock-fighting, I did not stop at all, but rode on to Boroughbridge, and in the afternoon to Leeds.

Wednesday 22, I spent an hour with Mr. M., and pressed him to make good his assertion, that our preaching had done more harm than good. This he did not choose to pursue, but enlarged on the harm it might occasion in succeeding generations. I cannot see the force of this argument. I dare not neglect the doing certain, present good, for fear of some probable ill consequences in the succeeding century.

Sunday 26, I met the Leeds society at five; preached at seven, on *The Spirit and the Bride say, come;* and at one, to an unwieldly multitude, several hundreds of whom went away, it being impossible for them to hear. Such another congregation I had at Birstal; yet here I believe my voice reached all that were present.

Monday 27, I preached at Birstal, at Wibsey Moor, and at Bradford, and regulated the societies. Tuesday 28, one of Pudsey would take no denial, so I promised to preach there at eight o'clock. Coming before the hour, we walked to the new house of the Germans. It stands on the side of a hill, commanding all the vale beneath, and the opposite hill. The front is exceedingly grand, though plain, being faced with fine, smooth, white stone. The Germans suppose it will cost, by that time it is finished, about three thousand pounds. It is well if it be not nearer ten. But this is no concern to the English brethren. For they are told, (and potently believe,) that "All the money will come from beyond sea!"

I preached at eight at the place appointed, and thence rode to Dewsbury, where I was to preach at noon. But first I called on the minister, Mr. Robson: and in an acceptable time. Abundance of little offences has arisen, and been carefully magnified by those who

sought such occasions. But we both spoke our minds without reserve; and the snare was presently broken.

After sermon, Mr. R., having sent a note to desire I would call upon him again, I went and passed such an hour as I have not had since I left London. We did not part without tears. Who knows how great a work God can accomplish in a short time!

Thursday 30, I rode to Keighley. The ten persons I joined here are increased to above a hundred. And above a third of them can rejoice in God, and walk as becomes the Gospel.

Friday, May 1, I read prayers and preached in Haworth church to a numerous congregation. In the evening I preached near Skircoat-green, and baptized Eliz. K., late a Quaker. Saturday 2, I preached at Halifax, to a civil, senseless congregation; at noon in Gildersom, and in the evening at Armley.

Sunday 3, At one I preached to a vast congregation at Hunsleet; and about five to a still larger at Birstal. I preached, on *All things are ready; come to the marriage.* And some, I trust, were *compelled to come in.*

Monday 4, At his earnest request I began examining those that are called W. D.'s societies. At three I preached at Great Harding; in the evening at Roughlee, where there was a large society. But since the men of smooth tongue broke in upon them, they are every man afraid of his brother; half of them ringing continually in the ears of the rest, "No works, no law, no bondage." However, we gathered above forty of the scattered sheep, who are still minded to stand in the old paths.

Tuesday 5, I preached at Roughlee at five; about eleven at Hinden, and about three at Widdap, a little village in the midst of huge, barren mountains, where also there was a society. But Mr. B. had effectually dispersed them, so that I found but three members left.

We rode thence about five miles to Stonesey-gate, which lies in a far more fruitful country. Here was a larger congregation at six o'clock than I had seen since my leaving Birstal. They filled both the yard and the road to a considerable distance, and many were seated on a long wall adjoining, which being built of loose stones, in the middle of the sermon all fell down at once. I never saw, heard, or read of such a thing before. The whole wall and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture. And not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom, just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking, or of the attention of the hearers.

Wednesday 6, I rode to Shore, four miles south from Stonesey, lying about half way down a huge, steep mountain. Here I preached at twelve to a loving, simple-hearted people. We then climbed up to Todmorden-edge, the brow of a long chain of mountains, where I called a serious people to *Repent and believe the Gospel.*

Thursday 7, We left the mountains and came down to the fruitful valley of Rosendale. Here I preached to a large congregation of wild men; but it pleased God to hold them in chains. So that even

when I had done, none offered any rudeness, but all went quietly away.

We came to Manchester between one and two. I had no thought of preaching here, till I was informed John Nelson had given public notice that I would preach at one o'clock. I was now in a great strait. Their house would not contain a tenth part of the people. And how the unbroken spirits of so large a town would endure preaching in the streets, I knew not. Besides, that having rode a swift trot for several hours, and in so sultry a day, I was both faint and weary. But after considering that I was not going a warfare at my own cost, I walked straight to Salford Cross. A numberless crowd of people, partly ran before, partly followed after me. I thought it best not to sing, but looking round, asked abruptly, "Why do you look as if you had never seen me before? Many of you have seen me in the neighbouring church, both preaching and administering the sacrament." I then began, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.* None interrupted at all, or made any disturbance, till, as I was drawing to a conclusion, a big man thrust in, with three or four more, and bade them "bring out the Engine." Our friends desired me to remove into a yard just by; which I did, and concluded in peace.

About six we reached Davy-holme, five miles from Manchester, where I was much refreshed both in preaching and meeting the society. Their neighbours here used to disturb them much. But a Justice of Peace, who feared God, granting them a warrant for the chief of the rioters, from that time they were in peace.

Friday 8, I preached at Oldfield-brow to a much larger congregation, though many of them had been hurt by doubtful disputations. But they now began again to take root downward, and bear fruit upward.

In the evening I preached at Booth-bank, among a quiet and loving people. But a famous Baptist teacher, Joseph Pickup by name, had lately occasioned some disturbance among them. He had given them a particular account of a conference he had had with me on the road: "What he said, and what I said, and how he had stopped my mouth with the Seventeenth Article." In the morning I told them the plain fact. I had overtaken him on the road, and we rode half a bow-shot together, but did not exchange five sentences till we parted.

About noon I preached at Mr. Anderton's, near Northwick; several of the gay and rich were there. I continued praying and talking with them till past two. We were then obliged to take horse for Astbury.

Here likewise I found an open door, though many fine people were of the congregation. But they behaved as people fearing God; as seriously as the poor ploughmen.

Sunday 10, I preached at Astbury at five; and at seven proclaimed at Congleton-Cross, *Jesus Christ, our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.* It rained most of the time that I was speaking, but that did not hinder abundance of people from

quietly attending. Between twelve and one I preached near Macclesfield, and in the evening at Woodly-green.

Monday 11, I preached at noon about a mile from Ashton, and in the evening at Stahley-hill. Tuesday 12, I rode to Bongs, and explained to a serious people the Parable of the Prodigal Son. In the evening I exhorted them at Chinley, *Earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.*

Wednesday 13, I preached at noon in the High-peak, and in the evening at Sheffield. Thursday 14, I rode to Barley-hall. As soon as I had done preaching, William Shent told me he was just come from Leeds, where he had left Mr. Perronet in a high fever. I had no time to spare. However, at three in the morning, on Friday 15, I set out, and between seven and eight came to Leeds. By the blessing of God, he recovered from that hour.

Being willing to redeem the time, I preached at noon, and then hastened back to Barley-hall, where I preached at seven, on *Glorify God with your bodies and your spirits, which are God's.*

Saturday 16, I spent an hour or two at Nottingham, and then rode on to Markfield. At eight I preached. The Church was pretty well filled, and God gave a blessing with his word.

Sunday 17, Desiring to improve the time we had, I preached at eleven in the morning, and in the evening. Monday 18, I rode to Wednesbury, and after two or three days spent there and at Birmingham, on Thursday 21, came to London.

Sunday 31, I preached at seven in Moorfields to a large and well-behaved congregation. Mr. Baleman desired me to preach a charity sermon at his church, St. Bartholomew the Great, in the afternoon. But it was with much difficulty that I got in; not only the Church itself, but all the entrances to it, being so thronged with people ready to tread upon one another. The great noise made me afraid at first that my labour would be in vain. But that fear was soon over; for all was still as soon as the service began. I hope God gave us this day a token for good. If He will work, who shall stay his hand?

Thursday, June 4, I reduced the sixteen stewards to seven: to whom were given the following instructions.

1, You are to be men full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, that you may do all things in a manner acceptable to God.

2, You are to be present every Tuesday and Thursday morning, in order to transact the temporal affairs of the society.

3, You are to begin and end every meeting, with earnest prayer unto God, for a blessing on all your undertakings.

4, You are to produce your accounts the first Tuesday in every month, that they may be transcribed into the Ledger.

5, You are to take it in turn, month by month, to be chairman. The chairman is to see, that all the rules be punctually observed, and immediately to check him who breaks any of them.

6, You are to do nothing without the consent of the Minister, either actually had, or reasonably presumed.

7, You are to consider, whenever you meet, "God is here."

Therefore be deeply serious. Utter no trifling word. Speak, as in his presence, and to the glory of his great name.

8, When any thing is debated, let one at once stand up and speak, the rest giving attention. And let him speak just loud enough to be heard, in love and in the spirit of meekness.

9, You are continually to pray and endeavour, that a holy harmony of soul may in all things subsist among you: that in every step you may keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

10, In all debates, you are to watch over your spirits, avoiding as fire, all clamour and contention, being *swift to hear, slow to speak;* in honour every man preferring another before himself.

11, If you cannot relieve, do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words, if nothing else. Abstain from either sour looks, or harsh words. Let them be glad to come, even though they should go empty away. Put yourself in the place of every poor man; and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.

These instructions, we whose names are under-written, (being the present stewards of the society at London) do heartily receive, and earnestly desire to conform to. In witness whereof we have set our hands.

N. B. If any steward shall break any of the preceding rules, after having been thrice admonished by the Chairman, (whereof notice is to be immediately given the Minister) he is no longer steward.

Saturday 6, I appointed to speak with those who had applied to us on a physical account. I found there had been about six hundred, in about six months. More than three hundred of these came twice or thrice, and we saw no more of them. About twenty of those who had constantly attended, did not seem to be either better or worse. Above two hundred were sensibly better; and fifty-one thoroughly cured. The entire expence from the beginning till this time, was about thirty pounds.

Sunday 14, I preached at St. Bartholomew's again. I admire the behaviour of this people. None betrays either lightness or inattention. Surely all the seed sown here will not be lost.

Monday 15, Our Conference began, and ended on Saturday 20. The Minutes of all that passed therein, were, some time after, transcribed and published.

Sunday 21, I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's, on the Gospel for the day, the story of Dives and Lazarus. I was constrained to speak very plain and strong words. But God gave the audience ears to hear: so that they appeared as far from anger on the one hand, as from sleepiness on the other.

After preaching at the chapel in the afternoon, I set out for Brentford with Robert Swindels. The next day we reached Marlborough; where one in the room beneath us was swearing desperately. Mr. Swindels stepped down and put into his hand, the paper entitled, *Swear not at all.* He thanked him, and promised to swear no more. And he did not while he was in the house.

Tuesday 23, We took horse at three, breakfasted at Chippenham, and dined at Kingswood, whence I walked to Bristol. About seven

I went to the Old Orchard, where were rich and poor, a great multitude. We had a solemn and a joyful hour. Surely these fields are white unto the harvest!

Wednesday 24, We rode to Beercrocomb, hoping to reach Tavistock the next day. We set out at three. The rain began at four. We reached Colestock dropping wet, before seven. The rain ceased while we were in the house, but began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Exeter. While we stayed here to dry our clothes, I took the opportunity of writing *A Word to a Freeholder.* Soon after three we set out. But it was near eight before we could reach Oakhampton.

Friday 26, We came to Tavistock before noon. But it being market-day, I did not preach till five in the evening. The rain began almost as soon as we began singing, and drove many out of the field. After preaching, (leaving Mr. Swindels there) I went on for Plymouth-Dock.

Within two miles of Plymouth, one overtook and informed us, that the night before, all the Dock was in an uproar; and a Constable, endeavouring to keep the peace, was beaten and much hurt. As we were entering the Dock, one met us, and desired we would go the back-way. "For," said he, "there are thousands of people waiting about Mr. Hide's doors." We rode up straight into the midst of them. They saluted us with three huzzas, after which I alighted, took several of them by the hand, and began to talk with them. I would gladly have passed an hour among them, and believe if I had, there had been an end of the riot; but the day being far spent (for it was past nine o'clock) I was persuaded to go in. The mob then recovered their spirits, and fought valiantly with the doors and windows. But about ten they were weary, and went every man to his own home.

Saturday 27, I preached at four, and then spoke severally to part of the society. As yet I have found only one person among them, who knew the love of God before my brother came. No wonder the devil was so still: for *his goods were in peace.*

About six in the evening I went to the place where I preached the last year. A little before we had ended the hymn, came the Lieutenant, a famous man, with his retinue of soldiers, drummers, and mob. When the drums ceased, a gentleman barber began to speak: but his voice was quickly drowned in the shouts of the multitude, who grew fiercer and fiercer, as their numbers increased. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, perceiving the violence of the rabble still increasing, I walked down into the thickest of them, and took the Captain of the mob by the hand. He immediately said, "Sir, I will see you safe home. Sir, no man shall touch you. Gentlemen, stand off. Give back. I will knock the first man down that touches him." We walked on in great peace; my conductor every now and then stretching out his neck, (he was a very tall man,) and looking round, to see if any behaved rudely, till we came to Mr. Hide's door. We then parted in much love. I stayed in the street near half an hour after

he was gone, talking with the people, who had now forgot their anger, and went away in high good humour.

Sunday 28, I preached at five on the Common to a well-behaved, earnest congregation; and at eight near the Room, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found.* The congregation was much larger than before, and equally serious and attentive. At ten I went to Church. Mr. Barlow preached an useful sermon, on *God be merciful to me a sinnner!* And a thundering one in the afternooon, on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.*

At one I preached again near the Room, from those words in the Gospel for the day, *Come, for all things are ready.* And the hearts of all that were round about, seemed to bow down before the Lord. I designed to have preached on Stoke's-hill at five, but the rain would not permit. However, before six I went to the head of the town, where we had a large and venerable assembly. The fear of God seemed to spread itself over all, and they received what was spoken as the Word of God. Yet once more he hath opened the door, that the Gospel may have free course here also.

Monday 29. I took horse between three and four, and reached Perrin-will, three miles beyond Truro, about six. I preached to a very large congregation at seven, and the word was as the rain on the tender herb.

Tuesday 30, We came to St. Ives before morning prayers, and walked to Church without so much as one huzza. How strangely has one year changed the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place. What have we done, that the world should be so civil to us?

Wednesday, July 1, I spoke severally to all those who had votes in the ensuing election. I found them such as I desired. Not one would even eat or drink at the expence of him for whom he voted. Five guineas had been given to W. C., but he returned them immediately. T. M. positively refused to accept any thing. And when he heard, that his mother had received money privately, he could not rest till she gave him the three guineas, which he instantly sent back.

Thursday 2, was the day of election for Parliament-men. It was begun and ended without any hurry at all. I had a large congregation in the evening, among whom two or three roared for the disquietness of their heart: as did many at the meeting which followed; particularly those who had lost their first love.

Saturday 4, About two I preached in the street at Redruth. The congregation was large, and deeply attentive. Indeed there are now scarce any in the town (but gentlemen) who are not convinced of the truth.

At seven I preached at Stithians, and at five in the morning. Sunday 5, We rode thence to St. Agnes. At two I preached to a large multitude of quiet hearers, many of whom seemed deeply affected. Yet soon after I had done, some began to divert themselves with throwing dirt and clods. Mr. Shepherd's horse was frighted at this,

and as soon as one of them stooped down, leaped clear over him. The man screamed amain, but finding himself not hurt, he and his comrades poured a shower of stones after him. Knowing nothing of the matter, I rode, soon after, through the midst of them; and none lifted up a hand, or opened his mouth.

About half an hour after five I began at Gwenap. I was afraid my voice would not suffice for such an immense multitude. But my fear was groundless, as the evening was quite calm, and the people all attention.

It was more difficult to be heard in meeting the society, amidst the cries of those on the one hand, who were pierced through as with a sword, and of those on the other, who were filled with joy unspeakable.

Monday 6, I preached about twelve at Bray. But neither the house nor the yard would contain the congregation. And all were serious. The scoffers are vanished away. I scarce saw one in the county.

I preached in the evening at Cambourn to an equally serious congregation. I looked about for John Rogers, the champion who had so often sworn, "I should never preach in that parish." But it seems, he had given up the cause, saying, "One may as well blow against the wind.'

Tuesday 7, I preached at St. Ives. Wednesday 8, at Sithney. On Thursday the Stewards of all the societies met. I now diligently inquired, what exhorters there were in each society? Whether they had gifts meet for the work? Whether their lives were eminently holy And whether there appeared any *fruit* of their labour? I found upon the whole, 1, That there were no fewer than eighteen exhorters in the county: 2, That three of these had no gifts at all for the work, neither natural nor supernatural: 3, That a fourth, had neither gifts nor grace, but was a dull, empty, self-conceited man: 4, That a fifth had considerable gifts, but had evidently made shipwreck of the grace of God: these therefore I determined immediately to set aside, and advise our societies, not to hear them: 5, That J. B., A. L., and J W., had gifts and grace, and had been much blest in the work. Lastly, That the rest might be helpful when there was no preacher, in their own or the neighbouring societies: provided they would take no step without the advice of those who had more experience than themselves.

Friday 10, I preached at Gulval-cross, in the midway between Penzance and Marazion. Saturday 11, I examined the classes at St. Just, established and settled in the grace of God.

Sunday 12, At five I preached at St. Just: at twelve to the largest congregation I ever saw at Morva. I then went to Church at Zunnor, and when the service was ended, preached under the Churchyard wall.

Hence I rode to Newlin, a little town on the South-sea, about a mile from Penzance. At five I walked to a rising ground, near the seashore, where was a smooth, white sand to stand on. An immense multitude of people was gathered together; but their voice was as the roaring of the sea. I began to speak, and the noise died away. But before I had ended my prayer, some poor wretches of Penzance be-

gan cursing and swearing, and thrusting the people off the bank. In two minutes I was thrown into the midst of them: when one of Newlin, a bitter opposer till then, turned about and swore, "None shall meddle with the man: I will lose my life first." Many others were of his mind. So I walked a hundred yards forward, and finished my sermon without any interruption.

Monday 13, I preached at Terdinny, in Beryan parish, where was a large and earnest congregation, notwithstanding the wonderful stories which they had frequently heard related in the pulpit for certain truths. In the morning I wrote as follows:—

"TERDINNY, JULY 14, 1747.

"REV. SIR,

"I WAS exceedingly surprised when I was informed yesterday, of your affirming publicly in the Church, in the face of a whole congregation, 'Now Wesley has sent down for a hundred pounds; and it must be raised directly. Nay, it is true.' O Sir, is this possible? Can it be that you should be so totally void (I will not say of conscience, of religion, but) of good nature, as to credit such a tale? And of good manners and common sense, as *thus* to repeat it?

"I must beg that you would either justify or retract this: (for it is a point of no small concern,) and that I may know what you propose to do before I set out for London.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your Brother and Servant for Christ's sake."

But he never favoured me with an answer.

I was welcomed into Port-Isaac by more company than I expected. The man who had some time since headed the mob, when they left Edward Grenfill for dead, had gathered all his troops, and received us as soon as we entered the first street. They all attended us to Mr. Scantlebury's door, who (Mr. T. informed me) desired I would lodge at his house. I knocked long at the door, but no one answered; at length, the master of the house appeared, an hoary, venerable old man. I asked, "Pray is Mr. T. here?" He replied, "Mr. T. is not here. But pray what may thy name be?" I answered, "My name is John Wesley." He said, "I have heard of thee." Perceiving that he had no more to say, I turned back to another house. The mob followed, hallooing and shouting; but none of them offered to strike, or even throw any thing. Only their captain after some hard words, lifted up his stick at me once or twice. But one of his companions interposed. He then went quietly away.

After spending half an hour, we rode on to Camelford. We stopped at a friend's house near the town, and between four and five walked to Mr. M.'s, who had often desired, that if Mr. Wesley came, he would preach either in his house or Bowling-green. But word came from the Mayor, while I was there, "That if I did preach, he would prosecute him." Finding no convenient place could be procured, we thought it best to go on to Mr. Bennett's. As I walked through the town, we had a large train to attend us. Only one stone struck me on the shoulder. Fifty or a hundred waited upon us about half a mile; we then went on quietly to Tregeer.

Sunday 26, I preached at Tamerton Church in the morning, Maryweek in the afternoon, and St. Ginny's in the evening. Monday 27, in the evening I preached in Tresmore Church, and at five on Tuesday and Wednesday morning. Tuesday evening I preached in Laneast Church: on Wednesday noon, on St. Stephen's-down, near Launceston. Thence we rode to Cockernwells; and on Thursday in the afternoon, came once more to Beercrocomb.

Friday 31, About noon I preached at Taunton. Much opposition was expected, and several young gentlemen came, as it seemed, with that design; but they did not put it in execution. From hence we rode to Bridgwater: and even at this dry, barren place, God largely watered us with the dew of heaven. After preaching I rode to Middlesey, intending only to meet the society. But notice had been given, that I would preach there. So I gave an exhortation to all that were present.

Saturday, August 1, I preached here soon after four: about noon at Waywick, and in the evening at Bristol.

Sunday 2, I preached in Kingswood at eight: in the afternoon at Connam; and at five in the old Orchard, to the largest congregation which I ever remember to have seen at Bristol. What hath God wrought in this city! and yet, perhaps, the hundredth part of his work does not now appear.

Tuesday 4, I set out for Ireland. We rode that day (but it was hard labour,) to Builth, where I preached in the evening on the Prodigal Son. Wednesday 5, taking horse early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire, into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that ever I saw in my life. We rode in a green vale, shaded with rows of trees, which made an arbour of trees for several miles: the river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river, the mountain rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular: and yet the tall, straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn; at a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were by way of contrast—

> "A mountain huge uprear'd
> Its broad, bare back:"

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, that seemed to nod portending ruin.

Thursday 6, Between three and four in the afternoon, we with some difficulty, reached Caernarvon. This has the face of a fortified town, having walls (such as they are,) and a castle as considerable as that of Cardiff. Here we parted with our guide and interpreter. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tucker, and I, set out for Holyhead. We intended to cross over into Anglesy, at Baldon-Ferry, four miles from Caernarvon; but not being able to inquire our way (as we spoke no Welsh, and the country people no English,) we could not find where the Ferry was, till we saw the boat coming over.

We went into the boat about sun-set, and lodged that night at a little inn by the water-side.

Friday 7, We made a little stop at Llangevenye, seven miles from the Ferry. We should have hired a guide to have steered us over the sands; but it was quite out of my mind, till we came to them. So we went straight across, and came to Holyhead, without any stop or hindrance at all.

Saturday 8, Finding one of the packet-boats ready, we went on board about eight o'clock in the morning. It was a dead calm when we rowed out of the harbour; but about two in the afternoon the wind sprung up, and continued till near four on Sunday morning, when we were in sight of the Irish shore.

I could not but observe, 1, That while we were sailing with a fresh gale, there was no wind at all a mile off; but a ship which lay a-breast of us was quite becalmed, till we left her out of sight: 2, That a French privateer, which for several days had taken every ship which sailed on that coast, was taken and brought into Dublin Bay, the very morning we arrived there.

Before ten we came to St. George's Quay. Soon after we landed, hearing the bells ringing for Church, I went thither directly. Mr. Lunell came to the Quay just after I was gone, and left word at the house where our things were, "He would call again at one." He did so, and took us to his house. About three I wrote a line to the Curate of St. Mary's: who sent me word, "He should be glad of my assistance." So I preached there (another gentleman reading prayers) to as gay and senseless a congregation as I ever saw. After sermon Mr. R. thanked me very affectionately, and desired I would favour him with my company in the morning.

Monday 10, I met the society at five, and at six preached on *Repent and believe the Gospel.* The room, large as it was, would not contain the people, who all seemed to taste the good word.

Between eight and nine I went to Mr. R. (the Curate of St. Mary's) he professed abundance of good will, commended my sermon in strong terms, and begged he might see me again the next morning: but at the same time, he expressed the most rooted prejudice against lay-preachers, or preaching out of a Church; and said, "The Archbishop of Dublin is resolved to suffer no such irregularities in his diocese."

I went to our brethren, that we might pour out our souls before God. I then went straight to wait upon the Archbishop himself. But he was gone out of town.

In the afternoon a gentleman desired to speak with me. He was troubled that it was not with him as in times past; when at the age of fourteen, the power of God came mightily upon him, constraining him to rise out of bed, to pour out his prayers and tears, from an heart overflowed with love and joy in the Holy Ghost. For some months he scarce knew whether he was in the body, continually walking and talking with God. He has now an abiding peace; but cannot rest, till the love of God again fills his heart.

Between six and seven I went to Marlborough-street. The house

wherein we preached, was originally designed for a Lutheran Church, and will contain about four hundred people. But four or five times the number may stand in the yard. Many of the rich were there, and many Ministers of every denomination. I preached on *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin*, and spoke closely and strongly. But none at all seemed to be offended. If my brother or I could have been here for a few months, I question If there might not have been a larger society here, than even in London itself.

Tuesday 11, I waited on the Archbishop at Newbridge, ten miles from Dublin. I had the favour of conversing with him two or three hours; in which I answered abundance of objections. In the evening I returned to Mr. Lunell's. John Trembath preached at Marlborough-street, to a large congregation both of Laity and Clergy, who behaved with much decency.

Wednesday 12, I purposely delayed examining the Classes, till I had gone through the Rules of the Society, part of which I explained to them at large, with the reasons of them, every morning.

Thursday 13, We walked in the afternoon to see two persons who were sick near Phœnix-Park. That part of it which joins to the city is sprinkled up and down with trees, not unlike Hyde-Park. But about a mile from the town is a thick grove of old, tall oaks; and in the centre of this, a round open green (from which are vistas all four ways) with a handsome stone pillar in the midst, having a phœnix on the top.

I continued preaching morning and evening, to many more than the house would contain, and had more and more reason to hope, they would not all be unfruitful hearers.

Friday 14, I procured a genuine account of the great Irish Massacre in 1641. Surely never was there such a transaction before, from the beginning of the world! More than two hundred thousand men, women, and children, butchered within a few months in cool blood, and with such circumstances of cruelty, as to make one's blood run cold! It is well if God has not a controversy with that nation, on this very account to this day.

Saturday 15, I stayed at home and spoke to all that came. But I found scarce any Irish among them. At least ninety-nine in a hundred of the native Irish, remain in the religion of their fore-fathers. The Protestants, whether in Dublin or elsewhere, are almost all transplanted lately from England. Nor is it any wonder, that those who are born Papists, generally live and die such; when the Protestants can find no better ways to convert them, than Penal Laws and Acts of Parliament.

Sunday 16, We went to St. James's Church in the morning, (there being no service at St. Patrick's,) and in the afternoon to Christchurch. When I came out of the choir, I could not but observe well nigh the whole congregation, drawn up in rows in the body of the Church, from one end to the other. I walked through the midst of them. And they stared their fill. But scarce one spoke either good or bad. In the evening I had a large number of them in Marlborough-Street, both within doors and without.

Monday 17, I began examining the society, which I finished the next day. It contained about two hundred and fourscore members, many of whom appeared to be strong in faith. The people, in general, are of a more teachable spirit, than in most parts of England. But on that very account they must be watched over with the more care, being equally susceptible of good and ill impressions.

Tuesday 18, I was informed, that Mr. Latrobe, the Moravian Preacher, had read in his pulpit, part of the Short View of the Difference between the Moravians and Methodists, with the addition of many bitter words. Herein he did us, unawares, a signal favour: giving an authentic proof that we have nothing to do with them.

Friday 21, I was desired to see the town and the College. The town has scarce any public building, except the Parliament-house, which is not at all remarkable. The Churches are poor and mean, both within and without. St. Stephen's-green might be made a beautiful place, being abundantly larger than Lincoln's Inn-Square. But the houses round about it (besides that some are low and bad,) are quite irregular, and unlike each other. And little care is taken of the Green itself, which is as rough and uneven as a common.

The College contains two little quadrangles, and one about as large as that of New College in Oxford. There is likewise a bowling-green, a small garden, and a little park; and a new built handsome library.

I expected we should have sailed on Saturday 22, but no packet-boat was come in. In order to make the best of our time, I preached this day at noon as well as in the evening. It was not for nothing that our passage was delayed. Who knows what a day may bring forth?

Sunday 23, The Room was so crowded in the morning, that I thought it best to begin before the usual time in the evening. Yet were a multitude of people got together, in the house, yard, and street, far more than my voice could reach. I cried aloud to as many of them as could hear, *All things are ready: come ye to the marriage.* I had then delivered my message. So before ten we took boat, and about eleven reached the ship.

The wind was right a-head. Then succeeded a dead calm. So that we did not get out of the bay till Monday evening, nor within sight of Wales till Wednesday 26. By this mean we had an opportunity of talking largely both with our fellow-passengers and the sailors, many of whom received our words with gladness. About two in the afternoon we landed at Holyhead. Between three and four we took horse, and came in the evening to Thomas Thomas's, near Ryd-y-Spardon. He had before desired Jonathan Reeves to call there in his return. But we were at a great loss, none in the house understanding English, and none of us understanding Welsh; till Mr. Morgan, a neighbouring schoolmaster came, who took us to his own house; and in the morning, Thursday 27, rode with us to the Passage. We reached Caernarvon before ten, Tannabull in the evening, and Lanidlos, Friday 28.

Saturday 29, About noon we came to Builth. At three I preached in the main street, and at Garth in the evening, where I met my brother, going to Ireland.

Sunday 30, He preached at Builth about nine. Thence we went to Maesmennes' Church. But it would not near contain the congregation: so that I was constrained to preach in the Church-yard. Thence I rode to Lansenfried. Here also the Church not being able to hold the people, I came out to a large tombstone, under a shady tree, and proclaimed the *Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

One of the audience pressed me much to preach at Clero; telling me Mr. J. had often said, "I should be welcome to his pulpit." Monday 31, I rode thither and called on Mr. J. But (as I supposed it would) his heart failed. I preached in a large smooth meadow, on *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* And a multitude of people were gathered from all parts, though on so short a warning.

We set out early, September 1, and after a short stop near Crickhowell, aimed at the nearest way, over the mountains, to Cardiff. But it was near four in the afternoon before we could reach a little village at the foot of the hills called Risca. The people at the inn here were civil above measure; particularly, a young, genteel man, who was son to the woman of the house, and lived at a small distance from it. He rode with us two miles, to shew us the nearest way, and desired, if we came again, we would lodge at his house. The reason of all this kindness was, that a year or two ago, he had heard me preach at Bristol.

I reached Cardiff between seven and eight, and immediately went to the Room. My strength just lasted till I had done preaching. I was then quite ready to lie down and rest.

Wednesday 2, I spent some time with T. Prosser, who had filled the society with vain janglings. I found the fault lay in his head rather than his heart; he is an honest, well-meaning man: but no more qualified either by nature or grace to expound Scripture than to read Lectures in Logic and Algebra.

Yet even men of sense have taken this dull mystical man to be far deeper than he is. And it is very natural so to do. If we look into a dark pit, it seems deep; but the darkness only makes it seem so. Bring the light, and we shall see it is very shallow.

In the evening I preached at Fonmon. But the congregation being larger than the chapel would contain, I was obliged to preach in the court. I was myself much comforted, in comforting the weary and heavy-laden.

Friday 4, There was a very large congregation at Cardiff Castle-yard in the evening. I afterwards met the society, spoke plainly to them, and left them once more in peace.

Saturday 5, In my road to Bristol I read over Q. Curtius a fine writer, both as to thought and language. But what a hero does he describe? Whose murder of his old friend and companion Clitus (though not done of a sudden, as is commonly supposed, but deliberately, after some hours consideration,) was a virtuous act in comparison of his butchering poor Philotas, and his good old father Parmenio.

Yet even this was a little thing, compared to the thousands and ten thousands he slaughtered, both in battle, and in and after taking cities, for no other crime than defending their wives and children. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in hell as Alexander the Great.

Thursday 10, I preached at Bath about noon, and in the evening at Bearfield. Friday 11, we rode to Reading; Mr. Richards, a tradesman in the town, came to our inn, and entreated me to preach at a room which he had built for that purpose; I did so at six in the morning, and then rode on. It rained all the way till we came to London.

Saturday 19, Mrs. Baddiley desired me to go up to her son, who had been out of order for some days. For one or two years he was a pattern to all the family, till he began to converse more with some *good sort of men*. He then grew cooler and cooler in the ways of God, and in a few months quitted the society, resolving, he said, to "keep to his church, and live a sober life, and that was enough." This was too much in a little time. He grew tired of his church too, and dropped that and sobriety together. He was now, his mother informed me, dead as a stone to all the things of God. I spake a few words, and went to prayer. And God broke his heart. He continued weeping and praying all the day, and all the night, and at six in the morning fell asleep.

Tuesday 22, I rode to Shoreham, where I preached every morning in the house, and every evening in the Church. But the season for fruit is not yet.

Sunday 27, I preached in Moorfields, morning and evening, and continued so to do till November. I know no church in London (that in West-street excepted) where there is so serious a congregation.

Monday 28, I talked with one, who a little time before was so overwhelmed with affliction, that she went out one night to put an end to it all, by throwing herself into the New River. As she went by the Foundery (it being a watch-night) she heard some people singing. She stopped and went in: she listened awhile, and God spake to her heart. She had no more desire to put an end to her life, but to die to sin and live to God.

Tuesday 29, I retired to Mrs. Sparrow's, at Lewisham, where also I preached every evening.

Saturday, October 3, I returned to London. In the evening I buried a young man who had but lately known God. But from that time, he had lived much in a little space. His soul was clouded at the beginning of his illness, but the clouds soon vanished away, and he continued in the calm joy of faith, till his spirit returned to God.

Friday 9, We had a watch-night at the chapel. Being weak in body, I was afraid I could not go through it. But the longer I spoke, the more strength I had; insomuch, that at twelve o'clock all my weariness and weakness were gone, and I was as one refreshed with wine.

The former part of the next week, and of some others, I spent at Newington and Lewisham in writing. Friday 16, I went with two or three friends, to see what are called, The Electrical Experiments. How must these also confound those poor half-thinkers, who will be-

lieve nothing but what they can comprehend. Who can comprehend how fire lives in water, and passes through it as freely as through air? How flame issues out of my finger, real flame, such as sets fire to spirits of wine? How these and many more as strange phænomena arise from the turning round of a glass globe? It is all mystery: if happily, by any means, God may hide pride from man!

Tuesday 20, I read Dr. Doddridge's Account of Colonel Gardiner. And what matters it, whether his soul was set at liberty by a fever, or a lochaber axe; seeing he is gone to God.

Thursday 29, T. C., who had been with the brethren some years, desired to speak with me. He said, "He could find no rest any where else, and was constrained to return where he was first called." I believe he obeyed that conviction for a month. *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*

Monday, November 2, I preached at Windsor at noon, and in the afternoon rode to Reading. Mr. J. R. had just sent his brother word, "That he had hired a mob to pull down his preaching-house that night." In the evening, Mr. R. S. overtook a large company of bargemen walking towards it, whom he immediately accosted, and asked, "If they would go with him and hear a good sermon?" Telling them, "I will make room for you, if you were as many more." They said they would go with all their hearts. "But, neighbours," said he, "would it not be as well to leave those clubs behind you? Perhaps some of the women may be frightened at them." They threw them all away, and walked quietly with him to the house, where he set them in a pew.

In the conclusion of my sermon, one of them who used to be their captain, being a head taller than his fellows, rose up, and looking round the congregation, said. "The gentleman says nothing but what is good, I say so, and there is not a man here that shall dare to say otherwise."

Thursday 5, I began examining the Classes, and every person severally, touching that bane of religion, evil-speaking; as well as touching their manner of life before they heard this preaching, and by comparing what they were with what they are now, we found more abundant cause to praise God.

Friday 20, I was informed of a remarkable providence. One going home the last watch-night, met a woman in Black-Friars, who inquired, which was the way to the water-side? She said, "It is so late, I doubt you will get no boat." The woman answered, "I do not want one." On this she stopped and began to question her more closely, "what she was going to do?" After a while she confessed she was going to drown herself, being under heavy affliction. But she was soon brought to a better mind, and seemed resolved to cast her care on him who had so signally cared for her.

Sunday 22, I spent an hour with Mary Cheesebrook, a strange monument of the mercy of God. About six years ago, she was without God in the world, being a kept mistress. An acquaintance brought her one evening to the Chapel in West-street, where God gave her a new heart. She shed abundance of tears, she plucked out the right

eye, and cast it from her; and from that time procured for herself, by hard labour what was needful for life and godliness. She missed no opportunity of coming to the preaching; often after a hard day's work at May-Fair, she came to the Foundery in the evening, running the greater part of the way. Every Saturday, after paying her little debts, she gave away all the money that remained; leaving the morrow to take thought for the things of itself. Two years ago she caught a violent cold, which she neglected, till it settled upon her lungs. I knew nothing of her illness till it was past cure, she being then worn to a skeleton. Upon my mentioning her case to Mrs. ——, she sent her half-a-guinea. Molly immediately sent for a poor man, a baker, of whom she had lately taken her bread. She owed him about ten shillings. But an earnest dispute arose between them. For the man would not take the money, saying, "She wanted it more than he." But at length she prevailed, saying, "She could not die in peace, if she owed any man any thing."

But I found that something still lay upon her mind. Upon my pressing her to speak freely, she told me it was a concern for her child, a girl about eight years old, who, after she was gone, would have no friend to take care either of her soul or body. I replied, "Be at rest in this thing also. I will take care of the child." From that time she lay (two or three weeks) quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

Friday 27, Poor Mr. Simpson spent an hour with me, distressed on every side: drawn up to London by fair and specious promises: and then left to perish, unless he would promise, "Never more to preach out of a Church."—Alas! what a method of conversion is this! I love the Church too. But I would no more *starve* men into the Church, than *burn* them into it.

Saturday 28, Mr. H., one of the first ten who met in band with my brother and me, desired to speak with me. I had not exchanged a word with him before, since we parted at Fetter-lane. He said, "About six years ago, the Brethren told me, it was the will of the Lamb, that I should give myself to the public work, quitting all secular business." He obeyed, discharged his men, sold his goods, parted with his house. From that time he not only preached, but was employed in places of the greatest trust.

About two years ago, having many doubts upon his mind, concerning their method of proceeding, he wrote a long letter to the Count who seemed to take it well; and he continued labouring as before, both in preaching and in the government of the Church.

But about a month ago, he was ordered to leave off preaching, and return to his trade. Having learned not to dispute, but obey, he hired a house, and set up a sign. Nevertheless he could not be easy. He mused much, and prayed much, and at last resolved to come to me.

He seemed to tell me all his heart, both at this and our following interviews. If he only *seemed*, let him look to it. *Ego in portu navigo.*

Sunday 29, About six in the morning Mrs. Witham slept in the Lord. A mother in Israel hast thou also been, and thy works shall praise thee in the gates. Some years ago, before Mr. Witham died, she seemed to stand on the brink of eternity. But God renewed her strength, till she had finished the work which he had given her to do. She was an eminent pattern of calm boldness for the truth, of simplicity and godly sincerity: of unwearied constancy in attending all the ordinances of God, of zeal for God, and for all good works; and of self-denial in every kind. Blessed is the dead that hath thus lived and died in the Lord! For she rests from her labours, and her works follow her.

Monday 30, I set out early, and called on Mr. H. at Brentford, who rode on with me to Basingstoke that night. We were thoroughly wet with the heavy rain, which intermitted in the night, but began again before we took horse in the morning.

Tuesday, December 1, About noon we reached Stockbridge. The rain then changed into snow. Seeing no prospect of fair weather, after resting a while, we set out in the midst of the storm. It blew such a hurricane, as I have scarce known in England, and that full in our teeth, so that our horses reeled to and fro, and had much ado to keep their feet. The snow likewise drove so vehemently in our faces, in riding over the open Downs, where for several miles there was neither house nor tree, nor shrub to shelter, that it was hard labour to get forward. But in about an hour, the sky cleared up, and we rode on comfortably to Salisbury.

From the concurring account of many witnesses, who spoke no more than they personally knew, I now learned as much as is hitherto brought to light, concerning the fall of poor Mr. H.

Twelve years ago he was without all question, filled with faith and the love of God. He was a pattern of humility, meekness, seriousness, and above all, of self denial: so that in all England I knew not his fellow.

It were easy to point out the several steps, whereby he fell from his steadfastness; even till he fell into a course of adultery, yea, and avowed it in the face of the sun!

Thursday 3, I took my leave of this uncomfortable place, and set out for Bristol. But the heavy rains together with the melting snow, had made the lower parts of the road scarce passable. However, we made a shift to reach Philipsnorton that night, and Bristol the next day.

We found fresh proof every day, that God had brought us hither, both to give and to receive a blessing.

Monday 14, We had a glorious hour, with a few that knew the Lord: we then rode to Bearfield, where I preached at noon, with a deep sense of his presence. Some who were laughing when I began, hid their faces soon, being ashamed to be seen in tears. We rode on in the afternoon, and came the next evening, thoroughly weary and wet to Reading.

Monday 21, I went to Newington. Here in the intervals of writing I read the deaths of some, of the order *de la Trappe*. I am amazed

at the allowance which God makes for invincible ignorance. Notwithstanding the mixture of superstition, which appears in every one of these, yet what a strong vein of piety runs through all! What deep experience of the inward work of God! Of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

Being not convinced, that I yet delivered my own soul, with regard to that unhappy man, on Tuesday 22, I wrote once more to Mr. Hall, as follows ;—

"LONDON, DEC. 22, 1747.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"1, When you were at Oxford with me, fourteen or fifteen years ago, you were holy and unblamable in all manner of conversation. I greatly rejoiced in the grace of God which was given unto you, which was often a blessing to my own soul. Yet even then you had frequently starts of thought which were not of God, though they at first appeared so to be. But you were humble and teachable: you were easily convinced, and those imaginations vanished away.

"2, More than twelve years ago, you told me, 'God had revealed it to you, that you should marry my youngest sister.' I was much surprised, being well assured that you were *able to receive* our Lord's *saying* (so you had continually testified,) and to be a *Eunuch for the kingdom of heaven's sake.* But you vehemently affirmed, 'The thing was of God: you were certain it was his will. God had made it plain to you, that you must marry, and that she was the very person.' You asked and gained her consent, and fixed the circumstances relating thereto.

"3, Hence I date your fall. Here were several faults in one. You leaned altogether to your own understanding, not consulting either me, who was then the guide of your soul, or the parents of your intended wife, till you had settled the whole affair. And while you followed the voice of nature, you said, 'It was the voice of God.'

"4, In a few days you had a counter revelation, 'That you were not to marry her, but her sister.' This last error was far worse than the first. But you were now quite above conviction. So in spite of her poor astonished parent, of her brothers, of all your vows and promises, you shortly after jilted the younger, and married the elder sister. The other who had honoured you as an angel from heaven, and still loved you much too well, (for you had stole her heart from the God of her youth,) refused to be comforted. She fell into a lingering illness, which terminated in her death. And doth not her blood still cry unto God from the earth? Surely it is upon *your* head.

"5, Till this time you were a pattern of lowliness, meekness, seriousness, and continual advertence to the presence of God. And, above all, of self-denial in every kind, and of suffering all things with joyfulness, But there was now a worm at the root of the gourd, yet it did not presently wither away; but for two years or more after your marriage, you behaved nearly the same as before.

"Then anger and surliness began to appear, particularly toward

your wife. But it was not long before you were sensible of this and you seemed to have conquered it.

"6, You went up to London ten years ago. After this you began to speak on any head, not with your usual diffidence and self-abasement, but with a kind of confidence in your own judgment, and an air of self-sufficiency. A natural consequence was, the treating with more sharpness and contempt, those who opposed either your judgment or practice.

"7, You came to live in London; you then for a season appeared to gain ground again, you acted in concert with my brother and me, heard our advice, and sometimes followed it. But this continued only till you contracted a fresh acquaintance with some of the brethren of Fetter-lane. Thenceforward you were quite shut up to us, we had no manner of influence over you, you were more and more prejudiced against us, and would receive nothing that we said.

"8, About six years ago you removed to Salisbury, and began a society there; for a year or two you went with them to the Church and sacrament, and simply preached faith working by love. God was with you, and they increased both in number, and in the knowledge and love of God.

"About four years since you broke off all friendship with us: you would not so much as make use of our hymns, either in public or private, but laid them quite aside, and took the German hymn-book in their stead.

"You would not willingly suffer any of your people to read any thing which we wrote. You angrily caught one of my sermons out of your servant's hands; saying, 'You would have no such books read in your house:' In much the same manner you spoke to Mrs. Whitemarsh, when you found her reading one of the Appeals: So that, as far as in you lay, you fixed a great gulph between us and you which remains to this day, notwithstanding a few steps lately made towards a re-union.

"About the same time you left off going to Church, as well as to the sacrament. Your followers very soon trod in your steps; and not content with neglecting the ordinances of God, they began, (after your example,) to despise them, and all that continued to use them: speaking with equal contempt of the public service, of private prayer, of baptism, and of the Lord's supper.

"From this time also you began to espouse and teach many uncommon opinions: as, 'That there is no resurrection of the body, that there is no general judgment to come; and that there is no hell, no worm that never dieth, no fire that never shall be quenched.'

"9, Your seriousness and advertence to the presence of God now daily declined You could talk on any thing, or nothing, just as others did. You could break a jest, or laugh at it heartily; and as for fasting, abstinence, and self-denial, you, with the Moravians, 'trampled it under foot.'"

In the following paragraphs I recited to him the things he had done, with regard to more than one or two, or three women: concluding thus:

"And now you know not that you have done any thing amiss! You can eat, drink, and be merry? You are every day engaged with variety of company, and frequent the Coffee-houses! Alas, my brother, what is this! How are you above measure hardened by the deceitfulness of sin! Do you remember the story of Santon Barsisa? I pray God your last end may not be like his! O how have you grieved the Spirit of God! Return to him with weeping, fasting, and mourning. You are in the very belly of hell; only the pit hath not yet shut its mouth upon you. Arise, thou sleeper, and call upon thy God! Perhaps he may yet be found. Because he still bears with me, I cannot despair for you. But you have not a moment to lose. May God, this instant, strike you to the heart, that you may feel his wrath abiding on you, and have no rest in your bones, by reason of your sin, till all your iniquities are done away!"

Friday 25, We met at four, and solemnly rejoiced in God our Saviour. I found much revival in my own soul this day; and so did many others also. Both this and the following days, I strongly urged the wholly giving up ourselves to God, and renewing in every point our covenant, that the Lord should be our God.

Saturday 26, I called on one, with whose mother I had prayed, a little before her death. I knew not till now, how she came to desire me, of all persons, to pray with her. It seems her daughter, who was of a lion-like spirit, came to me some time before, and told me, she had just been quarrelling with her aunt, on my account, and was so angry that she struck her. I told her, "Then go and ask her pardon." She went home, ran to her aunt, and asked her pardon. While they were hanging upon each other, both in tears, her mother came in, being afraid they were fighting, she cried out, "Sister, what is Sally doing to you?" She replied, "She has been just asking me pardon." "I never knew her to do such a thing since she was born," said her mother: "Sally, who taught you that?" "My Minister," said Sally. All were struck, and their enmity was at an end.

January 1, 1748, We began the year at four in the morning, with joy and thanksgiving. The same spirit was in the midst of us, both at noon and in the evening. Surely we shall, at length, present ourselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.

Wednesday 6, I conversed an hour with counsellor G., many years eminent for an utter disregard of all religion. He had lately contracted an acquaintance with Mr. K., in consequence of which, he soon set upon his wife. She told him, "Sir, here is a fuller answer to your objections, than I am able to give;" and desired him seriously to read the Earnest Appeal. He did so, and was thoroughly convinced, that there is reality in religion.

I believe he told me all that was in his heart. He stayed till the Watch-night service was ended, and appeared much affected. Let but a little seed be sown, and God is able to give it an increase.

Saturday 16, Upon reviewing the account of the sick, we found great reason to praise God. Within the year, about three hundred persons had received Medicines occasionally. About one hundred had regularly taken them, and submitted to a proper regimen. More

than ninety of these were entirely cured of diseases they had long laboured under. And the expense of medicines for the entire year, amounted to some shillings above forty pounds.

Sunday 17, I made a public collection towards a Lending-stock for the Poor. Our rule is, To lend only twenty shillings at once, which is repayed weekly within three months. I began this about a year and a half ago: thirty pounds sixteen shillings were then collected; and out of this, no less than two hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved in eighteen months. Dr. W., hearing of this design, sent a guinea toward it; as did an eminent Deist the next morning.

Monday 25, I preached at four, and afterward set out for Brentford, thence I rode to Windsor, and preached about noon. We lodged at Morrel-green, and came to Fisherton on Tuesday, about two o'clock.

Mr. Hall having heard I was coming, had given strict orders that no one should be let in. The inner door he had locked himself, and (I suppose,) taken away the key. Yet when I knocked at the outer gate, which was locked also, William Sims opened the wicket. I walked straight in. A girl stood in the gate-way, but turned as soon as she saw me. I followed close at her heels, and went in after her, at a back door. I asked the maid, "Where is Mr. H.?,' She said, "In the parlour," and went in unto him: I followed her, and found him sitting with my sister. But he presently rose and went up stairs. He then sent William Sims down, and bid him, "Tell my brother, he has no business in my house." After a few minutes, I went to a house in the town, and my sister came to me. In about an hour she returned home. But he sent word to the gate, "She might go to the place whence she came."

I met a little company, gathered up out of the wreck, both in the evening, and at five in the morning, and exhorted them, to go on in the Bible-way, and not to be wise above that which is written.

Thursday 28, I commended them to the grace of God, and set out for Deverel Long-bridge. About ten o'clock we were met by a loaded waggon, in a deep, hollow way. There was a narrow path between the road and the bank. I stepped into this, and John Trembath followed me. When the waggon came near, my horse began to rear, and to attempt climbing up the bank. This frighted the horse, which was close behind, and made him prance and throw his head to and fro, till the bitt of the bridle catched hold of the cape of my great coat, and pulled me backward off my horse. I fell as exactly on the path between the wagon and the bank, as if one had taken me in his arms and laid me down there. Both our horses stood stock still, one just behind me, the other before: So, by the blessing of God, I rose unhurt, mounted again, and rode on.

At twelve, I preached at Deverell; in the evening at Bearfield; and on Friday 29, came to Bristol.

Monday, February 1, I received an account of Mr. Towers of Leeds, who had even prayed, that he might *not know* his sins forgiven, (as believing it was the highest presumption.) But notwithstanding this, as he lay one night upon his bed, he did receive the

knowledge of salvation, by the remission of sins. And he declared it boldly, to the confusion at least, if not conviction of those who denied the truth.

Saturday 6, I preached at eight in the morning at Bath, and in the evening at Coleford. The Colliers of this place were *darkness* indeed; but now they are *light in the Lord.*

Tuesday 9, I met about sixty of the Society in Bristol, to consult about enlarging the Room: and indeed securing it; for there was no small danger of its falling upon our heads. In two or three days, two hundred and thirty pounds were subscribed. We immediately procured experienced builders to make an estimate of the expense; and I appointed five Stewards (besides those of the society,) to superintend the work.

Friday 12, After preaching at Oakhill about noon, I rode on to Shepton, and found them all under a strange consternation. A mob, they said, was hired, prepared, and made sufficiently drunk, in order to do all manner of mischief. I began preaching between four and five, none hindered or interrupted at all. We had a blessed opportunity, and the hearts of many were exceedingly comforted. I wondered what was become of the mob; but we were quickly informed they mistook the place, imagining I should alight (as I used to do,) at William Stone's house, and had summoned by drum all their forces together to meet me at my coming. But Mr. Swindels innocently carrying me to the other end of the town: they did not find their mistake till I had done preaching; so that the hindering this, which was one of their designs, was utterly disappointed.

However they attended us from the preaching-house to William Stones's, throwing dirt, stones, and clods in abundance; but they could not hurt us, only Mr. Swindels had a little dirt on his coat, and I a few specks on my hat.

After we were gone into the house, they began throwing great stones, in order to break the door; but perceiving this would require some time, they dropped that design for the present. They first broke all the tiles on the pent-house over the door, and then poured in a shower of stones at the windows. One of their Captains in his great zeal, had followed us into the house, and was now shut in with us. He did not like this, and would fain have got out; but it was not possible. So he kept as close to me as he could, thinking himself safe when he was near me. But staying a little behind, when I went up two pair of stairs, and stood close on one side, where we were a little sheltered, a large stone struck him on the forehead, and the blood spouted out like a stream. He cried out, "O Sir, are we to die to-night? What must I do? What must I do?" I said, "Pray to God. He is able to deliver you from all danger." He took my advice, and began praying in such a manner, as he had scarce done ever since he was born.

Mr. Swindels and I then went to prayer: after which I told him, "We must not stay here; We must go down immediately." He said, "Sir, we cannot stir, you see how the stones fly about." I walked straight through the room, and down the stairs; and not a

stone came in, till we were at the bottom. The mob had just broke open the door, when we came into the lower room; and exactly while they burst in at one door, we walked out at the other. Nor did one man take any notice of us, though we were within five yards of each other.

They filled the house at once, and proposed setting it on fire; but one of them happening to remember that his own house was next, with much ado persuaded them not to do it. Hearing one of them cry out, "They are gone over the grounds," I thought the advice was good. So we went over the grounds to the farther end of the town, where Abraham Jenkins waited, and undertook to guide us to Oak-hill.

I was riding on in Shepton-lane, it being now quite dark, when he cried out, "Come down: come down from the bank." I did as I was bid; but the bank being high, and the side very near perpendicular, I came down all at once, my horse and I tumbling one over another. But we both rose unhurt. In less than an hour we came to Oak-hill, and the next morning to Bristol.

Sunday 14, At seven I preached at Bedminster. At Kingswood I began between eight and nine. At Connam about two, (where I read prayers also) and in Bristol at five. After the society was the love-feast: at which my soul was refreshed; but my body was worn out, so that I could hardly speak to be heard: nor did I recover my voice for several days.

Monday 15, I set out for Ireland. We came to the New Passage at ten. After waiting about five hours, we found (which they did not care to confess) that the boatmen did not dare to venture out. It blew a storm. We then rode to the Old Passage; but the boat was just gone off.

Tuesday 16, They talked of passing early; but the storm was too high. I then walked to Aust, where I preached about ten to a small, serious congregation. Between four and five, the wind somewhat abating, a boat ventured out, and carried us over. We passed through Chepstow soon after sun-set, and pushed on, though it grew dark, and the untracked snow lay thick upon the ground. About eight we reached the Star, a good, though small inn, five long miles from Chepstow. It snowed all night.

Wednesday 17, We set out before day; but found it bad travelling, there being no path to be seen, neither footstep of man or beast. However, in four or five hours we reached Abergavenny, and Brecknock before three in the afternoon.

Our landlady here almost forced us to take a guide. And it was extremely well she did. For the snow had so entirely covered the roads, that our guide himself mistook the way more than once. So that if he had not been with us, we should, without doubt, have lodged upon the mountains.

I preached in the evening at Builth, and at noon the next day; at Garth in the evening, and twice on Friday.

Saturday 20, I preached in Maesmenny's Church in the afternoon at Garth morning and evening.

Sunday 21, I preached in the morning in Lanzanfried Church. The service at Builth was not over till past two. I then began in the Church-yard, notwithstanding the North-east wind, to call sinners to repentance. More than all the town were gathered together in that pleasant vale, and made the woods and mountains echo while they sung,—

"Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound!
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound:
Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood:
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

In the evening I preached at Garth, and on Monday 22, at five in the morning. A little before sun-rise we took horse, it being a clear sharp frost. We had waited four days in hopes the snow would melt, fearing the drifts of it would lie deep upon the mountain; particularly as we journeyed Northward. But quite contrary to our expectation, the farther Northward we went, the less snow we found, so that it scarce hindered us after the first day. About eleven we came to Lanidlos. At the earnest request of one who lived there, I preached at noon in the Market-place, to such a congregation as no one could have expected at an hour's warning.

It was as much as we could do to reach Machuntleth that night. It snowed again from about midnight till morning: so that no path was to be seen for several miles: however, we found our way to Tannabull, and passed the sands in the afternoon, being determined to reach Caernarvon, if possible. And so we did, notwithstanding my horse losing a shoe: but not till between nine and ten at night.

Wednesday 24, We hastened on to Holyhead. But all the ships were on the other side. Thursday 25, no packet-boat being come, I gave notice of preaching in the evening. The hearers were many more than the Room could contain. And they all behaved with decency.

Friday 26, I preached again in the evening, Mr. E., the Minister, came in towards the close. He was speaking warmly to our landlord, when Mr. Swindels went to him, and spoke a few mild words. Mr. E. asked him, to step with him to his lodgings, where they had a long and friendly conversation.

Saturday 27, Mr. Swindels informed me that Mr. E. would take it a favour if I would write some little thing, "To advise the Methodists not to leave the Church, and not to rail at their Ministers." I sat down immediately and wrote, "A Word to a Methodist," which Mr. E. translated into Welsh, and printed.

Sunday 28, In the evening I read prayers at our Inn, and preached to a large and serious audience. I did the same on Monday and Tuesday evening. Perhaps our stay here may not be in vain.

I never knew men make such poor, lame excuses, as these Captains did for not sailing. It put me in mind of the Epigram,

"There are if rightly I may think
Five causes why a man should drink;"

which with a little alteration, would just suit them.

'There are, unless my memory fail,
Five causes, why we should not sail;
The fog is thick: the wind is high:
It rains: or may do by and by:
Or—any other reason why.'

Wednesday, March 2, finding no more probability of sailing now, than the first day we came to Holyhead, we rode into the country to seek for Mr. William Jones, who had some acquaintance with my brother. We procured a guide to shew us the way to his house; but all we learnt there, was that he was not at home. We lodged at the Bull's-head. All the family came up to prayers, and we had a quiet and comfortable night.

Thursday 3, Mr. Holloway, a neighbouring Exciseman, invited us to breakfast with him. He once began to run well; and now resolved to set out afresh. I trust we were sent to him for good.

His wife bitterly opposed this way, till one day, as she was sitting in her house, a flash of lightning killed a cat which sat just by her, and struck her to the earth, scorching her flesh in many parts, and yet not at all singing her clothes; when she came to herself, she could not but acknowledge the loud call of God: but her seriousness did not continue long; her acquaintance soon laughed her out of it.

Yet God called her again, in dreams and visions of the night. She thought she was standing in the open air, when one appeared in the clouds, exceeding glorious, above the brightness of the sun: she soon after saw a second, and then a third. One had a kind of spear in his hand; the second, a besom, wherewith he was going to sweep the earth; the third an hour-glass, as though the time was short. This so deeply affected her, that she began from that time to seek God with her whole heart.

At noon we went to Mr. Morgan's, where I lodged in August last. About two we met Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams, a Clergyman from South-Wales, at Ryd-y-Spardon. After Mr. W. had preached in Welsh, I preached in English. Many understood me, and felt the power of God.

Friday 4, We went to Llandaniel, a mile or two form Baldon-ferry. Here again Mr. W. preached in Welsh, and I in English. I was much pleased with this loving, artless people, and readily complied with their request, of preaching again in the afternoon.

Saturday 5, At two I preached at Ryd-y-Spardon to a little, earnest company, who were ready to devour every word. We spent the evening very agreeably with Mr. Jones at Trefollwin.

Sunday 6, We went to Llangefrye-church, though we understood little of what we heard. O what a heavy curse was the confusion of tongues! and how grievous are the effects of it! all the birds of the air, all the beasts of the field understand the language of their own species. Man only is a barbarian to man, unintelligible to his own brethren.

In the afternoon I preached at Llangfehengel, about six miles south-west of Llangefrye, I have not seen a people so deeply affected since we came into Anglesey; their cries and tears continued a long

time without any intermission. O that we could declare to them, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

In the evening I preached at Glanygorse. When I had done, Mr. Jones repeated in Welsh, (as he likewise did in the afternoon) the substance of what I had said. The next morning we returned to Holyhead, and found there all the packet-boats which we had left.

I was determined not to stay another day at an inn. So in the afternoon I took a lodging in a private house, not a bow-shot distant from the town, and removed thither without delay.

My congregation this evening was larger than ever. And several of the gentry agreed to come the next. But it was a little too late; for at midnight the wind came fair, and before one we sailed out of the harbour. Tuesday 8, having a gentle gale, it soon lulled me fast asleep. I was waked before five by a violent storm; this continued two or three hours longer, and left us within sight of Howth, with a small breeze, which brought us to the Black-rock, about four in the afternoon.

We hired horses here, and rode to Dublin, Mr. Meriton, Swindels, and I. We came to our house in Cork-street, (vulgarly called Dolphin's-barn lane,) while my brother was meeting the society. But it was some time before my voice could be heard, for the noise of the people, shouting and praising God. The remaining days of the week I dispatched all the business I could, and settled, with my brother, all things relating to the work.

Sunday 13, My brother preached both morning and evening, expecting to sail at night; but before night the wind turned full east, and so continued all the week.

Monday 14, I began preaching at five in the morning, an unheard-of thing in Ireland. I expounded part of the first chapter of the Acts, which I purpose, God willing, to go through in order.

Wednesday 16, I inquired into the state of the society Most pompous accounts had been sent me from time to time of the great numbers that were added to it; so that I confidently expected to find therein six or seven hundred members. And how is the real fact? I left three hundred and ninety-four members; and I doubt, if there are now three hundred and ninety-six!

Let this be a warning to us all, how we give in to that hateful custom of painting things beyond the life. Let us make conscience of not magnifying or exaggerating any thing. Let us rather speak under than above the truth. We, of all men, should be punctual in all we say, that none of our words may fall to the ground.

Sunday 20, I preached at eight on Oxmantown-green. We expected noise, but there was none; the whole congregation was as quiet and still as that in Bristol or London.

In the afternoon my brother embarked. I preached about three in Marlborough-street, and in the evening at our own house in Cork-street.

Wednesday 23, I talked with a warm man, who was always very zealous for the Church when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out the Irish proverb, "No gown no crown." He was quickly

convinced, that whatever we were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him full of good resolutions, which held several days.

I preached at Newgate at three; but found no stirring at all among the dry bones.

Friday 25, I preached in Marlborough-street at five to the largest congregation I have yet seen in a morning. At two I began in Ship-street, where were many of the rich and genteel. I was exceeding weak in body, having been examining classes all the day. But I felt it not after I had spoken two sentences. I was strengthened both in body and soul.

I finished the classes the next day, and found them just as I expected. I left three hundred and ninety-four persons united together in August. I had now admitted between twenty and thirty, who had offered themselves since my return to Dublin. And the whole number was neither more nor less then three hundred and ninety-six.

Sunday 27, It rained most of the day, so that I was constrained to preach in the house only, viz. at our own house morning and evening, and at Marlborough-street in the afternoon.

Tuesday 29, I preached in Skinner's-alley at five to a large and quiet congregation. I preached in Newgate at two in the Common Hall, the Jailor refusing us the room where we used to preach; but that is not the worst. I see no fruit of our labour.

Wednesday 30, I rode to Phillip's-town, the shire town of the King's County. I was obliged to go into the street, which was soon filled with those who flocked from every side; to whom I declared, *Jesus Christ, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

Thursday 31, One would have dissuaded me from preaching at five, being sure none would rise so soon. But I kept my hour, and had a large and serious congregation. After preaching I spoke severally to those of the society, of whom forty were troopers. At noon I preached to (I think) the largest congregation I had seen since I came from Builth. God did then make a clear offer of eternal life to all the inhabitants of Phillip's-town. But how few retained these good impressions one week! or would effectually *come to him, that they might have life!*

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, to most of the inhabitants of the town. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Friday, April 1, I preached at Clara to a vast number of well-behaved people; although some of them came in their coaches, and were (I was informed) of the best quality in the country. How few of these would have returned empty, if they had heard the word of God, not out of curiosity merely, but from a real desire to know and do his will!

In the evening I preached at Temple-Macqueteer, and again at five in the morning. Saturday 2, about one, we came to Moat, the pleasantest town I have yet seen in Ireland. Here I preached to a handful of people, and then hastened on to Athlone. At six I preached from the window of an unfinished house opposite to the market-house,

(which would not have contained one half of the congregation) on *Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* I scarce ever saw a better behaved or more attentive congregation. Indeed so civil a people as the Irish in general, I never saw in Europe or America.

Sunday 3, I preached at five to, at least, three hundred hearers. I walked from thence to see a poor woman that was sick, about a mile from the town: about an hundred and fifty people ran after me. After I had prayed with the sick person, being unwilling so many people should go empty away, I chose a smooth grassy place near the road, where we all kneeled down to prayer, after which we sung a psalm, and I gave them a short exhortation. At eleven, we went to Church, and heard a plain, useful sermon. At two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, where there are only (they informed me) five or six families of Protestants. Such a company of people (many said) had never before been seen together in Athlone; many coming from all the country round, and, for the present, receiving the word with joy. I preached again at six in the same place, and to nearly the same (only a little larger) congregation: the greater part whereof, (notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests,) I afterwards found, were Papists.

Monday 4, I preached once more at five; great part of the congregation were in tears. Indeed, almost all the town appeared to be moved, full of good-will and desires of salvation. But the waters spread too wide to be deep. I did not find one under any strong conviction, much less had any one attained the knowledge of salvation, in hearing above thirty sermons. So that, as yet, no judgment could be formed of the future work of God in this place.

I took horse at ten, and about twelve preached at Moat, to a little larger congregation than before. I could not but observe the zeal of these young disciples; they were vehemently angry at a man's throwing a cabbage-stalk. Let them keep their courage till they see such a sight as that at Walsal, or Shepton.

In the evening I preached at Tyrrel's-pass, and found great enlargement of heart. But when the society met, I was quite exhausted; so that I dismissed them after a short exhortation.

Tuesday 5, Our Room was filled at five. After preaching I examined the classes. I found a surprising openness among them. When I asked one in particular, "How he had lived in time past;" he spread abroad his hands, and said, with many tears, "Here I stand, a grey-headed monster of all manner of wickedness!" Which, I verily believe, had it been desired, he would have explained before them all. Much in the same manner spoke one who came from Connaught, but with huge affliction and dismay; we determined to wrestle with God in her behalf, which we did for above an hour; and he heard the prayer, so that her soul was filled with joy unspeakable. Mr. Jonathan Handy greatly sorrowing before, was also now enabled to rejoice in God: and four other persons were cut to the heart, and cried aloud to him that is mighty to save.

Wednesday 6, I baptized seven persons educated among the Quakers. In the afternoon we rode to Philip's-town, but the scene was

changed. The curiosity of the people was satisfied, and few of them cared to hear any more.

As soon as I mounted my horse, he began to snort and run backward without any visible cause, one whipped him behind, and I before, but it profited nothing: he leaped to and fro, from side to side, till he came over against a gate-way, into which he ran backward, and tumbled head over heels. I rose unhurt. He then went on quietly.

At Tullamore in the evening, well nigh all the town, rich and poor, were gathered together. I used great plainness of speech in applying those words, *All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.* The next day, being Good-Friday, I preached at five to a large and serious congregation. Between one and two, I preached at Clara, and then rode to Athlone. I preached at six, on *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and after that to enter into his glory?* So general a drawing I never knew among any people, so that, as yet, none even seem to oppose the truth.

Saturday 9, I preached in Connaught, a few miles from Athlone. Many *heard;* but, I doubt, *felt* nothing.

The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe: it is here ten or twelve miles over, though scarce thirty miles from its fountain-head. There are many islands in it, once well inhabited, but now mostly desolate. In almost every one are the ruins of a Church: in one, the remains of no less than seven. I fear, God hath still a controversy with this land, because it is defiled with blood.

Sunday 10, Easterday; never was such a congregation seen before at the sacrament in Athlone. I preached at three. Abundance of Papists flocked to hear; so that the Priest, seeing his command did not avail, came in person at six, and drove them away before him like a flock of sheep.

Monday 11, I preached at five the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. But still they who were ready to eat up every word, did not appear to *digest* any part of it.

In the evening there appeared more emotion in the congregation than ever I had seen before. But it was in a manner I never saw: not in one here and there, but in all. Perhaps God is working here in a way we have not known, going on with a slow and even motion through the whole body of the people, that they may all remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord.

Tuesday 12, I rode to Clara, where I was quickly informed, that there was to begin in an hour's time a famous cock-fight, to which almost all the country was coming from every side. Hoping to engage some part of them in a better employ, I began preaching in the street as soon as possible. One or two hundred stopped and listened awhile, and pulled off their hats, and forgot their diversion.

The congregation at Tullamore in the evening was larger than ever before, and deep attention sat on every face. Toward the latter end of the sermon, there began a violent storm of hail. I desired the people to cover their heads, but the greater part of them would not; nor did any one go away till I concluded my discourse.

Wednesday 13, I preached in the evening at Tyrrel's-pass. The congregation here also was larger than ever; and the word of God seemed to take deeper root here than in any other part of this country.

Thursday 14, The house was full at five in the evening, many of the neighbouring gentlemen were present, but none mocked. That is not the custom here, all attend to what is spoken in the name of God: they do not understand the making sport with sacred things; so that whether they approve or not, they behaved with seriousness.

Friday 15, I rode to Eden-derry. Abundance of people were quickly gathered together. Having been disturbed in the night by Mr. Swindels, who lay with me, and had a kind of apoplectic fit, I was not at all well about noon, when I began to preach, in a large walk, on one side of the town, and the sun shone hot upon my head, which had been aching all the day: but I forgot this before I had spoken long, and when I had finished my discourse, I left all my weariness and pain behind, and rode on in perfect health to Dublin.

Saturday 16, I found great reason to praise God for the work wrought among the people in my absence. But still there is not such a work as I look for. I see nothing yet but drops before a shower.

Sunday 17, I preached at Skinner's-alley, both morning and evening. About four I went to St. Luke's Church, being very near us. When I came out, I had a large attendance, even in the Church-yard, hallooing and calling names. I am much mistaken, if many of the warmest zealots for the Church, would ever come within the doors, if they were thus to run the gauntlet every time they came. Would they not rather sleep in a whole skin?

Wednesday 20, I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Miller, the Lutheran Minister. From him I learn, that the earnest religion which I found, in so many parts of Germany, is but of late date, having taken its rise from one man, August Herman Francke, So can God, if it please him, enable one man to revive his work throughout a whole nation!

Saturday 23, I read some hours, an extremely dull book, Sir James Ware's Antiquities of Ireland. By the vast number of ruins which are seen in all parts, I had always suspected what he shews at large, namely, that in ancient times it was more populous ten-fold than it is now: many that were large cities, being now ruinous heaps; many shrunk into inconsiderable villages.

I visited one in the afternoon who was ill of a fever, and lay in a very close room. While I was near him, I found myself not well. After my return home, I felt my stomach out of order. But I imagined it was not worth any notice, and would pass off before the morning.

Sunday 24, I preached at Skinner's-alley at five, and on Oxmantown-green at eight. I was weak in body, but was greatly revived by the seriousness and earnestness of the congregation. Resolving to improve the opportunity, I gave notice of preaching there again in the afternoon: which I did, to a congregation much more numerous, and equally attentive. When I came home I was glad to lie down, having a quinsey, attended with a fever. However, when the society met, I made shift to creep in among them. Immediately my voice

was restored. I spoke without pain, for near an hour together. And great was our rejoicing over each other; knowing that God would order all things well.

Monday 25, Finding my fever greatly increased, I judged it would be best to keep my bed, and to live a while on apples and apple-tea. On Tuesday I was quite well, and should have preached, but that Dr. R. (who had been with me twice,) insisted on my resting for a time.

I read to-day what is accounted the most correct History of St. Patrick that is extant. And on the maturest consideration, I was much inclined to believe, that St. Patrick and St. George were of one family. The whole story smells strong of romance. To touch only on a few particulars: I object to his first setting out. The bishop of Rome had no such power in the beginning of the fifth century, as the account supposes. Nor would his uncle, the Bishop of Tours, have sent him in that age to Rome, for a commission to convert Ireland; having himself as much authority over that island, as any Italian Bishop whatever. Again, if God had sent him thither, he would not so long have buried his talent in the earth. I never heard before of an Apostle sleeping thirty-five years, and beginning to preach at threescore. But his success staggers me the most of all; no blood of the martyrs is here: no reproach, no scandal of the cross; no persecution to those that will live godly. Nothing is to be heard of from the beginning to the end, but kings, nobles, and warriors, bowing down before him. Thousands are converted, without any opposition at all; twelve thousand at one sermon. If these things were so, either there was then no devil in the world, or St. Patrick did not preach the Gospel of Christ.

Wednesday 27, In the evening I read the letters: my voice being weak, but I believe audible. As I was reading one from S. G., a young woman dropped down, and cried out exceedingly. But in a few minutes her sorrow was turned into joy, and her mourning into praise.

Thursday 28, Was the day fixed for my going into the country. But all about me began to cry out, "Sure you will not go to-day! See how the rain pours down!" I told them, "I must keep my word, if possible." But before five the man of whom I had bespoke a horse, sent word, "His horse should not go out in such a day." I sent one who brought him to a better mind. So about six I took horse. About nine I called at Kilcock. The old landlord was ill of the gout; and his wife of a complication of distempers. But when I told her, "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and all these are tokens of his love," she burst out, "O Lord, I offer thee all my sufferings, my pain, my sickness. If thou lovest me, it is enough. Here I am: take me, and do with me what thou wilt!"

Between one and two we came to Kinnegad. My strength was now pretty well exhausted; so that when we mounted again, after resting an hour, it was as much as I could do to sit on my horse. We had near eleven Irish (measured) miles to ride, which are equal to fourteen English. I got over them pretty well in three hours, and by six reached Tyrrel's-pass.

At seven I recovered my strength, so as to preach, and meet the society; which began now to be at a stand, with regard to number; but not with regard to the grace of God,

Friday 29, I rode to Temple-Macqueteer, and thence toward Athlone. We came at least an hour before we were expected. Nevertheless, we were met by many of our brethren. The first I saw, about two miles from the town, were a dozen little boys running with all their might: some bare-headed, some bare-footed and bare-legged: so they had their desire of speaking to me first, the others being still behind.

Saturday 30, I found the roaring lion began to shake himself here also. Some Papists, and two or three good Protestant families were cordially joined together, to oppose the work of God; but they durst not yet do it openly, the stream running so strong against them.

Sunday, May 1, Great part of the town were present at five, and I found began to *feel* what was spoken. Yet still the impression is not made as in other places, on one here and there only; but the main body of the hearers seem to go on together with an even pace.

About two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, to an attentive multitude both of Protestants and Papists: whose Priest, perceiving he profited nothing, at five came himself. I preached, on *Is there no balm in Gilead?* And could not help applying to the Papists in particular. I am satisfied many of them were almost persuaded, to give themselves up to the great Physician of souls.

Tuesday 3, I rode to Birr, twenty miles from Athlone, and the key of the Sessions-house not being to be found, declared, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*, in the street, to a dull, rude, senseless, multitude. Many laughed the greater part of the time. Some went away just in the middle of a sentence. And yet, when one cried out, (a Carmelite Friar, Clerk to the Priest,) "You lie, you lie;" the zealous Protestants cried out, "Knock him down." And it was no sooner said than done. I saw some bustle, but knew not what was the matter till the whole was over.

In the evening we rode to Ballyboy. There being no house that could contain the congregation, I preached here also in the street. I was afraid, in a new place, there would be but few in the morning: but there was a considerable number, and such a blessing as I had scarce found since I landed in Ireland.

Wednesday 4, I rode to Clara, and preached to a small company, who were not afraid of a stormy day. I spent half an hour after sermon with a few serious people, and then rode to Tullamore.

One who looks on the common Irish cabins, might imagine Saturn still reigned here:

Cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos; ignemq; laremq;
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra.

Communi umbra indeed: for no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole, which is both window, chimney, and door.

In the evening I preached to a large, quiet congregation, though not so large as the last.

Thursday 5, Though my flux continually increased, (which was caused by my eating a bad egg at Birr) yet I was unwilling to break my word, and so made a shift to ride in the afternoon to Mountmelick. I had not seen such a congregation before, since I set out from Dublin. And the greater part did not stand like stocks and stones, but seemed to understand what I spake of worshipping *God in spirit and in truth.*

Friday 6, More people came at five, than I had seen at that hour in any part of Ireland. And I found my heart so moved towards them, that in spite of weakness and pain, I enforced for more than an hour, those solemn words, *The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Hence I rode to Philip's-town, a poor, dry, barren place. I pray God, the first may not be last!

Saturday 7, I set out in the morning, and after resting two hours at Tullamore, and two or three more at Moate, I rode on to Athlone, and preached at six, on *He healeth them that are broken in heart.* I felt no weariness or pain till I had done speaking, but then found, I could not meet the society, being ill able to walk the length of the room. But God gave me refreshing sleep.

Sunday 8, I preached at five, though I could not well stand. I then set out for Aughrim, in the county of Galway, thirteen Connaught, *i. e.* Yorkshire miles, from Athlone. The morning prayers, so called, began about twelve; after which we had a warm sermon against Enthusiasts. I could not have come at a better time: for I began immediately after, and all that were in the Church, high and low, rich and poor stopped to hear me. In explaining the inward kingdom of God, I had a fair occasion to consider what we had just heard; and God renewed my strength, and I trust, applied his word to the hearts of most of the hearers.

Mr. S., a neighbouring Justice of Peace, as soon as I had done, desired me to dine with him. After dinner I hastened back to Athlone, and began preaching about six; five Clergymen were of the audience, and abundance of Romanists. Such an opportunity I never had before in these parts.

Monday 9, Having not had an hour's sound sleep from the time I lay down till I rose, I was in doubt, whether I could preach or not: however, I went to the Market-place as usual; and found no want of strength, till I had fully declared. *the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.* I had designed afterwards to settle the society thoroughly; but I was not able to sit up so long.

Many advised me, not to go out at night, the wind being extremely cold, and blustering; but I could in no wise consent to spare myself, at such a time as this. I preached, on *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;* and I found myself at least as well when I had done, as I was before I begun.

Tuesday 10, With much difficulty I broke away from this immeasurably-loving people; and not so soon as I imagined neither: for

when we drew near to the turnpike, about a mile from the town, a multitude waited for us at the top of the hill. They fell back on each side, to make us way, and then joined and closed us in. After singing two or three verses, I put forward, when on a sudden I was a little surprised, by such a cry of men, women, and children, as I never heard before. Yet a little while, and we shall meet to part no more; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

Instead of going straight to Tullamore, I could not be easy, without going round by Coolylough; I knew not why; for I did not know then that Mr. Handy's wife, who had been brought to bed a few days, had an earnest desire to see me once more before I left the kingdom. She could not avoid praying for it, though her sister checked her again and again, telling her, "It could not be." Before the debate was concluded, I came in. So they wondered, and praised God.

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, and at five in the morning. I was then glad to lie down. In the afternoon, Wednesday 11, I rode once more to Mountmelick. The congregation, both in the evening and the next morning, was larger than before.

After preaching, a grey-headed man came to me, bitterly lamenting that he had lived many years without knowing that he had need of a Physician. Immediately came another, who had been as harmless a man as any in the town; he would have spoke, but could not. I then spoke to him; but not two minutes, before he sunk to the ground. So I perceived I had not spent my little strength here, *as one that beateth the air.*

I took the straight road from hence to Dublin. Here likewise I observed abundance of ruined buildings; but I observed also that some of them were never finished; and some had been pulled down by those who built them. Such is the amazing fickleness of this people. Almost every one who has his fortune in his own hands, *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis,* and leaves those monuments of his folly to all succeeding generations.

I reached Dublin in the evening, faint and weary, but the two next days I rested. Sunday 15, finding my strength greatly restored, I preached at five, and at eight on Oxmantown-green. I expected to sail as soon as I had done; but the Captain putting it off, (as their manner is,) gave me an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to a still larger congregation in the evening. One of them, after listening some time, cried out, shaking his head, "Ay, he is a Jesuit; that's plain." To which a Popish Priest, who happened to be near, replied aloud, "No, he is not. I would to God he was."

Monday 16, Observing a large congregation in the evening, and many strangers among them, I preached more roughly than ever I had done in Dublin, on those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Tuesday 17, I spoke strong and plain words again, both in the morning and evening: and should not have regretted my being detained, had it been only for the blessing of this day.

Wednesday 18, We took ship, the wind was small in the afternoon, but exceeding high towards night. About eight I laid me down on the quarter-deck. I was soon wet from head to foot, but I took no cold at all. About four in the morning we landed at Holyhead, and in the evening reached Caernarvon.

Friday 20, I rode with Mr. C. Perronet to Machuntleth, and the next day, Saturday 21, to Builth. I had no desire to go further, as it rained hard; but Mr. Philips pressed us to go on to Garth. We came thither just as they were singing before family prayer; so I took the book and preached on those words, *Behold, to fear the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.*

Sunday 22, At eight I preached at Garth, afterwards in Maesmennys' Church, and at Builth in the afternoon. We proposed going this evening to John Price's at Mertha; but fearing he might be at the society, (two miles from his house,) we went round that way, and came while the Exhorter was in the midst of his sermon. I preached when he had done. About eight we came to Mertha, and slept in peace.

Monday 23, We were on horseback at four o'clock, and at four in the afternoon came to Cardiff. The rain obliged me to preach in the Room. Tuesday 24, I breakfasted at Fonmon, dined at Wenvo and preached at Cardiff in the evening. Wednesday 25, we set out after preaching, and in the afternoon came to Bristol.

Whitsunday, May 29, Our service began about four, at the Weavers' Hall. At seven I preached in the old Orchard. At ten I began in Kingswood: where at two (the house being two small for the congregation,) I preached under the sycamore-tree. At five I preached in the old Orchard, and then rode to Kingswood, where we concluded the day with a love-feast

Monday 30, I preached at three in the old Orchard, and in the evening at Bath. Tuesday 31, in the evening I preached at Reading, and on Wednesday, June 1, reached London.

We had an exceeding solemn meeting of the bands this evening, and of the society the next.

Saturday 4, I was sent for by Captain H., one who had been strongly prejudiced against us. But the arrows of the Almighty now constrained him to cry out, "Lord, send by whom thou wilt send!"

Sunday 5, I preached in Moorfields both morning and evening. There had been much tumult there the last Sunday: but all was quiet now: and the power of God seemed even to compel sinners to come in

Sunday 12, I designed preaching in the fields at seven; but the thunder and lightning, and rain prevented. At eleven I preached in St. Bartholomew's Church. Deep attention sat on every face, while I explained, and, by the grace of God, pressed home those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

Monday 13, I spent an hour or two with Dr. Pepusch, he asserted "That the art of music is lost: that the ancients only understood it in its perfection: that it was revived a little in the reign of King Henry VIII., by Tallys and his cotemporaries: as also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was a judge and patroness of it: that after her reign it sunk for sixty or seventy years, till Purcell made some attempts

to restore it; but that ever since, the true, ancient art, depending on nature, and mathematical principles, had gained no ground, the present masters having no fixed principles at all."

Wednesday 15, I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's. How strangely is the scene changed! What laughter and tumult were there among "the best of the parish," when we preached in a London Church ten years ago! and now all are calm and quietly attentive, from the least even to the greatest!

Sunday 19, The congregation in Moorfields was greatly increased, both morning and afternoon; and their seriousness increased with their number, so that it was comfortable even to see them. In the evening to ease me a little in my journey, as I had not yet recovered my strength, Col. Gumley carried me in his chair to Brentford.

Monday 20, I preached at Reading at noon, to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the afternoon rode to Hungerford. Tuesday 21, I preached in the old Orchard at Bristol, on *Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.*

Friday 24, The day we had appointed for opening the school at Kingswood, I preached there, on *Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.* My brother and I administered the Lord's Supper to many who came from far. We then agreed on the General Rules of the School, which we published presently after.

Monday 27, I rode to Wall-bridge near Stroud, and preached at one to a lively congregation. About two we set out for Stanley. I scarce ever felt the sun so scorching hot in England. I began preaching in Farmer Finch's orchard, (there not being room in the house,) between seven and eight, and the poor, earnest people, devoured every word.

Tuesday 28, I rode to Evesham, and exhorted them to *Strengthen the things that remained, which were ready to die.* Wednesday 29, we took horse at four, and calling at Studley, found a woman of a broken heart, mourning continually after God, and scarce able to speak without tears. About one I began preaching in the open air at Birmingham; at the same time it began raining violently, which continued about a quarter of an hour; but did not disturb either me or the congregation.

At half an hour after six I preached at Wednesbury, to an exceeding large congregation; and every man, woman, and child, behaved in a manner becoming the Gospel.

Thursday 30, We set out between three and four, and reached Nottingham in the afternoon. Friday, July 1, I rode to Sheffield, and preached in the evening, at the end of the house, to a quiet congregation.

Saturday 2, I rode to Epworth, and preached to a large congregation, many of them, established in the grace of God.

Sunday 3, I preached in the Room at five, but at nine, on my usual stand at the Cross. The clouds came just in time (it being a warm, sunshiny morning) to shade me and the congregation: but

at the same time both the light and power of the Most High were upon many of their souls.

I was quite surprised when I heard Mr. R. preach. That soft, smooth, tuneful voice, which he so often employed to blaspheme the work of God, was lost without hope of recovery: all means had been tried, but none took place. He now spoke in a manner shocking to hear; and impossible to be heard distinctly by one quarter of the congregation.

Mr. Hayes, the Rector, reading prayers, I had once more the comfort of receiving the Lord's Supper at Epworth. After the evening service, I preached at the Cross again, to almost the whole town. I see plainly we have often judged amiss, when we have measured the increase of the work of God, in this and other places, by the increase of the society only. The society here is not large; but God has wrought upon the whole place, sabbath-breaking and drunkenness are no more seen in these streets: cursing and swearing are rarely heard. Wickedness hides its head already. Who knows but, by and by, God may utterly take it away?

I was peculiarly pleased with the deep seriousness of the congregation at Church, both morning and evening. And all the way we walked down the Church-lane, after the sermon was ended, I scarce saw one person look on either side, or speak one word to another.

Monday 4, I rode to Hainton, the congregation here was but small, which was chiefly owing to the miserable negligence of the poor Rector. Art thou also to die? and to give an account to God of every word and work?

Tuesday 5, We rode to Coningsby on the edge of the Fens. Mr. B., a Baptist minister, had written to me to London, begging me to lodge with him, whenever I came to Coningsby. But he was gone out of town that very morning. However, one rode after him and brought him back in the afternoon. I was scarce set down in his house before he fell upon the point of baptism. I waved the dispute for some time, but finding there was no remedy, I came close to the question, and we kept to it for about an hour and a half. From that time we let the matter rest, and confirmed our love towards each other

At seven I preached in the street to one of the largest congregations I had seen in Lincolnshire. In the morning, Wednesday 6, we had another quiet and comfortable opportunity. We thence rode to Ludborough, where I preached at eleven, and in the afternoon to Grimsby.

At seven I preached in that large Room, but it was not near large enough to contain the congregation. Many stood on the stairs and in the adjoining rooms, and many below in the street. The fear of God has lately spread in an uncommon degree among this people also. Nor has Mr. P. been able to prevent it, though he bitterly curses us, in the name of the Lord.

Thursday 7, Immediately after preaching I rode to Laseby, and preached at seven to a small, earnest congregation. We stopped no more till we came to Epworth, where we had a joyful meeting in the evening.

Friday 8, I took horse immediately after preaching and rode to Mr. S.'s, of Crowle. I began preaching soon after eight, but so wild a congregation I had not lately seen. However, as I stood within the Justice's garden, they did not make any disturbance.

About noon I preached at Sykehouse: the little society here also seemed to partake of the general revival. We took horse at ten, and soon after eight, came to Borough-bridge.

Saturday 9, Setting out between two and three, we reached Newcastle about three in the afternoon. Sunday 10, I began exhorting all that loved their own souls, solemnly to renew their covenant with God: the nature of which I explained at large, on the mornings of the ensuing week.

I had designed preaching between eight and nine at Sandgate; but the rain drove us into the room. In the afternoon I preached on the first lesson, David's conquest of Goliah. But the house would in no wise contain the people, so that many were forced to go away.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I examined the Classes, and found not only an increase of number, but likewise more of the life and power of religion among them than ever I had found before.

The same thing I observed in all the country societies, among which I spent one or more nights every week.

Sunday 17, We had a glorious hour in the morning. At half an hour past eight, I preached in the Castle-garth, and again at four in the afternoon to a vast multitude of people.

Monday 18, I began my journey Northward, having appointed to preach at Morpeth at noon. As soon as I had sung a few verses at the Cross, a young man appeared at the head of his troop, and told me very plainly and roughly, "You shall not preach there." I went on, upon which he gave the signal to his companions, who prepared to force me into better manners. But they quickly fell out among themselves. Meantime, I began my sermon, and went on without any considerable interruption, the congregation softening more and more, till towards the close, the far greater part appeared exceeding serious and attentive.

In the afternoon we rode to Widdrington, which belonged to Lord Widdrington, till the Rebellion in 1716. The people flocked in from all parts, so that the congregation was larger here than at Morpeth. It was a delightful evening, and a delightful place, under the shade of tall trees: and every man hung upon the word; none stirred his head or hand, or looked to the right or left, while I declared in strong terms, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Tuesday 19, We rode to Alemouth, a small seaport town, famous for all kinds of wickedness. The people here are sinners convict, they have nothing to pay, but plead guilty before God. Therefore I preached to them without delay, *Jesus Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

After dinner we rode to Alnwick, one of the largest inland towns in the county of Northumberland. At seven I preached at the Cross, to as large a congregation as at Newcastle on Sunday evening. This

place seemed much to resemble Athlone; all were moved a little, but none very much. The waters spread wide but not deep. But the Lord worketh as seemeth him good.

Wednesday 20, We took horse between eight and nine, and a little before two came to Berwick. I sent to the Commander of the Garrison, to desire the use of a green place near his house, which he readily granted. I preached at seven to (it was judged) two thousand people. I found the generality of them just such as I expected: serious and decent, but not easy to be convinced of any thing. For who can tell them what they did not know before?

Thursday 21, After preaching we walked round the walls, which they were repairing and rebuilding. I could not but observe to-day, how different the face of things was, from what it appeared yesterday, especially after I had preached at noon: yesterday we were hallooed all long the streets. To-day none opened his mouth as we went along; the very children were all silent. The grown people pulled off their hats on every side, so that we might even have fancied ourselves at Newcastle. How well is it, that honour is balanced with dishonour, and good report with evil report!

At seven I preached to a far larger congregation than before. And now the word of God was as a fire and an hammer. I began again and again, after I thought I had done: and the latter words were still stronger than the former: so that I was not surprised at the number which attended in the morning, when we had another joyful solemn hour. Here was *the loud call* to the people of Berwick, if happily they would know the day of their visitation.

Friday 22, I preached about noon at Tuggle, a village about three miles from Barnborough: and then went on to Alnwick, where, at seven, was such a congregation, as one would not have thought the whole town could afford. And I was enabled to deal faithfully with them, in explaining, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I was constrained to speak twice as long as usual: but none offered to go away: and I believe the most general call of God to the people of Alnwick was at this hour.

Saturday 23, I preached at noon at Long-Horseley. The Minister here was of a truly *moderate* spirit. He said, "I have done all I can for this people. And I can do them no good. Now let others try. If they can do any I will thank them with all my heart."

Sunday 24, I preached at five; at half an hour past eight in the Castle-garth, and at four in the afternoon. I was weary and faint when I began to speak. But my strength was quickly renewed. Thence we went to the society. I had designed to read the Rules. But I could not get forward. As we began, so we went on till eight o'clock, singing, and rejoicing, and praising God.

Wednesday 27, I rode to Blanchland, intending to preach there; but at the desire of Mr. W., the steward of the Lead mines, I went about a mile farther, to a house where he was paying the miners, it being one of their general pay-days. I preached to a large congregation of serious people, and rode on to Allandale.

Thursday 28, We rode over the Moors to Nint-head, a village south-west from Allandale, where I preached at eight. We then went on to Alstone, a small market town in Cumberland. At noon I preached at the Cross, to a quiet, staring people, who seemed to be little concerned, one way or the other. In the evening I preached at Hindley-hill again, and we praised God with joyful lips.

Friday 29, At noon I went to the Cross in Allandale town, where Mr. Topping, with a company of the better sort, waited for us. I soon found it was but a vain attempt to dispute or reason with him. He skipped so from one point to another, that it was not possible to keep up with him. So after a few minutes I removed about a hundred yards, and preached in peace to a very large congregation; it being the general pay-day, which is but once in sixth months.

Saturday 30, At noon I preached at Newlands; about three near Tanfield Cross, and at Newcastle in the evening.

Sunday 31, At eight I preached in the street at Sunderland, and at one in the afternoon. I rode thence straight to the Castle-Garth, and found abundance of people gathered together. Many were in tears all round while those comfortable words were opened and applied, *He healeth them that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.*

Monday, August 1, One of my old companions returned, my head-ache, which I never had while I abstained from animal food. But I regarded it not, supposing it would go off in a day or two of itself.

Tuesday 2, I preached about noon at Biddick, and at Pelton in the evening. I intended to have given an exhortation to the society; but as soon as we met, the spirit of supplication fell upon us, so that I could hardly do any thing but pray and give thanks, till it was time for us to part.

Wednesday 3, I found it absolutely necessary to publish the following advertisement:

"Whereas one Thomas Moor, *alias* Smith, has lately appeared in Cumberland, and other parts of England, preaching, as he calls it, in a clergyman's habit, and then collecting money of his hearers; this is to certify, whom it may concern, that the said Moor is no clergyman, but a cheat and imposter; and that no preacher in connexion with me, either directly or indirectly, asks money of any one.

"JOHN WESLEY."

Thursday 4, I preached in the evening at Spen; Friday 5, about noon at Horseley. As I rode home I found my head-ache increase much. But as many people were come from all parts, (it being the monthly watch-night,) I could not be content to send them empty away. I almost forgot my pain while I was speaking, but was obliged to go to bed as soon as I had done.

Saturday 6, The pain was much worse than before. I then applied cloths dipped in cold water. Immediately my head was easy, but I was exceeding sick. When I laid down, the pain returned and the sickness ceased: when I sat up, the pain ceased and the sickness returned. In the evening I took ten grains of Ipecacuanha. It wrought

for about ten minutes. The moment it had done I was in perfect health, and felt no more either of pain or sickness.

Sunday 7, I preached as usual at five, and at half an hour after eight. In the afternoon all the street was full of people, come from all parts to see the Judges. But a good part of them followed me into the Castle-Garth, and found something else to do. This put a zealous man that came by, quite out of patience, so that I had hardly named my text, when he began to scold and scream, and curse and swear, to the utmost extent of his throat. But there was not one of the whole multitude, rich or poor, that regarded him at all.

Monday 8, I set out once more for the North. At noon I preached at the Cross in Morpeth; in the evening at Alnwick, where many now began to fear God and tremble at his word.

Tuesday 9, about noon I preached at Tuggle: and between six and seven in the evening at Berwick. More of the gentry were there than ever before; and I think but three went away. Wednesday 10, the congregation was nearly doubled, and the word seemed to sink into their hearts. It was with great difficulty that I afterwards met the society; so many crowded after me, (though without the least incivility) and knew not how to go away.

Thursday 11, Abundance of them were with us in the morning. We took horse as soon as we could after preaching, and before twelve reached Alemouth, where all the publicans and sinners drew near to hear. Nay, and all the gentry: the chief of whom invited us to dinner, where we spent two hours in agreeable and useful conversation. In the evening I preached to the earnest congregation at Widdrington, There is always a blessing among this people.

Friday 12, In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole Work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of common sense make for

"His scolding heroes and his wounded gods?"

Nay, does he not introduce even his "Father of gods and men," one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his sister and wife, the empress of heaven, with such language as a car-man might be ashamed of? And what can be said for a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles, "How often he had given him wine, when he was a child and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it upon his clothes?" Are these some of those "Divine boldnesses which naturally provoke short-sightedness and ignorance to shew themselves?"

Tuesday 16, We left Newcastle. In riding to Leeds, I read Dr. Hodge's Account of the Plague in London. I was surprised, 1, That he did not learn even from the symptoms related by himself, that the first part seized by the infection was the stomach; and, 2, That he obstinately persevered in the hot regimen; though he continually saw the ill success of it, a majority of the patients dying under his

hands. Soon after twelve I preached near the Market-place in Stockton, to a very large and very rude congregation. But they grew calmer and calmer, so that long before I had done, they were quiet and serious. Some gentlemen of Yarm earnestly desired, that I would preach there in the afternoon. I refused for some time, being weak and tired, so that I thought preaching thrice in the day, and riding upwards of fifty miles, would be work enough. But they would take no denial. So I went with them about two o'clock, and preached at three in the Market-place there, to a great multitude of people gathered together at a few minutes warning. About seven I preached in the street at Osmotherly. It rained almost all the time. But none went away. We took horse about five, Wednesday 17, and in the afternoon came to Leeds.

On Thursday and Friday, I preached in the neighbouring towns. Saturday 20, at the earnest desire of the little society, I went to Wakefield. I knew the madness of the people there. But I knew also they were in God's hand. At eight I would have preached in Francis Scot's yard; but the landlord would not suffer me, saying, "The mob would do more hurt to his houses, than ever we should do him good." So I went per-force into the main street, and proclaimed pardon for sinners. None interrupted, or made the least disturbance from the beginning to the end. About one I preached at Halton, where likewise all is now calm, after a violent storm of several weeks, wherein many were beaten, and wounded, and outraged various ways; but none moved from their steadfastness. In the evening I preached at Armley, to many who *want* a storm, being quite unnerved by a constant sunshine.

Sunday 21, I preached as usual, at Leeds and Birstal. Monday 22, after preaching at Heaton, I rode to Skircoat-green. Our brethren here were much divided in their judgment. Many thought I ought to preach at Halifax-cross. Others judged it to be impracticable; the very mention of it, as a possible thing, having set all the town in an uproar. However, to the Cross I went. There was an immense number of people, roaring like the waves of the sea. But the far greater part of them were still, as soon as I began to speak. They seemed more and more attentive and composed: till a gentleman got some of the rabble together, and began to throw money among them, which occasioned much hurry and confusion. Finding my voice could not be heard, I made signs to the people, that I would remove to another place. I believe nine in ten followed me to a meadow about half a mile from the town; were we spent so solemn an hour as I have seldom known, rejoicing and praising God.

Tuesday 23, The congregation was larger at five in the morning, than it was in the evening when I preached here before. About one I preached at Baleden, in the evening at Bradford, where none behaved indecently, but the Curate of the parish!

Wednesday 24, At eight I preached at Ecclesal, and about one at Keighley. At five Mr. Grimshaw read prayers and I preached at Haworth, to more than the Church could contain. We began the

service in the morning at five: and even then the Church was nearly filled.

Thursday 25, I rode with Mr. Grimshaw to Roughlee, where Thomas Colbeck, of Keighley, was to meet us. We were stopped again and again, and begged "Not to go on; for a large mob from Colne was gone before us." Coming a little farther, we understood they had not reached Roughlee. So we hastened on, that we might be there before them. All was quiet when we came. I was a little afraid for Mr. Grimshaw. But it needed not. He was ready to go to prison or death for Christ's sake. At half an hour after twelve I began to preach. I had about half finished my discourse, when the mob came pouring down the hill like a torrent. After exchanging a few words with their Captain, to prevent any contest, I went with him as he required. When we came to Barrowford, two miles off, the whole army drew up in battle array, before the house into which I was carried, with two or three of my friends. After I had been detained above an hour, their Captain went out and I followed him, and desired him to conduct me whence I came, he said, he would: but the mob soon followed after: at which he was so enraged, that he must needs turn back to fight them, and so left me alone. A farther account is contained in the following letter, which I wrote the next morning:

"WIDDOP, AUGUST 26, 1748.

"SIR,

"YESTERDAY, between twelve and one o'clock, while I was speaking to some quiet people, without any noise or tumult, a drunken rabble came, with clubs and staves, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, the Captain of whom, R. B. by name, said, he was a deputy-constable, and that he was come to bring me to you. I went with him, but I had scarce gone ten yards, when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might. Quickly after, another threw his stick at my head. I then made a little stand. But another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out, 'Bring him away.' With such a convoy I walked to Barrowford, where they informed me you were, their drummer going before, to draw all the rabble together from all quarters. When your deputy had brought me into the house, he permitted Mr. Grimshaw, the Minister of Haworth, Mr. Colbeck, of Keighley, and one more, to be with me, promising, that none should hurt them. Soon after you and your friends came in, and required me to promise 'I would come to Roughlee no more,' I told you, I would sooner cut off my hand, than make any such promise. Neither would I promise, that none of my friends should come. After abundance of rambling discourse (for I could keep none of you long to any one point) from about one o'clock till between three and four, (in which one of you frankly said, 'No, *we* will *not* be like Gamaliel; we will proceed like the Jews,') you seemed a little satisfied with my saying, 'I will not preach at Roughlee at this time.'—You then undertook to quiet the

mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased. I then walked out with you at the back door. I should have mentioned, that I had several times before desired you to let me go in, but in vain: and that when I attempted to go with R. B., the mob immediately followed, with oaths, curses, and stones; that one of them beat me down to the ground, and when I rose again, the whole body came about me like lions, and forced me back into the house. While you and I went out at one door, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Colbeck went out at the other. The mob immediately closed them, tossed them to and fro with the utmost violence, threw Mr. Grimshaw down, and loaded them both with dirt and mire of every kind: not one of your friends offering to call off your blood-hounds from the pursuit. The other quiet, harmless people, who followed me at a distance, to see what the end would be, were treated still worse, not only by the connivance, but by the express order of your deputy. They made them run for their lives, amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Some of them they trampled in the mire, and dragged by the hair, particularly Mr. Mackford, who came with me from Newcastle. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down (or they would have thrown him headlong) from a rock, ten or twelve feet high, into the river. And when he crawled out, wet and bruised, they swore they would throw him in again, which they were hardly persuaded not to do. All this time you sat well-pleased close to the place, not attempting, in the least, to hinder them. And all this time you were talking of justice and law! Alas, Sir, suppose we were Dissenters, (which I deny) suppose we were Jews or Turks, are we not to have the benefit of the laws of our country? Proceed against us by the law, if you can or dare; but not by lawless violence: not by making a drunken, cursing, swearing, riotous mob, both judge, jury, and executioner: this is flat rebellion against God and the King, as you may possibly find to your cost."

Between four and five we set out from Roughlee. But observing several parties of men upon the hills, and suspecting their design, we put on and past the lane they were making for, before they came. One of our brothers, not riding so fast, was intercepted by them. They immediately knocked him down, and how it was that he got from amongst them he knew not. Before seven we reached Widdop. The news of what had passed at Barrowford, made us all friends. The person in whose house Mr. B. preached, sent and begged I would preach there: which I did at eight, to such a congregation as none could have expected, on so short a warning. He invited us also to lodge at his house, and all jealousies vanished away.

Friday 26, I preached at five, to much the same congregation. At twelve we came to Heptonstal-bank. The house stands on the side of a steep mountain, and commands all the vale below. The place in which I preached was an oval spot of ground, surrounded with spreading trees, scooped out, as it were, in the side of a hill, which rose round like a theatre. The congregation was equal to that at Leeds. But such serious and earnest attention! It lifted up my

hands, so that I preached as I scarce ever did in my life. About four, I preached again to nearly the same congregation, and God again caused the power of his love to be known. Thence we rode to Midgeley. Many flocked from all parts, to whom I preached till near an hour after sun set. The calmness of the evening agreed well with the seriousness of the people; every one of whom seemed to drink in the word of God, as a thirsty land the refreshing showers.

Saturday 27, I preached once more at seven to the earnest people at the Bank, and then rode to Todmorden-edge. Here several prisoners were set at liberty, as was Mr. Mackford the day before. At five I preached at Mellerburn in Rosendale. There were a few rude people; but they kept at a distance, and it was well they did, or the unawakened hearers would have been apt to handle them roughly. I observed here what I had not then seen, but at one single place in England. When I had finished my discourse, and even pronounced the blessing, not one person offered to go away: but every man, woman, and child, stayed just where they were, till I myself went away first.

Sunday 28, I was invited by Mr. U., the Minister of Goodshaw, to preach in his Church. I began reading prayers at seven; but perceiving the Church would scarce contain half the congregation, after prayers I went out, and standing on the Church-yard wall, in a place shaded from the sun, explained and enforced those words in the second Lesson, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.* I wonder at those, who still talk so loud of the indecency of field-preaching. The highest indecency is in St. Paul's Church, when a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in a Church-yard or field, when the whole congregation behave and look, as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard him speak from heaven. At one I went to the Cross in Bolton. There was a vast number of people, but many of them utterly wild. As soon as I began speaking, they began thrusting to and fro; endeavouring to throw me down from the steps on which I stood. They did so once or twice; but I went up again, and continued my discourse. They then began to throw stones; at the same time some got upon the Cross behind me to push me down, on which I could not but observe, how God overrules even the minutest circumstances. One man was bawling just at my ear, when a stone struck him on the cheek, and he was still. A second was forcing his way down to me, till another stone hit him in the forehead, it bounded back, the blood ran down, and he came no farther. The third, being close to me, stretched out his hand, and in the instant a sharp stone came upon the joints of his fingers. He shook his hand, and was very quiet, till I concluded my discourse and went away. We came to Shackerly, six miles further, before five in the evening. Abundance of people were gathered before six, many of whom were disciples of Dr. Taylor, laughing at Original Sin, and consequently, at the whole frame of Scriptural Christianity. O what a providence is it which has brought us here also, among these silver-tongued An-

tichrists! Surely a few, at least, will recover out of the snare, and know Jesus Christ as their wisdom and righteousness!

Monday 29, I preached at Davy-holme. I had heard a surprising account, concerning a young woman of Manchester, which I now received from her own mouth. She said, "On Friday the 4th of last March, I was sitting in the house while one read the Passion-hymn. I had always before thought myself good enough, having constantly gone to Church and said my prayers, nor had I ever heard any of the Methodist preachers. On a sudden I saw our Saviour on the cross, as plain as if it had been with my bodily eyes: and I felt it was *my* sins for which he died. I cried out, and had no strength left in me. Whether my eyes were open or shut, he was still before me hanging on the cross, and I could do nothing but weep and mourn day and night. This lasted till Monday in the afternoon. Then I saw, as it were heaven open, and God sitting upon his throne, in the midst of ten thousand of his saints: and I saw a large book in which all my sins were written; and he blotted them all out, and my heart was filled with peace, and joy, and love, which I have never lost to this hour."

In the evening I preached at Booth-bank. Tuesday 30, I preached about one at Oldfield-brow. We rode in the afternoon to Woodly; we saw, by the way, many marks of the late flood: of which John Bennet, who was upon the place, gave us the following account:

"On Saturday the 23d of July last, there fell, for about three hours, in and about Heyfield, in Derbyshire, so heavy a rain as caused such a flood as had not been seen by any now living in those parts. The rocks were loosened from the mountains: one field was covered with huge stones from side to side; several water-mills were clean swept away, without leaving any remains; the trees were torn up by the roots, and whirled away like stubble; two women of loose character were swept away from their own door and drowned: one of them was found near the place; the other was carried seven or eight miles; Heyfield Church-yard was all torn up, and the dead bodies swept out of their graves. When the floood abated, they were found in several places. Some were hanging on trees; others left in meadows or grounds; some partly eaten by dogs, or wanting one or more of their members."

Wednesday 31, John Bennet shewed me the house of a gentleman, who was a few years since utterly without God in the world. But two or three years ago, God laid his hand both upon his body and soul. His sins dropped off: He lived holy and unblameable in all things; and not being able to *go about doing good*, he resolved to do what good he could at home. To this end he invited his neighbours to his house, every Sunday morning and evening, (not being near any Church) to whom he read the prayers of the Church, and a sermon. Sometimes he had a hundred and fifty, or two hundred of them at once. At Bongs I received an invitation from him; so John Bennet and I rode down together: and found him rejoicing under the hand of God, amidst all his pain and weakness.

In the evening I preached at Chinley: Thursday, September 1, near Finney-green at noon, and in the evening near Astbury. Friday 2, I preached at Wednesbury in the afternoon, and thence rode to

Maridan. Riding long stages the next day, we reached St. Alban's, and the Foundery on Sunday morning. In the following week I examined the Classes, and settled all the business which had called me to London. Monday 12, I preached at Reading, and rode to Hungerford. Tuesday 13, I preached in the new-built room at Bristol. Thursday 15, I rode to Beercrocombe, where between six and seven, I preached to a serious congregation. At three, Friday 16, we took horse, and came in the evening to Lifton, near Launceston. One who removed from Camelford hither, received us gladly. I had not been well all the day, so that I was not sorry they had no notice of my coming. Being much better in the morning, I preached at seven in the street, to a listening multitude, on *Repent ye and believe the Gospel.* After preaching I rode on to Mr. Bennet's. In the evening I read prayers and preached in Tresmere Church. Sunday 18, I rode to St. Ginnys. Mr. Bennet read prayers and I preached, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I question if there were more than two persons in the congregation, who did not take it to themselves. Old Mrs. T. did, who was in tears during a great part of the sermon. And so did Mr. B., who afterwards spoke of himself in such a manner as I rejoiced to hear. Between three and four we reached Tresmere, where a large congregation waited for us. There was no need of speaking terrible things to these, a people ready prepared for the Lord. So I began immediately after prayers, *All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto himself.* A little before six I preached again near St. Stephen's downs. The whole multitude were silent while I was speaking. Not a whisper was heard. But the moment I had done, the chain fell off their tongues. I was really surprised. Surely never was such a cackling made, on the banks of Cayster, or the common of Sedgmoor.

Monday 19, I rode to Camelford, and preached about noon, none now offering to interrupt. Thence I went to Port-Isaac, and preached in the street at five to near the whole town: none speaking an unkind word. It rained most of the time; but I believe not five persons went away.

Tuesday 20, The Room was full at four. I breakfasted about seven, at Warbridge, with Dr. W., who was for many years a steady, rational Infidel. But it pleased God to touch his heart in reading the Appeal. And he is now labouring to be altogether a Christian. After preaching at one at St. Agnes, I went on to St. Ives. The lives of this society have convinced most of the town, that what we preach is the very truth of the Gospel.

Friday 23, I preached at St. Ives, Ligeon, and Gulval. Saturday 24, at St. Just. I rejoiced over the society here; their hearts are so simple and right toward God. And out of one hundred and fifty persons, more than a hundred walk in the light of his countenance.

Sunday 25, Believing my strength would not allow of preaching five times in the day, I desired John Whitford to preach at five. At eight I preached in Morva, near the village of Trembath. Hence I rode to Zennon: Mr. Simmonds came soon after, and preached a close, awakening sermon, which I endeavoured to enforce by earnest-

ly applying those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I reached Newlin a little after four. Here was a congregation of quite a different sort. A rude, gaping, staring rabble-rout, some or other of whom were throwing dirt or stones continually. But before I had done, all were quiet and still, and some looked as if they felt what was spoken. We came to St. Ives about seven: the Room would nothing near contain the congregation: but they stood on the orchard all round and could hear perfectly well. I found to-night, that God can wound by the Gospel as well as by the law, although the instances of this are exceeding rare, nor have we any Scripture-ground to expect them. While I was enforcing, *We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,* a young woman, till then quite unawakened, was cut to the heart, and sunk to the ground: though she could not give a clear rational account of the manner how the conviction seized upon her.

Monday 26, I took my leave of St. Ives; about noon preached at Sithney, and at six in the evening at Crowan. Tuesday 27, at one I preached in Penryn, in a convenient place, encompassed with houses. Many of the hearers were at first like those of Newlin; but they soon softened into attention. About four I came to ——, examined the Leaders of the classes for two hours: preached to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall: met the society, and earnestly charged them, to *beware of covetousness.* All this time I was not asked, either to eat or drink. After the society, some bread and cheese were set before me.

Wednesday 28, I took horse between three and four, and came to St. Mewan's at eight. It rained all the time I was walking to the Green, which was the usual place of preaching. But the moment I began to speak, the rain ceased, and did not begin again till I had done speaking. It rained with little intermission all the day after, which made the roads so bad, that it was pretty dark, when we came within two miles of Crimble passage. We were in doubt, whether the tide would allow us to ride along the sands, as we do at low-water. However, it being much the shortest way, we tried. The water was still rising. And at one step our foremost man plunged in, above the top of his boots. Upon inquiry, we found his horse had stumbled on a little rock which lay under water So we rode on, reached the passage about seven, and the Dock a little before eight. We found great part of the congregation still waiting for us. They attended again at four in the morning. At five we took horse, and by easy riding, soon after eight, came to Tavistock. After I had preached, we hasted on, rested an hour at Oakhampton, and soon after sun-set came to Crediton. We could willingly have stayed here, but John Slocomb had appointed to meet us at Collumpton. Soon after we set out, it was exceeding dark, there being neither moon nor stars. The rain also made it darker still, particularly in the deep, narrow lanes. In one of these we heard the sound of horses coming toward us, and presently a hoarse voice cried, "What have you got?" Richard Moss understood him better than I, and replied, "We have no panniers." Upon which he answered, "Sir, I ask your pardon;" and went by

very quietly. There were abundance of turnings in the road, so that we could not easily have found our way at noon-day. But we always turned right, nor do I know that we were out of the way once. Before eight the moon rose: we then rode cheerfully on, and before ten reached Collumpton.

Friday 30, I preached at eleven in Taunton, at three in Bridgewater, at seven in Middlesey. Saturday, Oct. 1, I preached at Waywick about one, and then rode quietly on to Bristol. I examined the society the following week, leaving out every careless person, and every one who wilfully and obstinately refused to meet his brethren weekly. By this mean their number was reduced from nine hundred to about seven hundred and thirty.

Sunday 9, I began examining the Classes in Kingswood. I was never before so fully convinced of the device of Satan, which has often made our hands hang down, and our minds evil affected to our brethren. Now, as ten times before, a cry was gone forth, "What a scandal do *these people* bring upon the Gospel! What a *society* is this! With *all these* drunkards, and tale-bearers, and evil-speakers in it!" I expected therefore, that I should find a heavy task upon my hands, and that none of these *scandalous people* might be concealed, I first met all the Leaders, and inquired particularly of each person in every Class. I repeated this inquiry when the Classes themselves met. And what was the ground of all this outcry? Why, *two* persons had relapsed into drunkenness within three months time; and *one* woman was proved to have made, or at least related, an idle story concerning another! I should rather have expected *two and twenty* instances of the former, and *one hundred* of the latter kind.

Thursday 13, I preached in Bath at noon, to many more than the Room would contain. In the evening I preached in the street at Westbury, under Salisbury-plain. The whole congregation behaved well, though it was a town noted for rough and turbulent people. Friday 14, I preached at Reading, and on Saturday 15, rode to London.

Saturday 22, I spent an hour in observing the various works of God in the Physic Garden at Chelsea. It would be a noble improvement of the design, if some able and industrious person were to make a full and accurate inquiry into the use and virtues of all these plants: without this, what end does the heaping them thus together answer, but the gratifying an idle curiosity?

Tuesday, November 1, Being All-Saints-day, we had a solemn assembly at the Chapel: as I cannot but observe we have had on this very day, for several years. Surely, "right dear in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints!"

Sunday 13, Sarah Peters, a lover of souls, a mother in Israel, went to rest. During a close observation of several years, I never saw her, upon the most trying occasions, in any degree ruffled, or discomposed, but she was always loving, always happy. It was her peculiar gift and her continual care, to seek and to save that which was lost: to support the weak; to comfort the feeble-minded, to bring back what had been turned out of the way. And in doing this, God endued her above her fellows, with the love that *believeth, hopeth,*

and endureth all things. "For these four years last past (says one who was intimately acquainted with her,) we used once or twice a week to unbosom ourselves to each other. I never knew her to have one doubt concerning her own salvation. Her soul was always filled with the holy flame of love, and ran after Christ as the chariots of Aminadab. She used to say, "I think I am all spirit; I must be always moving; I cannot rest day or night, any longer than I am gathering in souls to God.' Yet she would often complain of her weakness and imperfections, and cry out, 'Lord, I am an unprofitable servant.' I was sometimes jealous that she carried her charity too far, not allowing herself what was needful. But she would answer, 'I can live upon one meal a day, so that I may have to give to them that have none.'"

On Sunday, October 9, she went with one more to see the condemned malefactors in Newgate. They inquired for John Lancaster in particular, who had sent to desire their coming. He asked them to go into his cell, which they willingly did, although some dissuaded them from it, because the goal-distemper (a kind of pestilential fever) raged much among the prisoners. They desired he would call together as many of the prisoners as were willing to come. Six or seven of those who were under sentence of death came. They sung a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. Their little audience were all in tears, most of them appeared deeply convinced of their lost estate. From this time her labours were unwearied among them, praying with them, and for them, night and day. John Lancaster said, "When I used to come to the Foundery every morning, which I continued to do for some time, I little thought of ever coming to this place. I then often felt the love of God, and thought I should never commit sin more. But after awhile, I left off coming to the preaching; then my good desires died away. I fell again into the diversions I had laid aside, and the company I had left off. As I was one day playing at skittles with some of these, a young man, with whom I was now much acquainted, gave me a part of the money which he had just been receiving for some stolen goods. This, with his frequent persuasions, so wrought upon me, that at last I agreed to go partners with him. Yet I had often strong convictions, but I stifled them as well as I could. We continued in this course till August last. As we were then going home from Bartholomew-fair, one morning about two o'clock, it came into my mind to go and steal the branches out of the Foundery. I climbed over the wall, and brought two of them away, though I trembled, and shook, and made so great a noise, that I thought all the family must be dead, or else they could not but hear me. Within a few days after, I stole the velvet, for which I was taken up, tried, and condemned."

Some being of opinion it would not be difficult to procure a pardon for him, S. Peters, though she never mentioned this to him, resolved to leave no means unattempted. She procured, several petitions to be drawn, and went herself to Westminster, to Kensington, and to every part of the town where any one lived, who might possibly assist therein. In the mean time, she went constantly to Newgate,

sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two others, visited all that were condemned in their cells, exhorted them, prayed with them, and had the comfort of finding them every time more athirst for God than before, and of being followed, whenever she went away, with abundance of prayers and blessings. After a time, she and her companions believed it would be of use to examine each closely as to the state of his soul. They spoke to John Lancaster first. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and after pausing awhile, said, "I thank God, I do feel, that he has forgiven my sins. I *do* know it." They asked, "How, and when he knew it first?" He replied, "I was in great fear and heaviness, till the very morning you came hither first: that morning I was in earnest prayer; and just as St. Paul's clock struck five, the Lord poured into my soul such peace as I had never felt, so that I was scarce able to bear it. From that hour I have never been afraid to die. For I know, and am sure, as soon as my soul departs from the body, the Lord Jesus will stand ready to carry it into glory."—The next who was spoken to was Thomas Atkins, nineteen years of age. When he was asked (after many other questions, in answering which he expressed the clearest and deepest conviction of all his sins, as well as that for which he was condemned,) if he were not afraid to die? he fixed his eyes upward and said, in the most earnest and solemn manner, "I bless God, I am not afraid to die; for I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus." And to the last moment of his life, he gave all reason to believe, that these were not vain words. —Thomas Thomson, the next, was quite an ignorant man, scarce able to express himself on common occasions: yet some of his expressions were intelligible enough. "I do not know," (said he,) "how it is; I used to have nothing but bad and wicked thoughts in me, and now they are all gone, and I know God loves me, and he has forgiven my sins." He persisted in this testimony till death, and in a behaviour suitable thereto.—When John Roberts came first into Lancaster's cell, he was utterly careless and sullen. But it was not long before his countenance changed; the tears ran down his cheeks, and he continued from that hour earnestly seeking repentance and remission of sins. There did not pass many days before he likewise declared, that the burden of sin was gone; that the fear of death was utterly taken away, and it returned no more.—William Gardiner, from the time that he was condemned, was very ill of the goal-distemper. She visited him in his own cell, till he was able to come abroad. He was a man of exceeding few words, but of a broken and contrite spirit. Some time after, he expressed great readiness to die, yet with the utmost diffidence of himself. One of his expressions, to a person accompanying him to the place of execution was, "O Sir, I have nothing to trust to but the blood of Christ. If that will not do, I am undone for ever."—As soon as Sarah Cunningham was told, that the warrant was come down for her execution, she fell raving mad. She had but few intervals of reason, till the morning of her execution. She was then sensible, but spoke little; till being told' "Christ will have pity upon you, if you ask him:" she broke out, "Pity upon me! Will Christ have pity upon *me?* Then I *will* ask him. Indeed

I will:" which she did in the best manner she could, till her soul was required of her.—Samuel Chapman appeared to be quite hardened. He seemed to fear neither God nor devil. But when, after some time, Sarah Peters talked with him, God struck him down at one stroke. He felt himself a sinner, and cried aloud for mercy. The goal-distemper then seized upon him, and confined him to his bed, till he was carried out to die. She visited him frequently in his cell. He wept and prayed much; but never had any clear assurance of his acceptance with God.

It was the earnest desire of them all, that they, whom God had made so helpful to them, might spend the last night with them. Accordingly she came to Newgate at ten o'clock, but could not be admitted on any terms. However, so far they were indulged, that six of them were suffered to be in one cell. They spent the night, wrestling with God in prayer. She was admitted about six in the morning. As soon as the cell was opened, they sprang out, several of them crying, with a transport not to be expressed, "O what a happy night have we had! What a blessed morning is this! O when will the hour come that we long for, that our souls shall be set at liberty!" The Turnkey said, "I never saw such people before." When the bell-man came at twelve o'clock, to tell them, (as usual) "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! Welcome news!" John Lancaster was the first who was called out, to have his irons knocked off. When he came to the block, at which this is done, he said, "Blessed be the day I came into this place! O what a glorious work hath the Lord carried on in my soul since I came in hither!" Then he said to those near him, "O my dear friends, join in praise with me a sinner. O for a tongue to praise him as I ought. My heart is like fire in a close vessel. I am ready to burst for want of vent. O that I could tell the thousandth part of the joys I feel!" One saying, "I am sorry to see you in that condition;" he answered, "I would not change it for ten thousand worlds." From the press-yard, he was removed into a large room, where he exhorted all the officers to repentance, till Thomas Atkins was brought in: whom he immediately asked, "How is it between God and your soul?" He answered, "Blessed be God, I am ready." An officer asking about this time "What is it o'clock?" was answered, "Near nine." On which Lancaster said, "By one I shall be in paradise, safely resting in Abraham's bosom." To another prisoner coming in, he said, "Cannot you see Jesus! I see him by faith, standing at the right hand of God, with open arms to receive our souls." One asking, "Which is Lancaster?" He answered, "Here I am. Come, see a Christian triumphing over death." A bye-stander said, "Be steadfast to the end." He replied, "I am, by the grace of God, as steadfast as the rock I am built upon, and that rock is Christ." Then he said to the people, "Cry to the Lord for mercy, and you will surely find it. I have found it. Therefore none should despair. When I came first to this place, my heart was as hard as my cell walls, and as black as hell. But now I am washed, now I am made clean by the blood of Christ." When William Gardiner came in, he said, "Well, my dear man, how are

you?" He answered, "I am happy, and think the moments long; for I want to die, that I may be with him whom my soul loveth." Lancaster asked, "Had we not a sweet night?" He said, "I was, as it were, in heaven. O, if a foretaste be so sweet, what must the full enjoyment be!" Then came in Thomas Thompson, who, with great power, witnessed the same confession. The people around, in the mean time, were in tears, and the officers stood like men affrighted. Then Lancaster exhorted one in doubt, never to rest till he had found rest in Christ. After this he broke out into strong prayer, (mingled with praise and thanks-giving,) that the true Gospel of Christ might spread to every corner of the habitable earth: that the congregation at the Foundery might abound more and more in the knowledge and love of God: that he would, in a particular manner bless all those, who had taken care of his dying soul; and that God would bless and keep Messrs. Ws., that neither men nor devils might ever hurt them, but that they might, as a ripe shock of corn, be gathered into the garner of God.

When the last prisoner came into the room, he said, "Here is another of our little flock." An officer said tenderly, "He thought it was too large." He said, "Not too large for heaven: thither we are going." He said to Mr. M.: "O Sir, be not faint in your mind. Be not weary of well-doing. You serve a glorious Master. And if you go on you will have a glorious reward." When the officers told them, it was time to go, they rose with inexpressible joy, and em braced each other, commending each other's soul to the care of Him, who had so cared for them. Lancaster then earnestly prayed, that all there present might, like him, be found of God, though they sought him not. Coming into the Press-yard, he saw Sarah Peters. He stepped to her, kissed her, and earnestly said, "I am going to Paradise to-day; and you will follow me soon." The crowd being great, they could not readily get through. So he had another opportunity of declaring the goodness of God. And to one in heaviness he said, "Cry unto the Lord and he will be found. My soul for thine, he will have mercy upon thee." Then he said to all, "Remember Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils. So rely ye on him for mercy; and you will surely find it." As they were preparing to go into the cart, he said, "Come, my dear friends, let us go on joyfully, for the Lord is making ready to receive us into everlasting habitations." Then turning to the spectators, he said, "My friends, God be your guide. God direct you in the right way to eternal glory. It is but a short time and *we* shall be where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Turn from the evil of your ways, and you also with us shall stand with the innumerable company on Mount-Sion." As they went along, he frequently spoke to the people, exhorting them to repentace. To some he said, "Ye poor creatures! do you not know where I am going. See that you love Christ; see that you follow Christ, and then you will come there too." He likewise gave out and sung several hymns; particularly that with which he was always deeply affected,

"Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We still recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary:
And let us go in peace."

All the people who saw them seemed to be amazed; but much more so when they came to the place of execution. A solemn awe overwhelmed the whole multitude. As soon as the executioner had done his part with Lancaster, and the two that were with him, he called for a hymn-book, and gave out a hymn with a clear, strong voice. And after the Ordinary had prayed, he gave out and sung the fifty-first Psalm. He then took leave of his fellow-sufferers, with all possible marks of the most tender affection. He blessed the persons who had attended him, and commended his own soul to God. Even a little circumstance that followed seems worth observing. His body was carried away by a company hired of the Surgeons: but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred, in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf. One thing, which occasioned some amazement was, that even after death there were no marks of violence upon him; his face was not at all bloated or disfigured; no, nor even changed from its natural colour. But he lay with a calm, smiling countenance, as one in a sweet sleep He died on Friday, and was buried on Sunday, October 30.

Sarah Peters, having now finished her work, felt the body sink apace. November 3, she took to her bed, having the symptoms of a malignant fever. She praised God in the fire for ten days, continually witnessing the good confession, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; I am going to receive the crown." And a little after midnight, on Sunday 13, her spirit also returned to God.

Monday 14, I rode to Windsor, and after preaching, examined the members of the Society. The same I did at Reading in the evening, at Wycombe on Tuesday, and on Wednesday at Brentford; in the afternoon I preached to a little company at Wandsworth, who had just begun to seek God; but they had a rough setting out; the rabble gathering from every side, whenever they met together, throwing dirt and stones, and abusing both men and women in the grossest manner. They complained of this to a neighbouring Magistrate, and he promised to do them justice. But Mr. C. walked over to his house and spoke so much in favour of the rioters, that they were all discharged. It is strange, that a mild, humane man, could be persuaded by speaking quite contrary to the truth, (a mean as bad as the end,) to encourage a merciless rabble, in outraging the innocent! A few days after, Mr. C., walking over the same field dropped down and spoke no more! Surely the mercy of God would not suffer a well-meaning man to be any longer a tool to persecutors.

Monday 21, I set out for Leigh in Essex; it had rained hard in the former part of the night, which was succeeded by a sharp frost;

so that most of the road was like glass; and the North-east wind sat just in our faces. However, we reached Leigh by four in the afternoon. Here was once a deep, open harbour; but the sands have long since blocked it up, and reduced a once flourishing town to a small, ruinous village. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the place in the evening, and to many in the morning, and then rode back to London.

Monday, December 5, I retired to Newington to write. I preached every evening to a little company; one who stumbled in among them on Wednesday, was a man eminent for all manner of wickedness: he appeared much affected, and went away full of good desires and resolutions.

Thursday 8, A poor mourner found peace. When she related it to me in the morning, I told her, "If you watch and pray, God will give you more of his love." She replied, "More! Why is it possible I should feel more love to God than I do now?" The natural thought of new-born babes, who feel as much as their hearts will *then* contain. In the evening I saw one in a far different state. He was crying out, (in a high fever,) "O Sir, I am dying without God, without Christ, without hope!" I spoke strongly of the mercies of God in Christ, and left him a little revived. The next night he told me, "For some time after you were here, I was I know not how; so light and easy! I had no doubt but God would have mercy upon me; but now I am dark again, I fear, lest I should perish at the last." He then broke out into prayer. I left him a little easier, beginning again to cast his care upon God.

Sunday 11, Several of our brethren called upon him, and found his hope gradually increasing. Monday 12, he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God, and said, he feared nothing but lest he should live and turn back into the world. Before noon he was a little delirious; but as soon as any one spoke of God, he recovered himself and prayed so vehemently, as to set all who heard him, in tears. I called once more about six in the evening, and commended his soul to God. He was speechless, but not without sense, as the motion of his lips plainly shewed; though his eyes were generally fixed upwards, with a look which said, "I see God." About half an hour after I went away, his soul was set at liberty. Thus, in the strength of his years, died Francis Butts, one, in whose lips was found no guile. He was an honest man, fearing God, and earnestly endeavouring to work righteousness.

Thursday 15, Having procured a sight of that amazing compound of nonsense and blasphemy, the last hymn-book published by Count Zinzendorf's brethren, I believed it was my bounden duty, to transcribe a few of those wonderful hymns, and publish them to all the world, as a standing proof, that there is no folly too gross for those who are wise above what is written.

Saturday 24, I buried the body of William Turner, who, towards the close of a long illness, had been removed into Guy's Hospital, though with small hope of recovery. The night before his death he was delirious, and talked loud and incoherently, which occasioned

many in the ward to gather round his bed, in order to divert themselves. But in that hour it pleased God to restore him at once to the full use of his understanding; and he began praising God, and exhorting them to repent, so as to pierce many to the heart. He remained for some time in this last labour of love, and then gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 27, Mr. Glanville died. He was at the burial of Francis Butts, and was then saying, "What a mercy it is, that I am alive! that I was not cut off a year ago!" The same night he was taken ill, and was for the most part delirious. In his lucid intervals he seemed intent on the things of God. I saw him not till the night before his death; he answered me sensibly once or twice, saying, "He hoped to meet me in a better place." Then he raved again; so I used a short prayer, and commended his spirit to God.

Monday, January 2, 1749, I had designed to set out with a friend for Rotterdam. But being much pressed to answer Dr. Middleton's book against the Fathers, I postponed my voyage, and spent almost twenty days in that unpleasing employment.

Saturday 28, I looked over the celebrated Tract of Mr. Daille on the Right Use of the Fathers. I soon saw what occasion that good man had given to the enemies of God to blaspheme; and that Dr. Middleton in particular had largely used that work, in order to overthrow the whole Christian System.

Sunday, February 5, Mr. Manning being dangerously ill, I was desired to ride over to Hayes. I knew not how the warm people would behave, considering the stories which passed current among them, Mrs. B. having averred to Mr. M. himself, "That Mr. Wesley was unquestionably a Jesuit." Just such a Jesuit in principle, (and desirous of being such in practice,) as Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston was. But God made all things easy. Far from any tumult or rudeness, I observed deep attention in almost all the congregation. Sunday 12, Mr. M. having had a relapse, I rode over again; and again I observed the same decency of behaviour in a much larger congregation.

Tuesday 14, I rode with my brother to Oxford, and preached to a small company in the evening. Thursday 16, we rode to Ross, and on Friday to Garth.

Sunday 19, My brother preached at Maesmennys in the morning. I preached at Builth in the afternoon, and at Garth in the evening. Tuesday 21, I rode to Ragland, and the next day to Kingswood.

Thursday 23, My design was, to have as many of our Preachers here, during the Lent, as could possibly be spared; and to read lectures to them every day, as I did to my pupils in Oxford. I had seventeen of them in all: these I divided into two classes, and read to one, "Bishop Pearson on the Creed;" and to the other, "Aldrich's Logic;" and to both, "Rules for Action and Utterance."

Friday, March 3, I corrected the Extract of John Arndt, designed for part of the Christian Library. But who can tell, whether that and a hundred other designs will be executed or not? *When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish!*

Saturday 11, I rode to Freshford, three or four miles from Bath. The house not containing the people, I was obliged to preach out of doors. It was dark when I began, and rained all the time I preached. But, I believe, none went away.

Sunday 12, After preaching at five, I rode to Bearfield, and preached there between eight and nine, and about one, at Seend; Mrs Andrews, the wife of a neighbouring Clergyman, afterwards invited me to his house; (in her husband's name,) there I found

"An hoary, reverend, and religious man;"

the very sight of whom struck me with awe: he told me, "His only son, about nine years ago, came to hear me preach at Bearfield; he was then in the flower of his age, but remarkable above his years, both for piety, sense, and learning; he was clearly and deeply convinced of the truth, but returned home ill of the small-pox. Nevertheless, he praised God for having been there, rejoiced in a full sense of his love, and triumphed more and more over sickness, pain, and death, till his soul returned to God. He said, "He had loved me ever since, and greatly desired to see me; and that he blessed God he had seen me once before he followed his dear son into eternity." At five I preached at Bearfield again. This day I was wet from morning to night, with the continued rain; but I found no manner of inconvenience.

Tuesday 14, Having set apart an hour weekly for that purpose, I met the Children of our four schools together; namely, the boys boarded in the new house, the girls boarded in the old: the day-scholars (boys) taught by James Harding, and the girls taught by Sarah Dimmock. We soon found the effect of it in the children, some of whom were deeply and lastingly affected.

Friday 31, I began abridging Dr. Cave's Primitive Christianity. O what a pity that so great piety and learning should be accompanied with so little judgment!

Monday, April 3, I set out for Ireland. We waited more than four hours at the passage: by which delay I was forced to disappoint a large congregation at Newport. About three I came to Pedwas, near Caerphilly. The congregation had waited some hours. I began immediately, wet and weary as I was, and we rejoiced over all our labours.

In the evening, and the next morning, (Tuesday 4,) I preached at Cardiff. O what a fair prospect was here some years ago! Surely this whole town would have known God, from the least even to the greatest, had it not been for men leaning to their own understanding, instead of the law and the testimony. At twelve I preached at Lanmais, to a loving, earnest people; who do not desire to be any wiser than God. In the evening I preached at Fonmon, the next morning at Cowbridge. How is the scene changed since I was here last, amidst the madness of the people, and the stones flying on every side! Now all is calm; the whole town is in good humour, and flock to hear the glad tidings of salvation. In the evening I preached at Lantrissent.

Thursday 6, We rode to a hard-named place on the top of a mountain; I scarce saw any house near: however, a large number of honest, simple people, soon came together, but few could understand me: so Henry Lloyd, when I had done, repeated the substance of my sermon in Welsh. The behaviour of the people recompenced us for our labour, in climbing up to them. About noon we came to Aberdare, just as the bell was ringing for a burial. This had brought a great number together, to whom, after the burial, I preached in the Church. We had almost continued rains from Aberdare to the great rough mountain that hangs over the vale of Brecknock: but as soon as we gained the top of this, we left the clouds behind us. We had a mild, fair, sun-shiny evening, the remainder of our journey.

Friday 7, We reached Garth. Saturday 8, I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage.

Sunday 9, I preached at Builth, Maesmennys, and Garth. Monday 10, A little after ten we reached Lanidlos. Many were come thither before us from all parts. About eleven, I preached in the market-place. The wind was so piercing, that whenever it came in my face, it almost took away my voice. But the poor people (though all of them stood bare-headed,) seemed not to know there was any wind at all. We rode from hence in three hours to a village seven miles off. The persons, at whose house we called, knowing who we were, received us with open arms, and gladly gave us such fare as they had. In three hours more we rode with much ado, seven miles farther, to a village, named Dynas-mouthy: here an honest man, out of pure good-will, without my knowing any thing of the matter, sent for the most learned man in the town, who was an Exciseman, to bear me company. He sent an excuse, being not very well, but withal invited me to his house. I returned him thanks, and sent him two or three little books; on which he wrote a few lines, begging me to call upon him. I went, and found one that wanted a Saviour, and was deeply sensible of his want. I spent some time with him in conversation and prayer, and had reason to hope, the seed was sown in good ground.

Tuesday 11, We reached Dall-y-gelly in less than three hours, Tannabul before noon, and Caernarvon in the evening. What need there is of guides over these sands I cannot conceive: this is the third time I have crossed them without any.

Wednesday 12, We came to Holyhead between one and two. But all the ships were on the Irish side. One came in the next day, but could not go out, the wind being quite contrary. In this journey I read over Statius's Thebais: I wonder one man should write so well and so ill. Sometimes he is scarcely inferior to Virgil; sometimes as low as the dullest parts of Ovid. In the evening I preached, on *Be ye also ready*. The poor people seemed now to be much affected; and equally so the next night. So that I was not sorry the wind was contrary.

Saturday 15, We went on board at six, the wind then standing due east. But no sooner were we out of the harbour, than it turned south-

west, and blew a storm. Yet we made forward, and about one o'clock, came within two or three leagues of land. The wind then wholly failed: a calm suddenly following a storm, produced such a motion as I never felt before. But it was not long before the wind sprung up west which obliged us to stand away for Skerries. When we wanted a league of shore, it fell calm again, so that there we rolled about till past sun-set. But in the night we got back into Dublin-bay, and landed soon after three at Dunleary, about seven English miles from the city. Leaving William Tucker to follow me in a chaise, I walked straight away and came to Skinner's alley, a little before the time of preaching. I preached, on *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.* In the afternoon, and again in the evening, (in our own garden,) I preached on *Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy and grace to help in time of need.*

On Thursday and Friday I examined the classes, and was much comforted among them. I left about four hundred in the society; and after all the stumbling-blocks laid in the way, I found four hundred and forty-nine.

Sunday 23, We had several showers in the afternoon, while I was preaching in our garden, and, toward the conclusion, a vehement shower of hail. But all kept their ground till I concluded.

Monday 24, The cold, which I had had for some days, growing worse and worse and the swelling which began in my cheek, increasing greatly, and paining me much, I sent for Dr. Rutty. But in the mean time, I applied boiled nettles, which took away the pain in a moment. Afterwards I used warm treacle, which so abated the swelling, that before the Doctor came, I was almost well. However, he advised me, "Not to go out that day." But I had appointed to read the letters in the evening. I returned home as early as I could, and found no inconvenience.

Saturday 29, I rode to Tyrrel's-pass, and preached in the evening, and on Sunday morning and evening. Monday, May 1, I preached at five in the evening at Edenderry, to an exceeding well-behaved congregation. I preached at five in the morning, (many Quakers being present,) on *Ye shall be all taught of God.* In the evening I preached at Mountmelick.

Wednesday 3, I preached at Tullamore. Thursday 4, at Clara about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. I never saw so large a congregation here on a week-day before; among whom were many of the soldiers, (the remains of the regiment wherein John Nelson was) and seven or eight of the officers. They all behaved well, and listened with deep attention.

Friday 5, This day and the next, I endeavoured to see all who were weary and faint in their minds. Most of them, I found, had not been used with sufficient tenderness. Who is there that sufficiently weighs the advice of Kempis? "Nole duriter agere cum tentato." Deal not harshly with one that is tempted.

Sunday 7, I preached, as usual, at five and at three, with the spirit of convincing speech. The Rector preached in the afternoon (though

it is called Morning Service,) a close, useful sermon, on the Fear of God. At five I had great numbers of the poor Papists (as well as Protestants) maugre all the labour of their priests. I called aloud, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that no money!* Strange news to them! One of whom had declared frankly, but a few days before, "I would fain be with you, but I dare not: for now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year; and this could not be in *your* Church." We had a triumphant hour when the Society met. Several captives were set at liberty: one of these was Mr. Joseph Ch—, who had been an eminent man for many years for cursing, swearing, drinking, and all kinds of fashionable wickedness. On Monday last he had rode fifteen miles to Tyrrel's-pass, and came thither before five in the morning. He was immediately convinced, and followed me in from the preaching. I was then examining a class. The words cut him to the heart. He came after me to Athlone, (when he had settled some temporal business) having his eyes continually filled with tears, and being scarcely able to eat, or drink, or sleep. But God now wiped away the tears from his eyes; and he returned to his house, to declare what things God had wrought.

Monday 8, I rode to Aughrim, where the face of things was quite changed since the time I was there before. Here was now a serious congregation from all the country round. I preached about seven, and afterwards explained the Nature and Use of a Society. The first who desired to join therein, was Mr. S., his wife, and daughter.

Tuesday 9, I rode to Ahaskra, six miles south, at the desire of Mr. G., the Rector. As the Papists durst not come into the Church, I preached before Mr. G.'s door. I should not have imagined this was the first time of their hearing this preaching, so fixt and earnest was their attention. In the morning, Wednesday 10, I think the congregation was larger than in the evening; among whom was the Rector of a neighbouring parish, who seemed then much athirst after righteousness. Mr. Wade of Aughrim, rode with me hence to Eyre-court, about fourteen miles from Ahaskra. Here I preached in the market-house, a large, handsome room, to a well behaved congregation. Thence I rode on to Birr, and preached at seven to a large unconcerned congregation. The next day, both in the morning and evening, I spoke very plainly and roughly. And the congregation had quite another appearance than it had the night before. So clear it is, that love will not always prevail; but there is a time for the terrors of the Lord.

Friday 12, Before nine we came to Nenagh. I had no design to preach; but one of the dragoons quartered there, would take no denial. So I ordered a chair to be carried out, and went to the market-place. Presently such a congregation was gathered round me, as I had not seen since I left Athlone. To these I spake as I was able, the whole counsel of God, and then rode cheerfully on to Limerick. Between six and seven I preached at Mardyke, (an open place without the walls) to about two thousand people: not one of whom I observed either to laugh or to look about, or to mind any thing but the sermon. some years since, an old abbey here was rebuilt, with a design to have

public service therein: but that design failing, only the shell of it was finished. Of this (lying useless) the Society has taken a lease. Here I preached in the morning, Saturday 13, to six or seven hundred people. We went then to prayers at the Cathedral, an ancient and venerable pile. In the afternoon I walked round the walls of the town, scarce so large as Newcastle-upon-Tyne. And the fortifications are much in the same repair; very sufficient to keep out the wild Irish.

Sunday 14, being Whitsunday, our Church was more than full in the morning, many being obliged to stand without. I hardly knew how the time went, but continued speaking till seven o'clock. I went at eleven to the Cathedral. I had been informed, it was a custom here, for the gentry especially, to laugh and talk all the time of divine service: but I saw nothing of it. The whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved suitably to the occasion. In the evening, I preached to a numerous congregation on, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* We afterwards met the society. Six or seven prisoners of hope were set at liberty this day.

Monday 15, A company of revellers and dancers had, in the afternoon, taken possession of the place where I used to preach. Some advised me to go to another place; but I knew it needed not. As soon as ever I came in sight, the holyday mob vanished away.

Tuesday 16, I went to dine on the Island, (so they call a peninsula without the walls.) We had hardly dined, when one and another of the neighbours came in, till we had a company of sixteen or eighteen. We joined together in prayer and praising God, and many, I believe, went home rejoicing. How does the frequency and greatness of the Works of God make us less (instead of more) sensible of them! A few years ago, if we heard of one notorious sinner truly converted to God, it was matter of solemn joy to all that loved or feared him. And now that multitudes of every kind and degree, are daily turned from the power of darkness to God, we pass it over as a common thing! O God, give us thankful hearts!

Wednesday 17, I met the class of soldiers, eight of whom were Scotch Highlanders. Most of these were brought up well; but evil communications had corrupted good manners. They all said, from the time they entered into the army, they had grown worse and worse. But God had now given them another call, and they knew the day of their visitation.

Saturday 20, I saw a melancholy sight. A gentlewoman, of an unspotted character, sitting at home, on May 4, 1747, cried out, that 'something seized her by the side.' Then, she said, it was in her mouth. Quickly after she complained of her head. From that time she wept continually for four months, and afterwards grew outrageous; but always insisted 'That God had forsaken her, and that the devil possessed her body and soul.' I found it availed nothing to reason with her. She only blasphemed the more; cursing God, and vehemently desiring, yet fearing to die. However, she suffered me to pray, only saying, 'It signified not, for God had given her up.' Her brother gave me almost as strange an account of himself. Some

years since, as he was in the full career of sin, in a moment he felt the wrath of God upon him, and was in the deepest horror and agony of soul. He had no rest, day or night, feeling he was under the full power of the devil. He was utterly incapable of any business, so that he was obliged to shut up his shop. Thus he wandered up and down in exquisite torture, for just eighteen months: and then in a moment the pressure was removed: he believed God had not forsaken him. His understanding was clear as ever. He resumed his employ, and followed it in the fear of God.

Monday 22, The more I converse with this people, the more I am amazed. That God has wrought a great work among them is manifest. And yet the main of them, believers and unbelievers, are not able to give a rational account of the plainest principles of religion. It is plain, God begins his work at the heart; then the inspiration of the Highest giveth understanding.

Wednesday 24, A gentlewoman called upon me, with her son, who, she informed me, was given over last summer, having long been ill of a wasting distemper, and expected death every day. In this state, he was one day in an agony of prayer, when God revealed to him his pardoning love. He immediately declared this to his mother, telling her also, "I shall not die now; God has told me so." And he recovered from that very hour. About eight, several of us took boat for Newtown, six miles from Limerick. After dinner we took boat, in order to return. The wind was extremely high. We endeavoured to cross over to the leeward side of the river: but it was not possible. The boat being small, and overloaded, was soon deep in water; the more so, because it leaked much, and the waves washed over us frequently. And there was no staying to empty it; all our men being obliged to row with all their strength. After they had toiled about an hour, the boat struck upon a rock, the point of which lay just under the water. It had four or five shocks, the wind driving us on before we could get clear. But our men wrought for life: and about six o'clock God brought us safe to Limerick.

Sunday 28, I preached at Mardyke in the evening, on *God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.* I never saw, even at Bristol, a congregation which was at once so numerous and so serious.

Monday 29, I set out for Cork. We breakfasted at Brough, nine miles from Limerick. When I went into the kitchen, first one or two, then more and more of the neighbours gathered round me, listening to every word. I should soon have had a congregation, but I had no time to stay. A mile or two beyond Killmallock, (once a large and strong city, now a heap of ruins,) we saw the body of a man lying dead in the highway, and many people standing and looking upon it. I stopped and spoke a few words, all listened attentively, and one who was on horseback rode on with us. We quickly fell into discourse; I soon perceived he was a Priest, and found he was a sensible man. I gave him a book or two at parting, and he dismissed me with—"God bless you," earnestly repeated twice or thrice. We stopped awhile at Killdorrery in the afternoon, and took the opportunity of speaking closely to every one that understood English, and of giving them a

few books. What a nation is this! every man, woman, and child, (except a few of the great vulgar,) not only patiently, but gladly suffer the word of exhortation. Between six and seven we reached Rathcormuck. Mr. Lloyd read prayers, and I preached. Even the Papists ventured to come to Church for once, and were a very serious part of the congregation.

Tuesday 30, I preached at eleven, and the hearts of the people seemed to be as melting wax. These are now *willing in this day of his power*. But will not many of them harden their hearts again? In the afternoon I waited on Colonel Barry, and found him a serious and understanding man, and his long and painful illness seems to have been attended with good and happy fruit. Our congregation in the evening was larger than ever. And never since I came into this kingdom, was my soul so refreshed, as it was both in praying for them and in calling them to accept the redemption that is in Jesus. Just as we came out of Church, Mr. Skelton came from Cork, and told me 'I had no place there yet; it being impossible for me to preach now, while the rioters filled the streets.'

Wednesday 31, I preached at nine, and about eleven took horse: our way lay through Cork. We had scarce got into it, (though I had never been there till then,) before the streets, doors, and windows were full of people. But the mob had not time to gather together, till we were quite gone through the town. I rode to Bandon, a town which is entirely inhabited by Protestants. I preached at seven in the middle of the main street, on *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found*. Here were by far the largest congregations, both morning and evening, of any I had seen in Ireland.

Friday, June 2, I was sent for by a clergyman who had come twelve miles on purpose to talk with me. We had no dispute, but simply endeavoured to strengthen each other's hands in God. In the evening a gentlewoman informed me, that Dr. B. had averred to her and many others, 1, "That both John and Charles Wesley had been expelled the University of Oxford long ago. 2, that there was not a Methodist left in Dublin, or any where in Ireland, but Cork and Bandon; all the rest having been rooted out by order of Government. 3, That neither were there any Methodists left in England; and, 4, That it was all Jesuitism at the bottom." Alas, for poor Dr. B., God be merciful unto thee a sinner!

Saturday 3, At the request of many in the town, in the close of my evening sermon, I answered for myself. And have reason to believe it was much blessed to many of the congregation.

Sunday 4, Being extremely hoarse, I could not speak without difficulty. However I made shift to preach at nine, at two, and at five, the congregation continually increasing. I think the most general call of God, to the inhabitants of Bandon, was at, or about this time.

Monday 5, I rode to Blarney, three miles wide of Cork, where many of the Society met me. I spent some time with them in exhortation and prayer, and then went on to Rathcormuck. I was a little surprised at the acuteness of a gentleman here, who, in conversation with Colonel B., about late occurrences, said, 'He had heard there

was a people risen up that placed all religion in wearing long whiskers; and seriously asked, Whether these were not the same who were called Methodists!'

Wednesday 7, I set out with Mr. Lloyd, and breakfasted at Mr. T.'s, at Castle-hyde. They both rode with me to Killdorrery: about one I preached to some stocks and stones at Brough: in the evening to another sort of a congregation at Limerick, on *Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.* Four comfortable days I spent with this lively people, the like to whom I had not found in all the kingdom. Monday 12, I had appointed to take horse at four, that I might have time to preach at Nenagh, but no horses came till seven. At four I walked forward: after resting awhile at Tullah, I walked on, till an honest man overtaking me, desired me to ride behind him. With this help I came to Nenagh before eleven, preached there at twelve, and at Birr in the evening.

Tuesday 13, We rode over to Gloster, a beautiful seat, built by an English gentleman, who had scarce finished his house and laid out his gardens, when he was called to his everlasting home. Sir,—— and his Lady dined with us, whether coming by accident, or design, I know not. About five I preached in the stately Saloon, to a little company of plain, serious people; the fine ones looking on, and some of them *seeming* to be a little affected. I expounded at Birr about seven, in the strongest manner I could, the story of Dives and Lazarus.

Wednesday 14, We designed to dine at Ferbane, about twelve miles from Birr. We stopped at the first inn in the town. But they did not care to entertain heretics; neither did the people at the second inn. I alighted at the third, and went in, without asking any questions. Here I met with a woman very sick and very serious. Some of her neighbours quickly gathered about us, and we endeavoured to improve the opportunity. After some time spent in close conversation and prayer, we parted in much love. About seven I preached at Athlone. It being the time of the general review, abundance of soldiers and many officers were present. They all behaved with the utmost decency. But a gentleman of the town did not; which had like to have cost him dear. Many swords were drawn, but the officers interposed, and it went no farther.

Saturday 17, The wind being very tempestuous in the evening, I preached in our new-built House. Toward the close of the sermon, I asked, "Which of you will give yourself, soul and body, to God?" One cried out, with a cry that almost shook the house, "O! I will, I will." And as soon as she could stand, she came forth in the midst, to witness it before all the congregation. It was Mrs. Glass: her words pierced like lightning. Presently another witnessed the same resolution; and not long after, one who had been sorrowing as without hope, Mrs. Meecham, lifted up her head with joy, and continued singing and praising God to the dawn of the next day. Perceiving this was an acceptable time, I laid aside my design of meeting the Society, and continued in prayer with the whole congregation, till our hearts were as the heart of one man. When I had, at length, pronounced the blessing, no man stirred, but each stayed in his place till I

walked through them. I was soon called back by one crying out, "My God! my God! thou hast forgotten me." Having spoken thus, she sunk to the earth. We called upon God in her behalf. The cries both of her and several others, mourning after God, redoubled. But we continued wrestling with the Lord in prayer, till he gave us an answer of peace.

Sunday 18, I preached at five, and about two on the Connaught side of the river: thence I hastened to Aughrim, and endeavoured to awaken a serious, but sleepy congregation.

Monday 19, I rode over to Ahaskra, and thence to Mr. Mahon's, at Castle-garth. I had much conversation with Mrs. M——, and was much in doubt, from the account she gave of her own experience, whether she had not been justified many years, though she knew it not by that name. I preached at Ahaskra at six, both in the evening and in the morning: on Tuesday evening at Athlone. I then met the Society, where one, and another, and another, cried aloud for mercy: we called upon God, till several of them found mercy, and praised him with a good courage. I think more found peace with God in these four days, than in sixteen months before.

Wednesday 21, I rode to Tyrrel's-pass, but did not find that fervour of spirit in the congregation, which was among them the last year. Yet a few there were, who were still pressing on to the mark. Thursday 22, I preached at noon at a village, three miles from Tyrrel's-pass: in the evening at Tullamore, and on Friday, morning and evening. Saturday 24, I rode to Mountmelick, and dined with Joseph Fry, late a Quaker. Abundance of people were at the preaching in the evening, and all seemed to give earnest attention.

Sunday 24, I preached at eight to a still increasing congregation; and God's word was as a two-edged sword. I rode thence to Portarlington; a town inhabited chiefly by French. A Clergyman there received me gladly. Some time before, a gentleman of Mountmelick, had desired him to preach against the Methodists. He said, "He could not, till he knew what they were;" in order to which, he came soon after, and heard Mr. Larwood. And from that time, instead of preaching against them, he spoke for them, wherever he came. As soon as we came out of the Church, I went straight to the Market-house, and the whole congregation followed me. I had not seen in all Ireland so glittering a company before, unless at St. Mary's Church in Dublin; and yet all of them, high and low, behaved in such a manner, as became His presence before whom they stood. Thence I rode two miles farther, to Mr. L.'s house, at Closeland, near Ballabrittys. It rained the whole time that I was preaching. But the congregation regarded it no more than I did; though I was thoroughly wet before I had done, the shower driving full in my face.

Monday 26, We had a blessed opportunity at Mountmelick in the evening, while I was explaining the Covenant God hath made with us. The same spirit continued with us, at the meeting of the Society. So that my voice could not be heard for the voice of those who cried for mercy, or praised the God of their salvation.

Tuesday 27, I talked two hours with J. S., a Quaker. He spoke in the very spirit and language wherein poor Mr. Hall used to speak, before he made shipwreck of the grace of God. I found it good for me to be with him. It enlivened and strengthened my soul. I rode in the afternoon to Closeland, and preached in the evening and morning, to a people earnestly desirous of pleasing God.

Thursday 29, I rode to Portarlington again, and preached to a larger congregation than before. They all seemed to hear, not only with strong desire, but with understanding also. I afterwards explained to them the nature of a Society, and desired any who were willing so to unite together, to speak to me severally. Above threescore did so the same day.

Saturday, July 1, I preached at Mountmelick. Sunday 2, I preached at eight in Portarlington, and again at two. I scarce knew how to leave off; all the people seemed to be so deeply affected. The Society now contains above one hundred members, full of zeal and good desires. And in one week, the face of the whole town is changed. Open wickedness is not seen. The fear of God is on every side: and rich and poor ask, *What must I do to be saved?* And how long (I thought with myself) will this continue? In most, only till the fowls of the air come, and devour the seed Many of the rest, when persecution or reproach begins, will immediately be offended. And in the small remainder some will fall off, either through other desires, or the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches.

Monday 3, I preached at Eden-derry, and on Tuesday morning and evening. Almost every person who was present at the meeting of the Society, appeared to be broken in pieces. A cry went up on every side; till Joseph Fry, once as eminent a sinner as even Joseph Fry of Mountmelick, and since as eminent an instance of the grace of God, broke out into prayer. It was not long before praise and prayer were mixed together. And shortly after, prayer was swallowed up in thanksgiving.

Wednesday 5, I returned to Dublin. Sunday 6, I preached on the Green both morning and afternoon. And the congregation was considerably larger than any I had seen in Dublin before.

Wednesday 12, being one of the grand Irish festivals, by reason of "The breach; i. e. Battle of Aughrim," we had a very large congregation, to whom I shewed *what reward* they had *given unto the Lord for all his benefits.* I expected much of the usual courtesy from the mob when we came out: but I walked through them all in perfect peace, none molesting us, either by word or deed.

Tuesday 18, Mr. Miller (the Lutheran Minister) informed me, that in a Collection of Tracts, published at Buding, Count Zinzendorf's Brother had printed several passages of my Journal, and whatever else they could glean up which tended to prejudice the Lutherans against the Methodists. Was this merely to shew their goodwill? Or to obviate my testimony?

Wednesday 19, I finished the Translation of Martin Luther's Life. Doubtless he was a man highly favoured of God, and a blessed instrument in his hand. But, O! what a pity that he had no faithful friend!

None, that would, at all hazards, rebuke him plainly and sharply for his rough untractable spirit, and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God.

Thursday 20, I saw Dr. Stephen's hospital, far cleaner and sweeter than any I had seen in London; and the Royal Hospital for old soldiers, standing on the top of a hill, overlooking the Phœnix-park. All the buildings are kept not only in good repair, but likewise exactly clean. The hall is exceeding grand; the chapel far better finished than any thing of the kind in Dublin. O what is wanting to make these men happy? Only the knowledge and love of God.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. VIII.

FROM JULY 20, 1749, TO OCTOBER 30, 1751.

THURSDAY, July 20, 1749, about ten at night we embarked for Bristol, in a small sloop. I soon fell asleep. When I awaked in the morning we were many leagues from land, in a rough, pitching sea. Toward evening the wind turned more against us, so that we made but little way. About ten we were got between the Bishop-and-his-clerks (the rocks so called) and the Welsh shore, the wind blew fresh from the South: so that the Captain, fearing we should be driven on the rocky coast, steered back again to sea. On Saturday morning we made the Bishop-and-his-clerks again, and beat to and fro all the day. About eight in the evening it blew hard, and we had a rolling sea: notwithstanding which, at four on Sunday morning, we were within sight of Minehead. The greatest part of the day we had a dead calm; but in the evening the wind sprung up, and carried us into Kingroad. On Monday morning we landed at the quay in Bristol.

Tuesday 25, I rode over to Kingswood, and inquired particularly into the state of our School there. I was concerned to find that several of the rules had been habitually neglected. I judged it necessary therefore to lessen the family; suffering none to remain therein, who were not clearly satisfied with them, and determined to observe them all.

Thursday 27, I read Mr. Law on the Spirit of Prayer. There are many masterly strokes therein, and the whole is lively and entertaining, but it is another Gospel. For if God were never *angry*, as this Tract asserts, he could never be *reconciled.* And consequently the whole Christian doctrine of *reconciliation by* Christ, falls to the ground at once. An excellent method of converting Deists, by giving up the very essence of Christianity.

Sunday 30, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. B. assisted my brother and

me at Kingswood. How many there are that run well for a season! But *he that endureth to the end, shall be saved.*

I received a letter about this time from Ireland, a part of which follows:

"*Tyrrel's-pass, July* 24, 1749.

"DEAR SIR,

"Many have found a sense of the pardoning love of God at Athlone since you left it; and the Society, in general, are on the stretch for the kingdom of God. The Lord has kindled a fire in Aughrim likewise. The last time but one that I was there, several were struck with deep convictions, which continued till I came again. While I was meeting the Society there, the Governess of Mr. S.'s children was struck to the ground, and, in a short time, was filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The next morning, his steward was cut to the heart, and fell upon his knees in the midst of the sermon, as did Mr. S. himself, together with his wife, and great part of the congregation. The steward went home full of peace and love. This has set the whole Society on fire: so that now every one is crying out, What must *I* do to be saved?

"The same fire is kindled at Portarlington. I went thither the next Sunday after you. One then found a sense of God's pardoning love: and last Saturday in the Society some cried out, and some fell to the ground, three of whom found peace to their souls.

"I was at Mountmelick likewise the next Sunday after you, and the power of God was present to heal. Two that were heavy laden, found rest that night. The next time we met, we scarcely knew how to part. We continued singing and praying till five persons received a clear manifestation of the love of God. Another found the same blessing while I was preaching this morning. We spent some time afterwards at James Moss's house, in praying with some that were under deep convictions; and two of them went home rejoicing in God their Saviour. I was now informed of two more that were rejoicing in God: So that in Mountmelick twelve persons, in all, have found the peace that passeth all understanding, since you left that place.

"I preached at Rahew likewise, the week after you were there. The man of the house had fetched his mother from a considerable distance. She had never heard a Methodist preacher before. She was soon cut to the heart, and cried out aloud. One behind her bid her fall upon her knees, which she presently did, and the whole house was in one cry. I broke off my discourse, and began to pray, which I continued till I was so spent, I could hardly speak. I went out to take a little breath, and came in again. She was crying out, 'I am dropping, dropping into hell; its mouth is open, ready to swallow me up.' I went to prayer again, and before we had done, God spoke peace to her soul. She was filled with joy unspeakable, and could but just say, 'I am in a new world; I am in a new world.'

"From the whole, I cannot but observe two things, 1, What a blessing it is, when any one who finds that peace, declares it openly before all the people, that we may break off and praise God. If this

were always done, it would be good for many souls. The first that found it on Sunday evening, spoke before all, and we praised God. The moment she spoke, another, and then another found peace, and each of them spoke aloud; and made the fire run through the whole congregation. I would observe, 2, The woman at Rahew had never before seen any one in the like trouble. Therefore she could not cry out, because she had heard others do it, but because she could not help it; because she felt *the word of God sharper than a two-edged sword.* And generally the sharper the convictions are, the sooner they are over.

"This is from your son in the Gospel,
"I. R."

Tuesday, August 1, I spent a solemn hour with our children at Kingswood. After having settled all things there, and at Bristol, I returned to London, where I received a remarkable account from Cork. On August 19, twenty-eight depositions were laid before the Grand Jury there, but they threw them all out, and at the same time made that memorable presentment, which is worthy to be preserved in the annals of Ireland, to all succeeding generations:

"We find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his Majesty's peace, and we pray he may be transported.

"We find and present James Williams, &c.

"We find and present Robert Swindle, &c.

"We find and present Jonathan Reeves, &c.

"We find and present John Larwood, &c.

"We find and present Joseph M'Auliff, &c.

"We find and present Charles Skaron, &c.

"We find and present William Tooker, &c.

"We find and present Daniel Sullivan to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his Majesty's peace, and we pray he may be transported."

Daniel Sullivan was an honest Baker, who had lived in Cork many years, I suppose in as good fame as any of his trade in the city. But he had entertained my brother, and several other Methodists: nay, and suffered them to preach in his house. The other names (only most of them miserably mangled and murdered) were designed for the names of eight preachers who had been there.

Monday, August 28, I left London, and in the evening came to Great Potten. About six I went out into the Market-place, and called to a confused multitude, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.* Great things were threatened, but nothing done. We had a quiet and comfortable meeting, and there was reason to hope that the word of God sunk into the hearts of many.

Tuesday 29, Having appointed some from Grimsby to meet us this evening at Lincoln, (which we supposed to be within a day's ride) we set out an hour before day; and rode, with only an hour or two's intermission, till above an hour after sunset: but we could reach no farther than Cold-harbour, six miles short of Ancaster. The next

morning we rode on to Lincoln, but could hear nothing of our guides: So we determined, after waiting several hours, to make the best of our way to Epworth; where the next evening I enforced those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

I had the satisfaction about this time of an agreeable letter from a gentleman in Ireland. Part of which is subjoined:

"REVEREND SIR,

"Your favour of the 15th instant I received the 22d. I am more satisfied than ever, that you aim at nothing but what has an immediate tendency to the glory of God, and the salvation of mankind.

"I cannot help thinking that your design considered in this light, allowing even of some mistakes, must be deemed very praise-worthy. As to myself, in particular, I must own it gives me infinite satisfaction, to find that you have spoken to so good an effect in our town and neighbourhood. My Church is more frequented than ever it was; and I have the pleasure of seeing a greater decency, and more of zeal and attention than I could have dared to promise myself: which has also this effect upon me, that I find myself better disposed than ever, to distribute to those who attend my ministry, such food, as may yield them comfort here, and happiness hereafter. I heartily wish this may continue, and that the people may not cool. If so, we may hope to see wickedness generally decline, and virtue and godliness take place. I see this work of your's, through God's blessing, thus successfully carried on, without any ill-will or jealousy, and could wish that all the Clergy were, in that respect, of the same mind with me.

"Your Society here keeps up well; and is, I believe, considerably increased since you left it. I frequently attend the preaching; and though I am much reflected on for it, this does not in any-wise discourage me. While I am conscious to myself that I do no harm, I am careless of what men can say of me.

"Michael Poor, lately a Romanist, who is now of your Society, read his recantation on Sunday last.—Pray let us know when you or your brother intend for this kingdom and town: for be sure, none wish more sincerely to see and converse with you than I, who am sincerely,

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"Your very affectionate brother and servant.

"*August* 29, 1749."

Friday, September 1, I spoke severally with the members of the Society.

Saturday 2, I gathered up a few at Belton, who did once run well, and seemed now resolved, no more to *forsake the assembling of themselves together.*

Sunday 3, At nine I preached at Misterton to a very large and attentive congregation: between one and two at Overthorp, near Haxey; and at Epworth about five. In the intervals of preaching, I spoke with the members of the Society in each place: most of whom I found either already alive to God, or earnestly panting after him.

Monday 4, We rode to Syke-house; and on Tuesday in the afternoon reached Osmotherly.

Wednesday 6, I reached Newcastle; and after resting a day, and preaching two evenings and two mornings, with such a blessing as we have not often found, on Friday set out to visit the northern Societies. I began with that at Morpeth, where I preached at twelve on one side of the market-place. It was feared the market would draw the people from the sermon, but it was just the contrary: they quitted their stalls, and there was no buying or selling till the sermon was concluded.

At Alnwick, likewise, I stood in the market-place in the evening, and exhorted a numerous congregation, to be always ready for Death, for Judgment, for Heaven. I felt what I spoke, as I believe did most that were present, both then and in the morning; while I besought them to present themselves, *a living, holy sacrifice, acceptable to God.*

Saturday 9, I rode slowly forward to Berwick. I was myself much out of order. But I would not lose the opportunity, of calling in the evening all that were *weary and heavy laden* to him who hath said, *I will give you rest.*

Sunday 10, I preached at eight, and at four in the afternoon; and in the hours between, spoke with the members of the Society, I met them all at seven, and a glorious meeting it was. I forgot all my pain, while we were praising God together; but after they were gone, I yielded to my friends, and determined to give myself a day's rest: So I spent Monday the 11th in writing; only I could not refrain from meeting the Society in the evening. The next evening God enabled me to speak searching words to an earnestly attentive congregation.

Wednesday 13, After preaching at five, I visited many, both of the sick and well: particularly, Robert Sutty, the first instrument, in God's hand, of awakening many in this place, who till then slept in sin. But, O! how changed! He seemed stripped both of his gifts and graces, and forsaken both of God and man. I had a delightful opportunity in the evening, of describing and comforting the broken in heart.

Thursday 14, Immediately after preaching, I took horse, and rode in a rough, stormy day to Alnwick. But before noon, it cleared up; so that I stood once more in the market-place, and called all to *come boldly to the throne of grace.* Hence I rode to Alemouth, and laboured to awaken a stupid, drowsy people, by preaching both in the evening and the next morning, in the most convincing manner I could. For the present, they seemed to be deeply affected: God grant it may continue!

Friday 15, I offered *the redemption, which is in Jesus,* to a more lively congregation at Widdrington. Saturday 16, I preached in Morpeth at noon; in Placey about five; and then rode on to Newcastle.

Sunday 17, I preached morning and evening in the Castle-garth; and on Wednesday the 20th set out for the western Societies. In the evening at Hineley-hill, our hearts were all melted down, in con-

sidering our great High-Priest; *who*, though *he is gone into the heavens*, is still sensibly *touched with the feeling of our infirmities*. A deep sense of his love constrained many to call upon him *with strong cries and tears;* and many others, though not in words, yet *with groanings that could not be uttered.*

Thursday 21, Moved by the pressing instances of Mr. Cownley, and convinced the providence of God called me thither, I left all my company, but Mr. Perronet, at Hineley-hill, and set out for Whitehaven. The next day I preached there in the market-place to a multitude of people, on *Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* I saw they were moved, and resolved to improve the opportunity: So after preaching, I desired those who determined to serve God, to meet me apart from the great congregation. To these I explained the design, nature, and use of Christian Societies. Abundance were present again at five in the morning, though we had no room but the market-place. At three in the afternoon I preached at Hensingham, a large colliery, about a mile from the town. The eagerness of the people put me in mind of the early days at Kingswood. O why should we not be always what we were once? Why should any leave their first love? At six I preached again in Whitehaven, on *Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden:* and at eight endeavoured to mould as many as desired it, into a regular Society.

Sunday 24, I began examining them one by one. At eight I preached at the Gins, another village, full of colliers, about half a mile from the town. The congregation was very large, and deeply attentive. Between one and two I preached again at Hensingham, to as many as my voice could command, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* Thence I hastened to Church; and in the midst of the service I felt a sudden stroke. Immediately a shivering ran through me, and in a few minutes I was in a fever. I thought of taking a vomit immediately, and going to bed; but when I came from Church, hearing there was a vast congregation in the market-place; I could not send them empty away. And while I was speaking to them, God remembered me, and strengthened me, both in soul and body.

Reflecting on the manner of God's working here, I could not but make the following remark: The work in Whitehaven resembles that at Athlone, more than does any other which I have seen in England. It runs with a swift and a wide stream; but it does not go deep. A considerable part of the town seems moved, but extremely few are awakened: and scarcely three have found a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the time of the first preaching to this day.

Monday 25, Mr. Cownley returned to Newcastle. Both at the morning and evening preaching many seemed greatly affected; as also on Tuesday morning; but it soon died away, and they did not feel *the power of God, unto salvation.*

Tuesday 26, Having appointed, before I left Hineley-hill, to preach there again on Wednesday evening; I set out about two in the afternoon, though extremely weak, having had a flux for some days. But God renewed my strength, so that I felt less pain and weariness every

hour. I had a solemn and delightful ride to Keswick, having my mind stayed on God.

Wednesday 27, I took horse at half an hour past three. There was no moon, or stars, but a thick mist, so that I could see neither road nor any thing else; but I went as right as if it had been noon-day. When I drew nigh Penruddock-moor, the mist vanished; the stars appeared, and the morning dawned; so I imagined all the danger was past. But when I was on the middle of the moor, the mist fell again on every side, and I quickly lost my way. I lifted up my heart. Immediately it cleared up, and I soon recovered the high-road. On Alstone-moor I missed my way again, and what I believe no stranger has done lately, rode through all the bogs without any stop, till I came to the Vale, and thence to Hineley-hill.

A large congregation met in the evening. I expounded part of the 20th chapter of the Revelation. But, O! what a time was this; it was as though we were already standing before the *great, white throne.* God was no less present with us in prayer; when one just by me cried with a loud and bitter cry. I besought God to give us a token, that all things should work together for good. He did so; he wrote pardon upon her heart: and we all rejoiced unto him with reverence.

Thursday 28, we set apart for fasting and prayer; John Brown and Mr. Hopper were with me. It was a day that ought not to be forgotten. We had all free access to the throne of grace; and a firm, undoubting confidence, that he in whom we believed, would do all things well.

Friday 29, I set out again for Whitehaven. The storm was exceeding high, and drove full in my face, so that it was not without difficulty I could sit my horse; particularly as I rode over the broad, bare backs of those enormous mountains which lay in my way. However, I kept on as I could, till I came to the brow of Hartside. So thick a fog then fell, that I was quickly out of all road, and knew not which way to turn; but I knew where help was to be found, in either great difficulties or small. The fog vanished in a moment, and I saw Gamblesby at a distance (the town to which I was going.) I set out early on Saturday the 30th, and in the afternoon reached Whitehaven.

About this time I was refreshed with a friendly letter from an excellent man, whom I had not heard from for several years. Part of it was as follows:

"*Ebenezer in Georgia, July* 25, 1749.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

"The sincere love to your worthy person, and faithful performance of your holy office, which the Lord kindled in my heart, during your presence at Savannah, hath not been abated, but rather increased, since the providence of God called you from us, and shewed you another field for the labour of your ministry.

"You were pleased in your last letter to Mr. Brown, of Savannah, to remember Ebenezer kindly, and desired to know what is the present state of our Settlement. Though we have felt greatly

the inconveniences of the long war, yet there are great alterations for the better in our town and plantations, since the time you were pleased to visit us. We have two large houses for public worship; one in town, the other in the middle of our plantations; two schools in the same places; two corn-mills; one pounding-mill for rice, and one saw-mill. In the first quantity of boards we sawed, we were cheated by an impostor, who undertook to ship them off to the West-Indies. But we did not lose our courage, though we met with almost insuperable difficulties, till our circumstances were mended by the hand of the Almighty. We are still in the favour of the Honourable Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; as also of many good Christians in Germany, who love us, pray fervently for us, and contribute all in their power to promote our spiritual and temporal prosperity.

"Through very hard labour, several of our people have left us, and are departed to a better country, in heaven. And the rest are weak and feeble in body, and not able to hold out long, unless relief is sent them by an embarkation of faithful servants from Germany. Besides widows and orphans, we have several that want assistance toward their maintenance: and this our good God hath sent us heretofore from Europe.

"After my dear fellow-labourer, Mr. Gronaw, died in peace, above three years ago, the Lord was pleased to send me another; who likewise, exactly follows the footsteps of his Saviour, to my great comfort, and the great benefit of our congregation. The Lord hath graciously joined us in mutual love and harmony in our congregations; and hath not permitted the *Hernhuters* (falsely called *Moravians*) nor other false Teachers to creep in among us. We are hated by wicked people, which prevents their settling among us; though we love them sincerely; and would have as many settle among us, as would keep such orders as Christianity and the Laws of England require them to do. This is all I thought it necessary to acquaint you with for the present; being with due regard, and cordial wishes for your prosperity in soul and body,

"Rev. and dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

"JOHN MARTIN BOLZIUS."

What a truly Christian piety and simplicity breathe in these lines! And yet this very man, when I was at Savannah, did I refuse to admit to the Lord's table, "because he was *not baptized:*" that is, not baptized by a Minister, who had been *episcopally ordained!* Can any one carry High-Church zeal higher than this? And how well have I been since beaten with mine own staff!

The *Hernhuters*, as he terms them, now published the following in the Daily-Post:—

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DAILY-POST.

"SIR,

"WHOSOEVER reckons that those persons in England, who are usually called *Moravians*, and those who are called *Methodists*, are the same, he is mistaken. That they are not the same people, is man-

ifest enough, out of the Declaration of Louis, late Bishop and Trustee of the Brethren's Church, dated at London, March, 1743. Which I here send you, as I find it printed in a collection of original papers of the Brethren, printed at Budingen, called the Budingen Samlung. Vol. III. page 852."

The *Methodists*, so called, heartily thank brother Louis for his declaration: as they count it no honour to be in any connexion, either with him, or his brethren. But why is he ashamed of his name? The Count's name is Ludwig, not Louis; no more than mine is Jean or Giovanni.

Sunday, October 1, I preached at the Gins about eight, to the usual congregation. And surely God was in the midst of them, breaking the hearts of stone. I was greatly comforted at Church, not only from the lessons both morning and afternoon, and in the Lord's supper, but even in the Psalms which were sung both at morning and evening service. At two I explained to an earnest congregation at Hensingham, *the redemption that is in Jesus Christ:* and at five exhorted a large multitude at Whitehaven, with strong and pressing words, to examine, whether they had sufficient grounds for calling either themselves or their neighbours Christians.

Monday 2, The darkness and rain were little hinderance either to me or the congregation, at five in the morning, (though we were all, as usual, in the open air) while I was explaining and applying those words, *God was in Christ*, reconciling *the world to himself.* I preached in the evening, on *Let us come boldly to the throne of grace;* and then gave my parting exhortation to the Society, now consisting of more than two hundred members. Just before I began preaching I received a letter from Mr. Whitefield, desiring me to meet him at Leeds on Wednesday evening, the very time at which I before purposed to be there. So we set out early on Tuesday 3. One of our brethren, who was a Yorkshire man, undertaking to put us into the way. He rode a little and a little farther, till we came to Old-hutton, above fifty miles from Whitehaven. We were dropping wet, having had heavy rain for several hours. But we soon got into warm beds, and all was well.

Wednesday 4, Our guide was resolved to go a little farther still: so we set out together, and rode on together to Leeds; though it was a long day's journey, finding us full employ from five in the morning, till nine at night.

Thursday 5, Mr. Whitefield preached at five in the morning: about five in the evening preached at Birstal, and God gave him both strong and persuasive words: such as, I trust, sunk deep into many hearts.

Friday 6, I preached at five, and then returned to my brother, whom I had left at Leeds. At noon we spent an hour with several of our Preachers, in exhortation and prayer About one I preached to a crowded audience of high and low, rich and poor. But their number was abundantly enlarged at five, as was my strength both of soul and body. I cried aloud to them all, *to look unto Jesus*, and scarcely knew when to leave off. I then waited upon Mr. M. for an

hour. O how could I delight in such acquaintance! But the will of God be done! Let me *acquaint* myself with *Him*, and it is enough.

Saturday 7, I rode in the afternoon to Bramley, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. Great attention appeared in every face; but no shaking among the dry bones yet.

Sunday 8, I preached in Leeds at seven; and between one and two began preaching at Birstal: but my voice (though I think it had not been stronger for some years) would not reach two-thirds of the congregation. I am afraid it was the same case at Leeds, when I preached at four, though I spoke with all the strength I had. Who would have expected such an inconveniency as this, after we had been twelve years employed in the work? Surely none will now ascribe the number of the hearers to the novelty of field-preaching!

Monday 9, Having promised to visit Newcastle again, I set out early, and came thither the next day. I was now satisfied that God had sent Mr. Whitefield thither in an acceptable time: many of those, who had little thought of God before, still retaining the impressions they received through him.

Wednesday 11, I rejoiced to find that God was still carrying on his work. Both in the morning and evening the hearts of many burned within them, while they were assembled in his name. And they felt his Word to be *the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.*

Friday 13, At the meeting of the Society, such a flame broke out as was never there before. We felt such a love to each other, as we could not express; such a spirit of supplication, and such a glad acquiescence in all the providences of God, and confidence that he would with-hold from us no good thing.

Sunday 15, The rain constrained me to preach in the house, both morning and afternoon: but I could not repine; for God was there, and spoke peace to many hearts.

Monday 16, I preached at four to a large congregation, and rode to Sandhutton that night. Two or three miles short of it we overtook a man, whom a woman riding behind him stayed upon his horse. On my saying, "We ought to thank God it is a fair night;" "O Sir, (said the man) so we ought: and I thank him for every thing: I thank him that I am alive; and that the bull which tossed me to-day only broke two or three of my ribs; for he might have broke my neck." Tuesday 17, In the afternoon we came to Leeds. I preached on *I am the Resurrection and the Life:* afterwards I spent a solemn hour with the Society, and commended them to the grace of God.

Wednesday 18, I rode, at the desire of John Bennet, to Rochdale in Lancashire. As soon as ever we entered the town, we found the streets lined on both sides with multitudes of people, shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and gnashing upon us with their teeth. Perceiving it would not be practicable to preach abroad, I went into a large room, open to the street, and called aloud, *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.* The word of God prevailed over the fierceness of man. None opposed or inter-

rupted: and there was a very remarkable change in the behaviour of the people, as we afterwards went through the town.

We came to Bolton about five in the evening. We had no sooner entered the main street, than we perceived the lions at Rochdale were lambs in comparison of those at Bolton. Such rage and bitterness I scarcely ever saw before, in any creatures that bore the form of men. They followed us in full cry to the house where we went; and as soon as we were gone in, took possession of all the avenues to it, and filled the street from one end to the other. After some time the waves did not roar quite so loud. Mr. P. thought he might venture out. They immediately closed in, threw him down, and rolled him in the mire; so that when he scrambled from them, and got into the house again, one could scarcely tell what or who he was. When the first stone came amongst us through the window, I expected a shower to follow; and the rather, because they had now procured a bell to call their whole forces together. But they did not design to carry on the attack at a distance: presently one ran up and told us, the mob had burst into the house: he added, that they had got J. B. in the midst of them. They had; and he laid hold on the opportunity to tell them of *the terrors of the Lord.* Meantime D. T. engaged another part of them with smoother and softer words. Believing the time was now come, I walked down into the thickest of them. They had now filled all the rooms below. I called for a chair. The winds were hushed, and all was calm and still. My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word. What a turn was this! O how did God *change the counsel of* the old Ahithophel *into foolishness!* and bring all the drunkards, swearers, sabbath-breakers, and *mere sinners* in the place, to hear of his plenteous redemption!

Thursday 19, Abundantly more than the house could contain were present at five in the morning, to whom I was constrained to speak a good deal longer than I am accustomed to do. Perceiving they still wanted to hear, I promised to preach again at nine, in a meadow near the town. Thither they flocked from every side; and I called aloud, *All things are ready; come unto the marriage.* O how have a few hours changed the scene! We could now walk through every street of the town, and none molested, or opened his mouth, unless to thank or bless us.

At one I preached at Shackerley, four miles from Bolton, and thence rode on to Davyholme. Here I received a letter from Richard Cawley of Alpraham, with an invitation from the Minister of Acton. After preaching in the morning at Davyholme, and about ten at Boothbank, in the afternoon, Friday 20, I rode on, and between four and five came to Alpraham. A large congregation was waiting for me, whom I immediately called to seek *God while he may be found.* Many came again at five in the morning, and seemed just ready not only to *repent*, but also *believe the Gospel.*

Saturday 21, By conversing with several here, I found we were not now among publicans and sinners, but among those who, awhile

ago, supposed they *needed no repentance.* Many of them had been long *exercising themselves unto godliness,* in much the same manner as we did at Oxford: but they were now thoroughly willing to renounce their own, and accept *the righteousness which is of God by faith.*

A gentleman, who had several years before heard me preach at Bath, sending to invite me to dinner, I had three or four hours serious conversation with him. O *who maketh* me *to differ?* Every objection he made to the Christian system has passed through my mind also: but God did not suffer them to rest there, or to remove me from the hope of the Gospel.

I was not surprised when word was brought that the Vicar of Acton had not the courage to stand to his word: neither was I troubled. I love indeed to preach in a Church: but God can work wherever it pleaseth him.

Sunday 22, I preached at seven in Richard Cawley's house; and about one at Little Acton. We then rode on to Woor; and the next afternoon came, wet and weary enough, to Wednesbury. I hoped for a hours rest here; but it was a vain hope: for notice had been given that I would preach at Bilbrook in the evening; so I had seven or eight miles to ride back. I preached about six, and again in the morning.

On Tuesday 24, About noon we came to Dudley. At one I went to the Market-place, and proclaimed the name of the Lord to a huge, unwieldy, noisy multitude, the greater part of whom seemed in no wise to know wherefore they were come together. I continued speaking about half an hour, and many grew serious and attentive, till some of Satan's servants pressed in, raging and blaspheming, and throwing whatever came to hand. I then retired to the house from which I came. The multitude poured after, and covered over with dirt many that were near me; but I had only a few specks: I preached in Wednesbury at four to a noble people, and was greatly comforted among them: so I was likewise in the morning, Wednesday 25. How does a praying congregation strengthen the Preacher!

After preaching again at one, I rode to Birmingham. This had been long a dry uncomfortable place; so I expected little good here: but I was happily disappointed. Such a congregation I never saw there before; not a scoffer, not a trifler, not an inattentive person, so far as I could discern, among them. And seldom have I known so deep, solemn a sense of the power, and presence, and love of God. The same blessing we had at the meeting of the Society; and again at the morning preaching. Will then God, at length, cause even this barren wilderness to blossom and bud as the rose?

Thursday 26, We came to Knowle between nine and ten, a furious, turbulent place from the beginning. I began preaching directly in the yard of the Inn, to a few gaping, staring people, before the mob could assemble. They increased apace, and were tolerably attentive. In the afternoon we rode to Evesham, where I preached in the evening and morning, and then went forward to Stanley. The congregation was larger than could have been expected, upon a few hours

warning: and they all appeared both glad to hear, and willing to embrace the word of reconciliation. In the evening I preached at Wallbridge, near Stroud; and the next day, Saturday 28, reached Bristol.

Sunday 29, I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol, on *Ye have need of patience.* It was more particularly at Bristol that God refreshed my soul, and applied, what I spoke, to my own heart.

Monday 30, I retired to Kingswood, to write part of the Volume of Sermons which I had promised to publish this winter. Wednesday, November 8, I preached in Bath at noon and at Second in the evening: on Thursday evening the 9th. at Reading, and on Friday in London.

Here I found an excellent letter from a friend abroad; part of which I add in his own words; being unable so to translate them, as not to lose great part of the spirit of the Original:

"Charissime Frater,

"Gratia, pax, & multifariæ Spiritus Sancti consolationes tibi tuæque Societati sint, & multiplicentur a Deo nostro per Servatorem nostrum. *Amen.*

"Tuas gratissimas *Ratcormucki* datas accepi, & ex illis summo cum gaudio grandem in variis *Angliæ* & *Hiberniæ* partibus januam vobis apertam esse intellexi, dum multi adversarii evangelicæ doctrinæ sese opponerent.

"Literas tuas ad D. Perronet datas *(A plain Account, &c.)* non quidem legi, sed devoravi. Omniaque adeo mihi arriserunt, ut vix me cohibere possim, quin Londinum devolem, *veniam & videam* Societatis tuæ ordinationes. Sed catenis variis quasi vinctus, nolens volens hic adstrictus sum. Quamprimum tamen literas illas vertam & typis mandabo, una cum tractatulo illo, *The Character of a Methodist.*—Forte, si non multos, aliquos excitabit clericos aut laicos, ad vestigia evangelica integrius premenda.—Admodum mihi placet, te nec sectæ alicui, nec dogmatibus specificis sectarum adhærere, nec patronum eorum agere, sed cuique libertatem relinquere de iis credendi quid velit, modo vere in Deum Filiumque ejus dilectum credat, Deum ex toto corde amet, a peccatis abstineat, & vitam vocatione evangelica dignam ducat. Mi *Jane*, dilectissime, frater, rogo, precor, & obtestor per viscera misericordiarum Dei & Filii sui, ut ipsissimam hanc vitam insistas, ac premere pergas, nec polemicis te immisceas. Certa solummodo bonum illud fidei puræ, integræ, evangelicæ certamen, nec ullos hostes præter carnem corruptam, ejusque desideria mundana debelles. Cane pejus & angui fugias dogmata multiplicare, & de non necessariis disputare, quæ bina Satanæ stratagemata fuere quibus ecclesiam ab integritate & simplicitate evangelica sensim aberrare fecit.

"Doleo vehementer te tot tamque gravibus & multifariis negotiis esse obrutum. Quam libenter pro tenuitate mea te, tuosque levare, gravissimaque illa onera ferre vellem, novit Omniscius. Is, precor ardenter, fulciat, sustentet, & animum vobis addat, ut Satanæ ejusque asseclarum regnum magis magisque indies destruatur, & Dei ejusque Filii regnum erigatur, dimanet & penetret omnes animos, illorum imprimis quorum mentem mundi dominus occæcavit.

"Hisce votis te demando Deo, verboque ejus gratiæ, qui te sociosque tuos ædificent & hæreditatem possidendam dent in omnibus sanctis. Vale, mi *Jane*, frater amicissime, & me amare perge.

"Tui ex animo amantissimus,

"JOHANNES DE KOKER.

"*Dabam, Rotterodami, Oct.* 10, 1749."

I was fully determined to take another journey to Rotterdam, on purpose to see this worthy man:

"But Death had swifter wings than Love."

Before I could get thither he was gathered to his fathers.

Sunday 12, Many complaints were made to me of a general deadness among the people of London, at the very time that those in most other parts of England were so remarkably alive to God. It was chiefly owing to a few persons, who were continually labouring to spread offences among them. But it was not long before the plague was stayed: some of these incendiaries separating from us; others being convinced that they had been doing the work of the devil, in the name of the Lord.

Thursday 16, I buried the remains of Martha Somerset, late a mother in Israel: one who never left her first love, never abated in zeal, never was weary of well-doing, from the hour she first found redemption in Christ, till her spirit returned to God.

Monday 20, I rode to Mr. Perronett's at Shoreham, that I might be at leisure to write.

Saturday, December 2, After preaching in the morning I rode to Bexley, and preached about eleven. At three in the afternoon I began at Deptford, and found a more than ordinary blessing: but a still greater at Snowsfields, where it seemed as if all would just then *know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest.*

Sunday 3, I preached, as usual, at five, at ten, and at five in the evening; besides meeting the Leaders, the Bands, the Preachers, and our own family. But I felt no faintness or weariness either of body or mind. Blessed be my strong helper!

Monday 4, I retired to Lewisham. On Saturday 9, I read the surprising extract of Mr. Brainerd's Journal. Surely then God hath once more *given to the Gentiles repentance unto life!* Yet amidst so great matter of joy I could not but grieve at this, that even so good a man as Mr. Brainerd should be *wise above that is written;* in condemning what the Scripture no where condemns; in prescribing to God the way wherein he should work; and (in effect) applauding himself, and magnifying his own work, above that which God wrought in Scotland, or among the English in New-England: whereas, in truth, the work among the Indians, great as it was, was not to be compared to that at Cambuslang, Kilsith, or Northampton.

Monday 11, I retired to Newington once more, and on Saturday 16, finished my Sermons. Monday 18, I rode to Leigh in Essex, and spoke in as awakening a manner as I could. Wednesday 20, I left the little flock in peace and love, and cheerfully returned to London.

Sunday 24, I saw an uncommon instance both of the justice and mercy of God. Abraham Jones, a serious, thinking man, about fifty years of age, was one of the first members of the Society in London, and an early witness of the power of God to forgive sins. He then stood as a pillar for several years, and was a blessing to all that were round about him: till growing wise in his own eyes, he saw this and the other person wrong, and was almost continually offended. He then grew colder and colder; till at length, in order to renew his friendship with the world, he went (which he had refused to do for many years) to a parish-feast, and stayed there till midnight. Returning home perfectly sober, just by his own door, he fell down and broke his leg. When the Surgeon came, he found the bone so shattered in pieces, that it could not be set. Then it was, when he perceived he could not live, that the terrors of the Lord again came about him. I found him in great darkness of soul, owning the just hand of God. We prayed for him, in full confidence that God would return. And he did, in part, reveal himself again. He had many gleams of hope and love; till, in two or three days, his soul was required of him. So awful a providence was immediately known to all the Society, and contributed not a little to the awakening them that slept, and stirring up those that were faint in their mind.

Monday 25, We had a solemn meeting at four. Indeed God was greatly with us during this whole season, in all our assemblies, to lift up them that had fallen, and to comfort the weak-hearted.

Wednesday 27, I saw the two Germans, whom God has so eminently blessed, in their labour of love to his ancient people. Great numbers of Jews in Poland, Muscovy, Prussia, and various parts of Germany, have been brought, by their unwearied endeavours, to search the Scriptures, Whether these things were so? And above six hundred of them have given proof, that they have a saving knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.

Sunday 31, I buried the remains of Abraham Jones, which gave me an opportunity of strongly exhorting all who had *set their hands to the plough, never to look back.*

Monday, January 1, 1750, A large congregation met at four o'clock, and began the year of jubilee in a better manner than they at Rome are accustomed to do. On several days this week I called upon many, who had *left their first love;* but they none of them justified themselves: one and all pleaded *guilty before God.* Therefore there is reason to hope, that he will return, and will abundantly pardon.

Thursday 11, I read, to my no small amazement, the account given by Monsieur Montgeron, both of his own conversion, and of the other miracles wrought at the tomb of Abbe Paris. I had always looked upon the whole affair as a mere legend, as I suppose most Protestants do: but I see no possible way to deny these facts, without invalidating all human testimony. I may full as reasonably deny there is such a person as Mr. Montgeron, or such a City as Paris in the world. Indeed, in many of these instances, I see great superstition, as well as strong faith. But the *times of ignorance* God does *wink at* still; and bless the faith, notwithstanding the superstition. If it be said,

"But will not the admitting these miracles establish Popery?" Just the reverse. Abbe Paris lived and died in open opposition to the grossest errors of Popery; and, in particular, to that diabolical bull, *Unigenitus*, which destroys the very foundations of Christianity.

Sunday 14, I read prayers and preached at Snowsfields to a crowded congregation, at seven in the morning. I then hastened to the Chapel in West-street; and, after the service there, to Knightsbridge, where I had promised to preach in the afternoon, for the benefit of the poor children. The little Church was quite full before I came. Knowing it to be the greatest charity to awaken those that sleep in sin, I preached on, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Friday 19, In the evening I read prayers at the Chapel in West-street, and Mr. Whitefield preached a plain, affectionate discourse. Sunday 21, he read prayers, and I preached. So, by the blessing of God, one more stumbling-block is removed.

Monday 22, I prayed in the morning at the Foundery, and Howell Harris preached: a powerful orator both by nature and grace; but he owes nothing to art or education.

Wednesday 24, I was desired to call on one that was sick, though I had small hopes of doing him any good; he had been so harmless a man for ninety years: yet he was not out of God's reach. He was quickly convinced that his own righteousness could not recommend him to God. I could then pray for him in confidence of being heard. A few days after, he died in peace.

Sunday 28, I read prayers, and Mr. Whitefield preached. How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were a mean of profiting many, who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking.

Monday 29, I rode to Canterbury. The congregation in the evening was deeply serious, and most of them present again at five in the morning. I hope God will again have much people in this place, who will worship him with more knowledge, and as much earnestness, as their forefathers did the Virgin Mary, or even St. Thomas a Becket.

Tuesday 30, I designed to preach abroad in the evening, the house being far too small for the congregation; but the rain and wind would not suffer it. Wednesday 31, I examined the Society, one by one: Some, I found, could already rejoice in God, and all seemed to be hungering after it. Friday, February 2, I preached in the evening at Shoreham; and Saturday 3, returned to London.

Sunday 4, I preached at Hayes. What a change is here within a year or two! Instead of the parishioners going out of Church, the people come now from many miles round. The Church was filled in the afternoon likewise, and all behaved well but the singers; whom I therefore reproved before the congregation; and some of them were ashamed.

Monday 5, I rode to Mrs. C——'s at St. Ann's, near Chertsea. It was her design that I should preach in the evening in her summer-

house, a large, eight-square room, which was supported by a frame of wood. This was quickly filled: but as it was not intended to bear such a weight, the main beam beneath split in sunder. This I did not then know; but finding the room too small, I went out, and stood in the gallery before it. The people then came out too, went down, and stood below, without any hurry or confusion.

Thursday 8, It was about a quarter after twelve, that the earthquake began at the skirts of the town. It began in the south-east, went through Southwark, under the river, and then from one end of London to the other. It was observed at Westminster and Grosvenor-square a quarter before one: (perhaps, if we allow for the difference of the clocks, about a quarter of an hour after it began in Southwark.) There were three distinct shakes, or wavings to and fro, attended with a hoarse, rumbling noise, like thunder. How gently does God deal with this nation! O that our repentance may prevent heavier marks of his displeasure!

Friday 9, We had a comfortable Watch-night at the Chapel. About eleven o'clock it came into my mind that this was the very day and hour in which, forty years ago, I was taken out of the flames. I stopped, and gave a short account of that wonderful providence. The voice of praise and thanksgiving went up on high, and great was our rejoicing before the Lord.

On Monday 12, I had designed to set out for Bristol: but I could not go yet, there was such a flame kindled in London. However, I rode to Brentford, and preached as I had appointed, and then went on to Chertsea. Word had been industriously spread about the town that I would not come that night. However, many came to see whether I would or not; to whom I offered *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Wednesday 14, The Watch-night at the Foundery seemed the shortest I had ever known: indeed we knew not how the hours stole away, while prayer was lost in praise and thanksgiving. Friday 16, we had a solemn fast-day, meeting, as before, at five, seven, ten, and one. Many of the rich were at the Chapel in the evening. *Who hath warned* you *to flee from the wrath to come?*

Saturday 17, After preaching at Snowsfields, I went into a friend's house. A *poor sinner* indeed followed me, one who was broken in pieces by the convincing Spirit, and uttered such cries as pierced the hearts of all that heard. We poured out our souls before God in prayer, and light sprung up in her heart.

Sunday 18, To-day likewise, wherever we assembled together, God caused his power to be known: but particularly at the love-feast. The honest simplicity with which several spoke, in declaring the manner of God's dealings with them, set the hearts of others on fire: and the flame spread more and more; till having stayed near an hour longer than usual, we were constrained to part.

Monday 19, I preached at Windsor about one, and at St. Ann's in the evening. The congregation was large, and extremely still and attentive, a very few persons excepted. Tuesday 20, Mr. M—— had given notice, without my knowledge, that I would preach at

Hayes on Tuesday. I was afraid few would trouble themselves to hear: but I was deceived; for there was a large congregation. Surely some of these will, at length, understand *the things which belong unto their peace.*

Wednesday 21, I preached in the old French Church in Grey-eagle-street, Spital-fields. It was extremely full, and many of the hearers were greatly moved. But who will endure to the end?

Thursday 22, Having been sent for several times, I went to see a young woman in Bedlam. But I had not talked with her long, before one gave me to know, that "None of these preachers were to come there." So we are forbid to go to Newgate, for fear of *making them wicked;* and to Bedlam, for fear of *driving them mad!*

Tuesday 27, I at length forced myself from London. We dined a little beyond Colnbrook, spoke plain to all in the house, and left them full of thankfulness, and of good resolutions. I preached at Reading in the evening; and in the morning, Wednesday 28, took horse, with the north wind full in our face. It was piercingly cold, so that I could scarcely feel whether I had any hands or feet, when I came to Blewbury. After speaking severally to the members of the Society, I preached to a large congregation. In the evening I met my brother at Oxford, and preached to a small, serious company.

Thursday, March 1, In riding to Cirencester, I read Dr. Bates's *Elenchus motuum nuperorum in Anglia.* His Latin is not much inferior to Cæsar's, whom he seems studiously to imitate; and his thoughts are generally just; only that he has no more mercy on the Puritans, than upon Cromwell.

I dined at a house beyond Faringdon, where both the man and his wife appeared thankful for instruction. I preached at Cirencester in the evening, to a large, but not serious congregation. Friday 2, I left this uncomfortable place, and in the afternoon came to Bristol.

Many miserable comforters were with me soon, complaining, one after another, of the want of lively preachers, the hurt the Germans had done to some, and R. W. to others, and the almost universal coldness, heaviness, and deadness, among the people. I knew but one that could help. So we called upon God, to arise and maintain his own cause. And this evening we had a token for good, for his word was as a two-edged sword.

Sunday 4, I desired John W. to preach at five. And I no longer wondered at the deadness of his hearers. I preached at Kingswood at eight, and God spoke to many hearts: yea, and to a few at Connam. But the greatest blessing was in the evening at Bristol, when we were all convinced, God had not *forgotten to be gracious.*

Tuesday 6, I began writing a short French Grammar. We observed Wednesday 7, as a day of fasting and prayer. I preached at five, on *Repent and do the first works.* The time from seven to nine, from ten to twelve, and from one to three, we spent in prayer, and at our last meeting especially found that God was in the midst of us.

Thursday 8, I desired all the Preachers that were in Bristol, to meet me at four in the afternoon: and so every day while I was in town. In the evening God rent the rocks again. I wondered at the

words he gave me to speak. But he doth whatsoever pleaseth him.

To-day God gave the people of London a second warning; of which my brother wrote as follows:—

"This morning a quarter after five, we had another shock of an earthquake, far more violent than that of February 8. I was just repeating my text, when it shook the Foundery so violently, that we all expected it to fall upon our heads. A great cry followed from the women and the children. I immediately cried out, *Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea: for the Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.* He filled my heart with faith, and my mouth with words, shaking their souls as well as their bodies."

The earth moved westward, then east, then westward again, through all London and Westminster. It was a strong and jarring motion, attended with a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder. Many houses were much shaken, and some chimneys thrown down, but without any farther hurt.

Saturday 10, I talked at large with the Masters of Kingswood School, concerning the children and the management. They all agreed that one of the boys studiously laboured to corrupt the rest. I would not suffer him to stay any longer under the roof, but sent him home that very hour.

Sunday 11, I began visiting the Society at Kingswood, strangely continuing without either increase or decrease. On the following days I visited that at Bristol. What cause have we to be humbled over this people! Last year more than a hundred members were added: this year near an hundred are lost. Such a decay has not been in this Society before, ever since it began to meet together.

I should willingly have spent more time at Bristol, finding more and more proofs that God was reviving his work; but that the accounts I received from Ireland made me think it my duty to be there as soon as possible: so on Monday 20, I set out with Christopher Hopper for the New Passage. When we came thither, the wind was high, and almost full against us: nevertheless we crossed in less than two hours, and reached Cardiff before night, where I preached at seven, and found much refreshment. Tuesday 21, Expecting to preach at Aberdare, sixteen Welsh miles from Cardiff, I rode thither over the mountains. But we found no notice had been given: so, after resting an hour, we set out for Brecknock. The rain did not intermit at all, till we came within sight of it. Twice my horse fell down, and threw me over his head; but without any hurt, either to man or beast.

Wednesday 22, We rode to Builth, where we found notice had been given, that Howell Harris would preach at noon. By this mean a large congregation was assembled; but Howell did not come: so at their request I preached. Between four and five Mr. Philips set out with us for Royader. I was much out of order in the morning: however, I held out to Lanidlos, and then lay down. After an hour's sleep I was much better, and rode on to Macuntleth.

About an hour and a half before we came to Doll-y-gelly, the heavy rain began. We were on the brow of the hill, so we took all that came, our horses being able to go but half a foot-pace. But we had amends made us at our Inn. John Lewis, and all his house, gladly joined with us in prayer: and all we spoke to appeared willing to hear and to receive the truth in love.

Friday 24. Before we looked out, we heard the roaring of the wind, and the beating of the rain. We took horse at five. It rained incessantly all the way we rode. And when we came on the great mountain, four miles from the town, (by which time I was wet from my neck to my waist) it was with great difficulty I could avoid being borne over my mare's head, the wind being ready to carry us all away: nevertheless, about ten we came safe to Dannabull, praising him who *saves both man and beast.*

Our horses being well tired, and ourselves thoroughly wet, we rested the remainder of the day; the rather, because several of the family understood English, an uncommon thing in these parts. We spoke closely to these, and they appeared much affected, particularly when we all joined in prayer.

Saturday 25, We set out at five, and at six came to the Sands. But the tide was in, so that we could not pass: so I set down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated Aldrich's Logic. About ten we passed, and before five came to Baldon Ferry, and found the boat ready for us: but the boatman desired us to stay a while, saying, "The wind was too high, and the tide too strong." The secret was, they stayed for more passengers; and it was well they did: for while we were walking to and fro, Mr. Jenkin Morgan came; at whose house, near half way between the Ferry and Holyhead, I had lodged three years before. The night soon came on; but our guide, knowing all the country, brought us safe to his own door.

Sunday 26, I preached at Howell Thomas's, in Trefollwin parish, to a small, earnest congregation. As many did not understand, one of the brethren repeated the substance of the sermon in Welsh. In the afternoon I went to William Pritchard's, though much against my will, as there was none there to interpret, and I was afraid very few of my hearers could understand English. But I was mistaken: the congregation was larger than I had ever seen in Anglesea. A considerable number of them understood English tolerably well; and the looks, sighs, and gestures of those that did not, shewed that God was speaking to their hearts. It was a glorious opportunity. The whole congregation seemed to be melted down. So little do we know the extent of God's power. If he will work, what shall hinder him?

The wind being contrary, I accepted of the invitation of an honest Exciseman, (Mr. Holiday,) to stay at his house till it should change. Here I was in a little, quiet, solitary spot, *(maxime animo exoptatum meo!)* where no human voice was heard, but those of the family. On Tuesday I desired Mr. Hopper to ride over to Holyhead, and inquire concerning our passage. He brought word that we might probably, pass in a day or two; so on Wednesday we both

went thither. Here we overtook John Jane, who had set out on foot from Bristol, with three shillings in his pocket. Six nights out of the seven since he set out, he had been entertained by utter strangers. He went by us we could not tell how, and reached Holyhead on Sunday, with one penny left.

By him we sent back our horses to Mr. Morgan's. I had a large congregation in the evening. It almost grieved me, I could give them but one sermon, now they were at length willing to hear. About eleven we were called to go on board, the wind being quite fair: and so it continued till we were just out of the harbour. It then turned west, and blew a storm. There was neither moon nor stars, but rain and wind enough; so that I was soon tired of staying on deck. But we met another storm below: for who should be there, but the famous Mr. Gr—— of Caernarvonshire? A clumsy, overgrown, hard-faced man; whose countenance I could only compare to that (which I saw in Drury-lane thirty years ago) of one of the Ruffians in Macbeth. I was going to lie down, when he tumbled in, and poured out such a volley, of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, every second or third word being an oath, as was scarcely ever heard at Billingsgate. Finding there was no room for me to speak, I retired into my cabin, and left him to Mr. Hopper. Soon after, one or two of his own company interposed, and carried him back to his cabin.

Thursday 29, We wrought our way four or five leagues towards Ireland; but were driven back in the afternoon to the very mouth of the harbour: nevertheless, the wind shifting one or two points, we ventured out again; and by midnight we were got about half-seas-over; but the wind then turning full against us, and blowing hard, we were driven back again, and were glad about nine to get into the bay once more,

In the evening I was surprised to see, instead of some poor, plain people, a room full of men, daubed with gold and silver. That I might not go out of their depth I began expounding the story of *Dives* and *Lazarus*. It was more applicable than I was aware; several of them, (as I afterwards learned,) being eminently wicked men. I delivered my own soul; but they could in no wise bear it. One and another walked away, murmuring sorely. Four stayed till I drew to a close: they then put on their hats, and began talking to one another. I mildly reproved them; on which they rose up and went away, railing and blaspheming. I had then a comfortable hour with a company of plain, honest Welshmen.

In the night there was a vehement storm. Blessed be God that we were safe on shore. Saturday 31, I determined to wait one week longer, and, if we could not sail then, to go and wait for a ship at Bristol. At seven in the evening, just as I was going down to preach, I heard a huge noise, and took knowledge of the rabble of gentlemen. They had now strengthened themselves with drink and numbers, and placed Capt. Gr—— (as they called him) at their head. He soon burst open both the outward and inner door, struck old Robert Griffiths, our Landlord, several times, kicked his wife, and, with twenty full-mouthed oaths and curses, demanded, "Where is the Parson?" Ro-

bert Griffiths came up, and desired me to go into another room, where he locked me in. The Captain followed him quickly, broke open one or two doors, and got on a chair, to look on the top of a bed: but his foot slipping, (as he was not a man made for climbing,) he fell down backward all his length. He rose leisurely, turned about, and, with his troop, walked away.

I then went down to a small company of the poor people, and spent half an hour with them in prayer. About nine, as we were preparing to go to bed, the house was beset again. The Captain burst in first. Robert Griffiths' daughter was standing in the passage, with a pail of water, with which, (whether with design, or in her fright, I know not,) she covered him from head to foot. He cried, as well as he could, "M—urder! Murder!" and stood very still for some moments. In the mean time, Robert Griffiths stepped by him, and locked the door. Finding himself alone, he began to change his voice, and cry, "Let me out, let me out." Upon his giving his word, and honour, that none of the rest should come in, they opened the door, and all went away together.

Sunday, April 1, We designed to set out early for Mr. Holloways; but the rain kept us till eight o'clock. We then set out, having one of Holyhead for our guide, reached a Church, six or seven miles off, about eleven, (where we stopped till the service was ended) and went on to William Pritchards's, near Llanerell-ymadd. I had appointed to preach there at four. I found the same spirit as before among this loving, simple people. Many of our hearts burned within us: and I felt what I spoke, *The kingdom of God is at hand.*

Many who were come from the town earnestly pressed me to go and preach there, assuring me it was the general desire of the inhabitants. I felt a strong aversion to it, but would not refuse, not knowing what God might have to do. So I went: but we were scarcely set down, when the sons of Belial from all parts gathered together, and compassed the house. I could just understand their oaths and curses, which were broad English, and sounded on every side. The rest of their language was lost upon me, as mine was upon them. Our friends would have had me stay within: but I judged it best to look them in the face, while it was open day. So I bade them open the door, and Mr. Hopper and I walked straight through the midst of them. Having procured a guide, we then went on without hindrance to our retreat at Mr. Holloway's. Surely this journey will be for good; for hitherto we have had continual storms, both by sea and land.

Tuesday 3, Mr. William Jones of Trefollwin, called and told us, an exhorter was preaching a little way off. We went and found him on the Common, standing on a little rock, in the midst of an attentive congregation. After he had done I preached, and then returned to my study at Langevnye. Thursday 5, I read over great part of Gerard's Meditationes Sacræ, a book recommended to me in the strongest terms. But, alas! how was I disappointed! They have some masterly strokes, but are in general trite and flat, the thoughts being as poor as the Latin. It is well every class of writers has a class of rea-

ders, or these meditations would never have come to a second impression.

About noon I preached two miles west of Llanerell-ymadd, and in the evening, about a quarter of a mile further. Not one scoffer is found in these congregations, but whoever hears, hears for his life. Friday 6, I preached near Llanerell-ymadd at noon, and at Trefollwin in the evening. Observing at night, the wind was changed, I rode to Holyhead early in the morning. A ship was just ready to sail; so we went on board, and in the evening landed at Dublin.

Sunday 8, I preached morning, afternoon, and evening, and then exhorted the Society to stand fast in the good, old Bible-way, and not move from it to the right hand or to the left. I found Mr. Lunell in so violent a fever that there was little hope of his life; but he revived the moment he saw me, and fell into a breathing sweat. He began to recover from that time. Perhaps for this also was I sent.

Monday 9, I found, upon inquiry, many things had been represented to me worse than they really were. But it is well: If they had not been so represented, I should scarcely have come over this year. Tuesday 10, I learned the real case of Roger Ball. He first deceived Mr. L. and W. T.; who quickly agreed, that so valuable a man must be employed immediately. So he was invited to preach to our congregation, and received as one of our family. But it soon appeared what manner of man he was, full of guile, and of the most abominable errors; one of which was, "That a believer had a right to all women." I marvel he has turned only three persons out of the way.

Wednesday 11, I found some of the fruits of his labours. One of the leaders told me frankly, "He had left off communicating for some time; for St. Paul said, "*Touch not, taste not, handle not.*" And all seemed to approve of dropping the preaching on Tuesday and Thursday, "seeing the dear Lamb is the only teacher."

Thursday 12, I breakfasted with one of the Society, and found she had a lodger I little thought of. It was the famous Mrs. Pilkington, who soon made an excuse for following me up stairs. I talked with her seriously about an hour. We then sung, "Happy Magdalene." She appeared to be exceedingly struck. How long the impression may last, God knows.

We dined at Mr. P.'s. A young married woman was there, who was lately a zealous Papist, and had converted several Protestant hereticks to the Romish faith: but setting on some of the Methodists, they converted her; at least, convinced her of the great truths of the Gospel. Immediately her relations, her husband in particular, renounced her: but she was moved by none of these things, desiring nothing on earth but to experience the faith which once she persecuted. In the evening I was sent for by one, who had reasoned himself out of all his Christianity, and was now in doubt, whether the soul would survive the body. Surely even speculative faith is the gift of God: nor without him, can we hold even this fast.

Saturday 14, J. R. came from Cork, and brought us a farther account of what had been transacted there. From the beginning of

February to the end of it, King Nicholas had reigned. How he still used his power, may appear from two or three instances.

William Jewel, of Shanaon Church lane, deposes, That Nicholas Butler, with a riotous mob, several times assaulted this deponent's house: That particularly on February 23, he came thither with a large mob: That several of the rioters entered the house, and swore, The first who resisted, they would blow his brains out: That the deponent's wife endeavouring to stop them, was assaulted and beaten by the said Butler; who then ordered his men to break the windows, which they did, with stones of a considerable weight.

Mary Philips, of St. Peter's Church-lane, deposes, That on February 26, about seven in the evening, N. B. came to her house with a large mob, and asked where her husband was: That as soon as she appeared, he first abused her in the grossest terms, and then struck her on the head, so that it stunned her; and she verily believes, had not some within thrust to, and fastened the door, she should have been murdered on the spot.

Elizabeth Gardelet, wife of Joseph Gardelet, Corporal in Colonel Pawlet's regiment, Captain Charlton's company, deposes, That on February 28, as she was going out of her lodgings, being big with child, she was met by Butler and his mob: That Butler, without any manner of provocation, immediately fell upon her, striking her with both his fists on the side of her head, which beat her head against the wall: That she endeavoured to escape from him, but he pursued her, and struck her several times in the face: That she ran into the school-yard for shelter; but he followed, caught hold of her, saying, "You whore, you stand on consecrated ground," and threw her with such force across the lane, that she was driven against the opposite wall: That when she had recovered herself a little, she made the best of the way to her lodging; but he still pursued her, and overtook her, as she was going up the stairs: That he struck her with his fist on the stomach, which stroke knocked her down backward: That, falling with the small of her back on the edge of one of the stairs, she was not able to rise again: That her pains immediately came upon her, and about two in the morning she miscarried.

These, with several more depositions to the same effect, were at the lent assizes laid before the Grand Jury: yet they did not find any of these bills! But they found one against Daniel Sullivan, (no preacher, but an hearer of Mr. Wesley) who, when Butler and his mob were discharging a shower of stones upon him, put them all in bodily fear by discharging a pistol, without any ball, over their heads. If any man wrote this story to England in a quite different manner, and fixed it on a young Methodist preacher, let him be ashamed.

Several of the persons presented as vagabonds in autumn, appearpeared at these assizes. But none appearing against them, they were acquitted, with honour to themselves, and shame to their persecutors; who, by bringing the matter to a judicial determination, plainly shewed, "There is law even for Methodists;" and gave his Majesty's Judge a fair occasion to declare the utter illegality of all riots, and

the inexcusableness of tolerating (much more causing) them on any pretence whatsoever.

Easter-day, April 15, I preached morning and evening; but my voice was so weak, it could scarcely be heard. Wednesday 18, one, who upon her turning to God, had been turned out of doors, and disowned by all her relations, (very good Protestants!) was received into the house of God, not made with hands. We rejoiced over her in the evening with exceeding joy. Happy they, who lose all, and gain Christ.

Thursday 19, I rode with J. R. through a heavy rain to Edenderry. The congregation was much larger than I expected; and both in the evening and the morning we praised God with joyful lips.

Friday 20, I rode to Portarlington, on a very bad horse, and was glad of a little rest. Sunday 22, I preached at eight: at Closeland about two; and between five and six at Portarlington, to almost all the gentry in the town, on *Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.* Monday 23, I preached at Closeland again, and the next morning spoke severally with the members of the Society, increased both in number and in the grace of God.

Wednesday 25, I dined at Mr. K.'s, who had lived utterly without God, for about seventy years: but God had now made both him, and most of his household, partakers of like precious faith. When I first came into the house, he was in an agony of pain, from a hurt of about forty-five years standing. I advised to apply hot nettles: the pain presently ceased, and he arose and praised God.

Thursday 26, I examined the Class of children, many of whom are rejoicing in God. I then sought after some of the sheep that were lost, and left all I spoke with, determined to return. About noon I read the letters, and in the afternoon rode cheerfully to Mountmellick. I found the Society here much increased in grace, and yet lessened in number: a case which I scarcely remember to have met with before, in all England and Ireland.

Sunday 29, I preached at eight, at two, and at five, when some of our most vehement opposers were present, and by their seriousness and attention, gave us reason to hope, they will oppose no more.

Monday 30, I baptized a man and woman, (late Quakers) as I had done another the night before. Afterwards I visited the sick. The first we went to, had been a Papist, but was cast out for hearing us. While we were at prayer, she cried bitterly after God, refusing to be comforted: nor did she cease, till He revealed his Son in her heart, which she could not but declare to all that were in the house. About one I administered the Lord's Supper to a sick person, with a few of our brethren and sisters. Being straitened for time, I used no extemporary prayer at all: yet the powor of God was so unusually present, during the whole time, that several knew not how to contain themselves, being quite overwhelmed with joy and love.

Thence we rode to Tullamore. It being the fair-day, many were tolerably drunk. When I began to preach, they made a little disturbance for a while; but the bulk of the audience were deeply attentive.

Tuesday, May 1, I found many of the first were be come last, being returned as a dog to the vomit. In the evening my hoarseness (contracted in Dublin) was so increased, that I doubt few of the congregation could hear. In meeting the society, I reproved them sharply for their lukewarmness and covetousness. In that hour the spirit of contrition came down, and all of them seemed broken in pieces. At the same time my voice was restored in a moment, so that I could once more sing praise to God.

Wednesday 2, I rode to Tyrrel's-pass, and found more than double the congregation which I had there last year. The next day, when I spoke to those of the Society severally, I had still greater cause to rejoice; finding a great part of them *walking in the light, and praising God all the day long.* Friday 4, I preached about noon at Cooly-lough, and about six, in the market-house at Athlone.

Sunday 6, I addressed myself in the morning to the Backsliders, from *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* At one, to the unawakened, from *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* In the evening I preached to a far larger congregation, on the Connaught side of the river. In the midst of the sermon, a man with a fine curvetting horse drew off a large part of the audience. I paused a little, and then raising my voice, said, If there are any more of you, who think it is of more concern to see a dancing horse, than to hear the Gospel of Christ, pray go after them. They took the reproof. The greater part came back directly, and gave double attention.

Monday 7, When I met the Society in the evening, one who had been always afraid of exposing herself, was struck so that she could not help crying out aloud, being in strong agonies both of soul and body. Indeed her case was quite peculiar. She felt no fear of hell, but an inexpressible sense of the sufferings of Christ, accompanied with sharp bodily pain, as if she had literally suffered with him. We continued in prayer till twelve o'clock, and left her patiently waiting for salvation.

Tuesday 8, I dined at Mr. T.'s. Two other Clergymen were present, and Mr. H., member of Parliament for the county. We soon fell upon *Justification* and *Inspiration*, and after a free conversation seemed nearly of one mind.

Thursday 10, I read the letters. A famous drunkard and swearer, stood as long as he could, and then fell down upon his knees before the whole congregation. All appeared to be much moved. It was with difficulty I broke from them about noon, and rode to Ahaskra; where I preached in the evening to an exceedingly serious congregation, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found.*

Friday 11, I talked largely with the two Miss M.'s. The elder, I found, had once known the love of God, but not kept it long, and seemed to be now earnestly mourning after it. The younger had never left her first love; and in the midst of great bodily weakness, had no fear of death, but a *desire to depart, and to be with Christ.*

Saturday 12, I rode to Mr. Simpson's, near Oatfield; and in the evening preached at Aughrim, to a well-meaning, sleepy people.

Sunday 13, I strove to shake some of them out of sleep, by preaching as sharply as I could. We had such a congregation at Church, as (it was said) had not been seen there for twenty years before. After Church, I preached to abundance of Papists as well as Protestants: and now they seemed to be a little more awake. About five in the afternoon I preached at Ahaskra, to a congregation gathered from all parts. O what a harvest might be in Ireland, did not the poor Protestants hate Christianity, worse than either Popery or Heathenism!

Monday 14, I rode to Birr. The number of people that assembled here in the evening, and at five in the morning, and their serious attention, gave me some hope that there will be more good done even in this place. Wednesday 16, at eleven I preached in the Assembly-room at Nenagh, and in the evening at Limerick. Thursday 17, the Church was full at five, and one may truly say, it was full of the presence of God. The evening was cold and blustering, so that I was obliged to preach in the house, though there was by no means room for the congregation. I afterwards told the Society freely and plainly of their faults. They received it as became men fearing God.

Friday 18, I dined at Killmallock, once a flourishing city, now a vast heap of ruins. In the afternoon we called at Killdorery. A Clergyman was there a little before us, who would talk with me whether I would or not. After an hour's conversation, we parted in love. But our stay here made it so late before we reached Rathcormuck, that I could not well preach that evening. Saturday 19, I preached about eleven, and in the afternoon rode on to Cork.

About nine in the evening I came to Alderman Pembrock's. Sunday 20, understanding the usual place of preaching would by no means contain those who desired to hear, about eight I went to Hammond's Marsh. The congregation was large and deeply attentive. A few of the rabble gathered at a distance; but by little and little they drew near, and mixed with the congregation: so that I have seldom seen a more quiet and orderly assembly at any Church in England or Ireland.

In the afternoon, a report being spread abroad, that the Mayor designed to hinder my preaching on the Marsh in the evening, I desired Mr. Skelton and Mr. Jones to wait upon him, and inquire concerning it. Mr. Skelton asked, "If my preaching there would be disagreeable to him;" adding, "Sir, if it would, Mr. Wesley will not do it." He replied warmly, "Sir, I'll have no mobbing." Mr. Skelton said, "Sir, there was none this morning." He answered, "There was. Are there not Churches and Meeting-houses enough? I will have no more mobs and riots." Mr. Skelton replied, "Sir, neither Mr. Wesley, nor they that heard him, made either mobs or riots." He answered plainly, "*I will have no more preaching:* and if Mr. Wesley attempts to preach, *I am prepared* for him."

I began preaching in our own house soon after five. Mr. Mayor meantime was walking in the 'Change, and giving orders to the town-drummers, and to his Serjeants—doubtless to go down and *keep the peace!* They accordingly came down to the house, with an innumer-

able mob attending them. They continued drumming, and I continued preaching, till I had finished my discourse. When I came out, the mob immediately closed me in. Observing one of the Serjeants standing by, I desired him to keep the King's peace: but he replied, "Sir, I have *no orders* to do that." As soon as I came into the street, the rabble threw whatever came to hand. But all went by me, or flew over my head; nor do I remember that one thing touched me. I walked on straight through the midst of the rabble, looking every man before me in the face; and they opened on the right and left, till I came near Dant's-bridge. A large party had taken possession of this, one of whom was bawling out, "Now, hey for the Romans!" When I came up, they likewise shrunk back, and I walked through them to Mr. Jenkins's house. But a Papist stood just within the door, and endeavoured to hinder my going in; till one of the mob (I suppose aiming at me, but missing) knocked her down flat. I then went in, and God restrained the wild beasts, so that not one attempted to follow me.

But many of the congregation were more roughly handled; particularly Mr. Jones, who was covered with dirt, and escaped with his life almost by miracle. The main body of the mob then went to the house, brought out all the seats and benches, tore up the floor, the door, the frames of the windows, and whatever of wood-work remained; part of which they carried off for their own use, and the rest they burned in the open street.

Finding there was no probability of their dispersing, I sent to Alderman Pembrock, who immediately desired Mr. Alderman Winthrop, his nephew, to go down to Mr. Jenkins: with whom I walked up the street, none giving me an unkind or disrespectful word.

Monday 21, I rode on to Bandon. From three in the afternoon till past seven, the mob of Cork marched in grand procession, and then burned me in effigy near Dant's-bridge.

While they were so busily employed, Mr. Haughton took the opportunity of going down to Hammond's-marsh. He called at a friend's house there; where the good woman in great care, locked him in. But observing many people were met, he threw up the sash, and preached to them out of the window. Many seemed deeply affected, even of those who had been persecutors before. And they all quietly retired to their several homes, before the mob was at leisure to attend them.

Tuesday 22, The mob and drummers were moving again between three and four in the morning. The same evening they came down to the Marsh, but stood at a distance from Mr. Stockdale's house, till the drums beat, and the Mayor's Serjeant beckoned to them, on which they drew up, and began the attack. The Mayor being sent for, came with a party of soldiers, and said to the mob, "Lads, once, twice, thrice, I bid you go home. Now I have done." He then went back, taking the soldiers with him. On which the mob, pursuant to their instructions, went on and broke all the glass, and most of the window-frames in pieces.

Wednesday 23, The mob was still patrolling the streets, abusing all that were called Methodists, and threatening to murder them, and pull down their houses, if they did not leave *this way*. Thursday 24, they again assaulted Mr. Stockdale's house, broke down the boards he had nailed up against the windows, destroyed what little remained of the window frames and shutters, and damaged a considerable part of his goods.

Friday 25, One Roger O'Ferral fixed up an advertisement at the public Exchange, that he was ready to head any mob, in order to pull down any house that should dare to harbour aSwadler: (a name given to Mr. Cennick first, by a Popish Priest, who heard him speak of *a child wrapped in* swadling *clothes;* and probably did not know the expression was in the Bible, a book he was not much acquainted with.)

All this time God gave us great peace at Bandon, notwithstanding the unwearied labours, both public and private, of good Dr. B——, to stir up the people. But on Saturday 26, many were under great apprehensions of what was to be done in the evening. I began preaching in the main street at the usual hour, but to more than twice the usual congregation. After I had spoke about a quarter of an hour, a Clergyman, who had planted himself near me, with a very large stick in his hand, according to agreement, opened the scene. (Indeed his friends assured me, "he was in *drink*, or he would not have done it.") But before he had uttered many words, two or three resolute women, by main strength, pulled him into a house, and, after expostulating a little, sent him away through the garden. But here he fell violently on her that conducted him, not in anger, but love (such as it was) so that she was constrained to repel force by force, and cuff him soundly, before he would let her go.

The next champion that appeared was one Mr. M., a young gentleman of the town. He was attended by two others, with pistols in their hands. But his triumph too was but short: for some of the people quickly bore him away, though with much gentleness and civility.

The third came on with far greater fury: but he was encountered by a butcher of the town, (not one of the Methodists) who used him as he would an ox, bestowing one or two hearty blows upon his head. This cooled his courage, especially as none took his part. So I quietly finished my discourse.

Sunday 27, I wrote to the Mayor of Cork, as follows:—

"MR. MAYOR,

"An hour ago I received 'A Letter to Mr. Buttler,' just reprinted at Cork. The Publishers assert, 'It was brought down from Dublin, to be distributed among the Society: but Mr. Wesley called in as many as he could,' Both these assertions are absolutely false. I read some lines of that Letter when I was in Dublin; but never read it over before this morning. Who the Author of it is I know not: but this I know, I never *called in* one, neither concerned myself about it; much less brought any down to distribute among the Society.

"Yet I cannot but return my hearty thanks to the gentlemen who have distributed them through the town. I believe it will do more good than they are sensible of. For though I dislike its condemning the Magistrates and Clergy in general, (several of whom were not concerned in the late proceedings) yet I think the reasoning is strong and clear: and that the facts referred to therein are not at all misrepresented, will sufficiently appear in due time.

"I fear God, and honour the King. I earnestly desire to be at peace with all men. I have not willingly given any offence, either to the Magistrates, the Clergy, or any of the inhabitants of the City of Cork: neither do I desire any thing of them, but to be treated (I will not say as a Clergyman, a Gentleman, or a Christian, but) with such justice and humanity as are due to a Jew, a Turk, or a Pagan.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

At eight we had such a glorious shower as usually follows a calm. After Church I began preaching again, on *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.* In the evening a large multitude flocked together; I believe such a congregation was never before seen in Bandon: and the fear of God was in the midst. A solemn awe seemed to run through the whole multitude, while I enlarged on *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Monday 28, I rode to Kinsale, one of the pleasantest towns which I have seen in Ireland. At seven I preached at the Exchange, to a few gentry, many poor people, and abundance of soldiers. All behaved like men that feared God. After sermon came one from Cork, and informed us, "Mr. W—— had preached both morning and afternoon under the wall of the Barracks: that the town-drummers came; but the soldiers assured them, if they went to beat there, they would be all cut in pieces: that then the Mayor came himself, at the head of his mob; but could make no considerable disturbance: that he went and talked with the commanding officer; but with so little success, that the Colonel came out, and declared to the mob, they must make no riot there." Here is a turn of affairs worthy of God! Doth he not rule in heaven and earth.

Tuesday 29, I inquired concerning Richard Hutchinson, of whom I had heard many speak. His mother informed me, "It was about August last, being then above four years old, that he began to talk much of God, and to ask abundance of questions concerning him. From that time he never played nor laughed, but was as serious as one of threescore. He constantly reproved any that cursed or swore, or spoke indecently in his hearing: and frequently mourned over his brother, who was two or three years older, saying, 'I fear my brother will go to hell; for he does not love God.' About Christmas I cut off his hair; on which he said, 'You cut off my hair, because you are afraid I shall have the small-pox: but I am not afraid; I am not afraid to die; for I love God.' About three weeks ago, he sent for all of the Society whom he knew, saying, he must take his leave of them, which he did, speaking to them one by one, in the most tender and affectionate manner. Four days after, he fell ill of the small-pox,

and was light-headed, almost as soon as he was taken: but all his incoherent sentences were either exhortation, or pieces of hymns, or prayer. The worse he was, the more earnest he was to die, saying, 'I must go home, I will go home.' One said, 'You are at home:' He earnestly replied, 'No, this is not my home: I will go to heaven.' On the tenth day of his illness he raised himself up, and said, 'Let me go to my Father. I will go home. Now, now I will go to my Father.' After which he lay down and died."

Wednesday 30, I rode to Cork. By talking with Capt. ——, I found there was no depending on the good offices of the Colonel. He had told the Captain with great openness, "If Mr. Wesley preached in the Barracks, and the mob were to come and *break the windows*, I might have a long bill from the Barrack-master." Break the windows? Nay, it is well if they had not *broken the bones* of all the soldiers!

A little before five I walked towards the Barracks. The boys quickly gathered, and were more and more turbulent. But in a moment all was quiet. This, I afterwards found, was owing to Mr. W., who snatched a stick out of a man's hand, and brandished it over his head, on which the whole troop valiantly ran away.

When we came over the South-bridge, a large mob gathered; but before they were well formed we reached the Barrack-gate; at a small distance from which I stood and cried, *Let the wicked forsake his way.* The congregation of serious people was large; the mob stood about a hundred yards off. I was a little surprised to observe, that almost all the soldiers kept together in a body, near the gate, and knew not but the report might be true, that on a signal given they were all to retire into the Barracks. But they never stirred till I had done. As we walked away, one or two of them followed us. Their numbers increased, till we had seven or eight before, and a whole troop of them behind: between whom I walked, through an immense mob to Alderman Pembrock's door.

Thursday 31, I rode to Rathcormuck. There being a great burying in the afternoon, to which people came from all parts, Mr. Lloyd read part of the burial-service in the Church; after which I preached on *The end of all things is at hand.* I was exceedingly shocked at (what I had only heard of before) *the Irish howl* which followed. It was not a song, as I supposed, but a dismal inarticulate yell, set up at the grave by four shrill-voiced women, who (we understood) were hired for that purpose. But I saw not one that shed a tear; for that, it seems, was not in their bargain.

Friday, June 1, I rode over the mountains to Shronill, and found a handful of serious, loving people. I preached in the evening and morning, Saturday 2, and then went on to Limerick.

Sunday 3, being Whitsunday, our morning service began, as usual, at four o'clock. In the evening I preached at Mardyke, to four or five times as many as our Church would have contained. And my voice would now command them all: It was weak till I went to Cork: but in the midst of the drumming it was restored, and has never failed me since.

Monday 4, I rode to Newmarket, a village near the Shannon, eight miles, as they call it, from Limerick. I found the spirit of the people while I was preaching, but much more in examining the Society. Four or five times I was stopped short, and could not go on, being not able to speak: particularly when I was talking with a child, about nine years old, whose words astonished all that heard. The same spirit we found in prayer; so that my voice was well nigh lost among the various cries of the people.

Tuesday 5, I returned to Limerick. In examining the Society here, I could not but take particular notice of about sixty of the Highland regiment of soldiers, men fit to appear before princes. Their zeal according to knowledge has stirred up many: and they still speak for God, and are not ashamed.

Wednesday 13, I rode to Shronill again; and in the morning, Thursday 14, to Clonmell. After an hour's rest we set forward, but were obliged to stop in the afternoon, sooner than we designed, by my horse's having a shoe loose. The poor man, at whose house we called, was not only patient of exhortation, but exceedingly thankful for it. We afterwards missed our way; so that it was near eight o'clock before we got over the ferry, a mile short of Waterford.

At the ferry was a lad who asked my name? When he heard it, he cried out, "O Sir, you have no business here; you have nothing to do at Waterford. Butler has been gathering mobs there all this week: and they set upon us so, that we cannot walk the streets. But if you will stay at that little house, I will go and bring B. M'Culloch to you."

We stayed some time, and then thought it best to go a little on our way toward Portarlington. But the ferryman would not come over: So that, after waiting till we were weary, we made our way through some grounds, and over the mountain, into the Carrick road, and went on, about five miles, to a village where we found a quiet house. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof: we were on horseback, with but an hour or two's intermission, from five in the morning, till within a quarter of eleven at night.

Friday 15, About two in the morning I heard people making a great noise, and calling me by my name. They were some of our friends from Waterford, who informed us, that, upon the lad's coming in, sixteen or eighteen of them came out, to conduct me into the town. Not finding me, they returned; but the mob met them by the way, and pelted them with dirt and stones to their own doors.

We set out at four, and reached Kilkenny, about twenty-five old Irish miles, about noon. This is by far the most pleasant, as well as the most fruitful country, which I have seen in all Ireland. Our way after dinner lay by Dunmore, the seat of the late Duke of Ormond. We rode through the park for about two miles, by the side of which the river runs. I never saw either in England, Holland, or Germany, so delightful a place. The walks, each consisting of four rows of Ashes, the tufts of trees sprinkled up and down, interspersed with the smoothest and greenest lawns, are beautiful beyond description. And *what hath the owner thereof*, the Earl of Arran? Not even *the beholding it with his eyes.*

My horse tired in the afternoon; so I left him behind, and borrowed that of my companion. I came to Emo about eleven, and would very willingly have passed the rest of the night there: but the good woman of the inn was not minded that I should. For some time she would not answer: at last she opened the door just wide enough to let out four dogs upon me. So I rode on to Ballybrittas, expecting a rough salute here too, from a large dog which used to be in the yard; but he never stirred, till the hostler waked and came out. About twelve I laid me down. I think this was the longest day's journey I ever rode; being fifty old Irish, that is, about ninety English miles.

Saturday 16, I rested and transcribed the letter to Mr. Bailey. Sunday 17, I preached about nine, in the market-place at Portarlington; again at one; and immediately after the evening service the Earl of D———, and several other persons of distinction, listened awhile; but it was not to their taste.

Thursday 19, I rode over to Dublin, and found all things there in a more prosperous state than ever before. Thursday 21, I returned to Closeland, and preached in the evening to a little earnest company. O who should drag me into a great city, if I did not know there is another world? How gladly could I spend the remainder of a busy life in solitude and retirement!

Friday 22, We had a Watch-night at Portarlington. I began before the usual time; but it was not easy to leave off; so great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Saturday 23, I heard face to face, two that were deeply prejudiced against each other, Mrs. E. and Mrs. M. But the longer they talked, the warmer they grew; till, in about three hours, they were almost distracted. One who came in as a witness, was as hot as either. I perceived there was no remedy but prayer. So a few of us wrestled with God for above two hours, when we rose, Mrs. M. ran and fell on the other's neck. Anger and revenge were vanished away, and melted down into love. One only, M. B., continued still in bitter agony of soul. We besought God in her behalf; and did not let him go, till she also was set at liberty.

Sunday 24, There being no English service, I went to the French Church. I have sometimes thought, Mr. Whitefield's action was violent: but he is a mere post to Mr. Calliard. In the evening I preached at Mountmellick, where were two from Roscrea, to shew me the way thither. One of them gave us so strange a relation, that I thought it worth while to set it down, as nearly as might be, in his own words. The strangest part of it rests not on his own testimony alone, but on that of many of his neighbours, none of whom could have any manner of temptation to affirm either more or less than they saw with their eyes.

"My son, John Dudley, was born at Roscrea, in the year 1726. He was serious from a child, tender of conscience, and greatly fearing God. When he was at school, he did not play, like other children; but spent his whole time in learning. About eighteen I took him home, and employed him in husbandry; and he grew more and more serious. On February 4, 1747, just as I was laid down in bed,

he cried out, 'My dear father, I am ready to be choaked.' I ran, and took him in my arms: and in about a minute he recovered. The next morning he cried out just as before; and continued ill about two minutes. From this time he gave himself wholly to prayer; laying aside all worldly business.

"Saturday, February 7, he did not appear to have any bodily distemper, but desired to make his will. I said, 'My dear child, I do not see any signs of death upon you.' He seemed concerned, and said, 'You don't believe me; but you will soon see what I say is true.

"About noon, some neighbours condoling with me, on the loss of my wife, who died a few days before; when he saw me weep, he laid his hand upon my knee, and said, 'My dear father, do not offend God. Your late wife is a bright saint in heaven.' Before ten we went to bed. About twelve he came to my chamber-door, and said 'My dear honoured father, I hope you are not displeased with me for disturbing you at this time of night. But I could not go into my bed till I brought you these glad tidings. I was this morning before the throne of grace; and I pleaded innocence: but my heavenly Father answered, that would not do: On which I applied to our blessed Redeemer; and now he hath, by his precious blood, and his intercession, procured my pardon: and my heavenly Father hath sealed it. Everlasting praise is to his holy name.

"I presumed to ask, 'How it was with my deceased mother and sisters? On which they all six appeared, exceedingly glorious: but my last deceased mother was brightest of them all; fifty times brighter than the sun. I intreat I may be buried by her.'

"Sunday 8, I went early in the morning to his chamber, and found him at prayer, which was his constant employment. He asked, If he should go with me to Church? I said, I thought he had better read and meditate at home. As soon as I was gone, he began exhorting the servants, and his younger brother. He then went into his chamber, where he continued upon his knees till I came home, crying to God with many tears, and sweating much, through the agony of his spirit. When we were set down to dinner, I desired him to eat. He said, I have no appetite; but to please you, I will. He then eat two little bits: and, as soon as thanks were given, went to his chamber. He continued there in prayer about an hour, and then came out, and said with a cheerful voice and countenance, 'I never knew the Holy Ghost until now. Now I am illuminated with him. Blessed be my great Creator.' He returned to prayer, and continued therein till he came to family duty. In this he joined with an audible voice; and, commending us to God, retired to his room. Yet he did not sleep, but continued in prayer all night, and all the next day.

Tuesday, February 10, About three in the morning he put off all his clothes, even his shirt, and laid them in order on the bed, and his prayer-book in the window. Then having opened two doors, he came to the outward door. I called, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'I am going out of doors.' I said, 'You need not go at this time of night.' He replied, 'I must go.' I said, 'Then make haste

in again. To which he gave no answer: but unlocking the door, and pulling it leisurely after him, said, 'My dear father, farewell, for ever.'

"As soon as the day dawned, finding he was not returned, I went with several of my neighbours to seek him. We found his track at a stile near the house, and followed it as close as we could: but it was not possible to follow him step by step; for he had gone to and fro above three miles, through shrubs, and thick quickset hedges, and over deep ditches full of water. One mile of the three was all a bog, full of sloughs, and drains, and trenches, and deep holes, with hardly one foot of firm ground between them. Eighteen or twenty of us being together, about nine o'clock found him by the side of a lake. He was lying on the grass, stretched out at length, with his face upward. His right hand was lifted up toward heaven: his left stretched upon his body. His eyes were closed, and he had a sweet, pleasant, smiling countenance. What surprised us most was, that he had no hurt or scratch, from the crown of his head, to the sole of his foot; nor one speck of dirt on any part of his body; no more than if it had been just washed. On Thursday he was buried, as he desired, just by my wife, whom he survived fourteen days."

Tuesday 26, I had gone through Montrath (in the way to Roscrea) when some met me on the bridge, and earnestly pressed me to preach. So I went into an empty house, (the rain and the wind preventing my going to the market-place) and immediately began to declare *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* The house was presently filled: the rest of the audience stood at the doors and windows. I saw not one person, man, woman, or child, who behaved either rudely or carelessly. I preached in the market-place at Roscrea, between six and seven in the evening. Several gentlemen and several clergymen were present; and all behaved well.

Thursday 28, I preached in the street at Birr, a little beyond the bridge: by this mean the congregation was four times larger than usual; in which were abundance of Romanists. Friday 29, as I went through Frankfort, many people gathered together, chiefly Romanists, and desired me to preach. I did so, in the middle of the town. They gave a calm, stupid attention: but I did not perceive that any of them were affected, otherwise than with amazement. I came to Tullamore, as it fell out, on a second fair-day; and had, of course, abundance of new hearers. I found far more earnestness in the people now, than when I was here before. Why should we ever be discouraged by the want of present success? Who knows what a day may bring forth?

In the evening I preached at Athlone, to many officers and an uncommon number of soldiers, who were gathered together from every part, waiting for a review. Mrs. T. desired me to lodge at her house. About twelve I heard a huge noise. Presently the steeet-door was broke open; next the door of Mrs. T.'s chamber; then that of the room in which I lay. I went to the door; on which Mr. T. shrunk back, walked down stairs, and wreaked his vengeance on his mother's

windows. Some honest gentlemen of the town had set him on, and filled him with wine for the purpose.

Monday, July 2, I preached in the evening on Rev. xx. I had none to assist me, nor any respite: and I needed none. It was such a night as I have seldom known: the stout-hearted trembled on every side; particularly the troopers, late at Philipstown, who did once run well. One of them sunk down to the ground as a stone; others could hardly stand: and the same spirit of solemn, deep humiliation seemed to run through the whole assembly.

Tuesday 3, In spite of the indolence of some, and the cowardice of others, I preached in the evening on the Connaught side of the river. I then met the Society: but when I would have dismissed them, none seemed willing to go. We were standing and looking at each other, when a trooper stepped out into the middle of the room, and said, "I must speak. I was Saul: I persecuted the children of God. I joined with you in Philipstown; but I fell back, and hated God and all his ways: I hated you in particular, and a day or two ago, said all manner of evil of you. I was going to a woman last night, when one of my comrades met and asked me, if I would go to the Watch-night? Out of curiosity I came; but for half the sermon, I minded nothing that was said. Then God struck me to the heart, so that I could not stand, but dropped down to the ground. I slept none last night, and came to you in the morning; but I could not speak. I went from you to a few of our brethren, and they prayed with me till my burden dropped off. And now, by the grace of God, we will part no more. I am ready to go with you all over the world." The words were as fire: they kindled a flame, which spread through the congregation. We praised God with one heart and one voice. I then a second time pronounced the blessing: but the people stood without motion as before, till a dragoon stepped from his fellows, and said, "I was a pharisee from my youth, having a strict form of godliness, and yet I always wanted something: but I knew not what, till something within me pushed me on, I could not tell why, to hear you. I have done so, since you came hither. I immediately saw what I wanted was faith, and the love of God. And he supplied my wants here last night: now I can rejoice in God my Saviour."

Wednesday 4, I preached at Aughrim. Thursday 5, I rode to Castlegar, and found Miss B. unwillingly recovering from her fever; having a desire rather to quit the house of earth, and go to him whom her soul loved. Her sister now breathed the same spirit; doubt and fear being fled away. I preached at Ahaskra in the evening. Great part of the congregation were Papists; some of whom in the morning, Friday 6, were under strong convictions. I returned to Athlone in the afternoon, and Saturday 7, set out for Longford. Calling at Kenagh in the way, I unexpectedly found a large congregation waiting for me; to whom I declared *Jesus Christ, our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and redemption.* About seven I preached at Longford, in the middle of the town. It rained all the time: but none regarded it. I was a little interrupted by a poor, drunken Papist, who spoke a few drolling words. I intreated

the people to let him alone; but I could not prevail: one pulled him by the ears, another by the hair, till he was dragged away, and all was quiet.

A large congregation came at five, Sunday 8; nor did the rain drive any of them away. The word now sunk deep. Some dropped down, and one or two were carried away. At nine I preached to a much larger congregation, and the word was sharper than ever. Four or five could not bear it, but went away: some would have gone away, but could not; *for the hand of the Lord pressed them to the earth.* O fair beginning! But what will the end be?

I preached again at Kenagh in my return, to a simple, loving people. Mr. M., a gentleman late of Moat, bore me company to and from Longford. Two years ago he was strongly prejudiced; and when Mr. W. preached at Moat, his son was in the mob which drummed him out of the town. Yet he could not but inquire of one and another, till one desired him to read *The almost Christian.* In the midst of it, he cried out, "I am the man;" and from that time was convinced more and more. He had met me at Birr, and again at Ahascragh, whence he rode with me to Athlone, and to Longford. During the second sermon at Kenagh, he felt a great change; yet durst not say his sins were forgiven. But in riding thence to Athlone, the cloud vanished away, and he could boldly say, *My Lord and my God.*

Monday 9, I preached in the evening at Tyrrel's-pass, and at five in the morning, Tuesday 10. Thence we rode to Drumcree, sixteen Irish miles to the north of Tyrrel's-pass. In our way, we stopped an hour at Mullingar. The Sovereign of the town came to the Inn, and expressed much desire that I should preach; but I had little hopes of doing good by preaching in a place where I could preach but once, and where none, except myself, would be suffered to preach at all. We came to Mr. N.'s about two. Many fine people came from various parts in the evening, and were perfectly civil and unconcerned: so what was said to them was written on the sand.

Wednesday 11, It was not so with the morning congregation. There were few dry eyes among them. Some would have sunk to the ground, had not others supported them. And none seemed more affected than Mrs. N. herself. There was the same spirit in the evening: many cried out aloud; and all received the word with the deepest attention.

Thursday 12, The congregation at five was larger than that on Tuesday evening: and surely God gave to many both the hearing ear, and the understanding heart. Friday 13, I preached once more at Portarlington, and afterwards reproved this Society likewise, for the miserable covetousness of some, and lukewarmness of others. It may be, they *will be zealous, and repent, and do the first works.*

Saturday 14, I returned to Dublin; and on Sunday 15, preached on Oxmantown-green, to such a congregation as I never saw in Dublin, nor often in Ireland before. Abundance of soldiers were of the number. Such another congregation I had there between two and three in the afternoon, notwithstanding the violent heat of the sun;

and all were attentive. In the evening I preached in the garden at Dolphin's-barn: and neither here did I observe, in the numerous congregation, any that appeared careless or inattentive.

Tuesday 17, I read the Letters in our Garden, to near twice as many people as were there on Sunday evening. Thursday 19, I met the class of soldiers: nineteen are resolved to *fight the good fight of faith;* eleven or twelve of whom already rejoice in God through Christ, by whom they have received the Atonement. When the Society met, some sinners, whom I knew not, were convicted in their own consciences, so that they could not refrain from confessing their faults in the face of all their brethren. One of these I had but just received in: another I had declared to be excluded: but he pleaded so earnestly to be tried a little longer, that there was no refusing: and we wrestled with God on his behalf, that sin might no more have dominion over him.

Friday 20, The delay of the Captain with whom I was to sail, gave us an opportunity of spending a joyful night together; and likewise of preaching once more, on Sunday 22, upon Oxmantown-green. We went on board immediately after, and set sail about ten, with a small, fair wind. In the afternoon it failed, and the tide being against us, we were obliged to come to an anchor.

Monday 23, The wind shifting to the South, and blowing hard, in the afternoon the Captain seemed under some concern. There was all reason to expect a stormy night; and he despaired of getting into the Bristol Channel, and knew the danger of beating about, when it was pitch-dark, among these rocks and sands. It was much on my mind, *They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distress.* I knew not why we should not cry to Him as well as they. Immediately the wind came fair, and blew so fresh, that in less than two hours we came into the Bristol Channel.

But the danger was not over. About eleven I was waked by a huge, confused noise, and found we were in a vehement squall of wind, thunder, and rain, which brought the sailors to their wit's end: they could not see across the ship, only just while the lightning was glaring in their eyes. This made them fear running foul, either of the Welsh Sands on the one hand, or the rocky shore of Lundy on the other. So they took in the sails, and let us drive. The motion then was wonderful. It blew a storm, and the wind being contrary to the tide, the sea ran mountain-high. The ship had no goods, and little ballast on board: so that it rolled as if it would overset every moment. It was intensely dark, and neither the Captain nor any man else knew where we were: only that we were tossing in a bad, narrow channel, full of shoals, and rocks, and sands. But does not God hear the prayer? Mr. Hopper and I believed it our duty to make the trial again; and in a very few moments the wind was small, the sea fell, and the clouds dispersed: so we put up a little sail, and went on quietly and slowly till the morning dawned. About nine in the evening we reached Pill, where I took horse, and rode on to Bristol.

Wednesday 25, I found the comfort of being among those whose earth are stablished in grace. Thursday 26, I walked over to Kings-

wood, and found our family there lessened considerably. I wonder how I am withheld from dropping the whole design; so many difficulties have continually attended it: yet if this counsel is of God, it shall stand; and all hinderances shall turn into blessings.

Sunday 29, At seven I preached at Points-pool, an open place, a little without Lawford's-gate, just in the midst of the butchers, and all the rebel-route, that neither fear God, nor reverence man. But I believe some of them found it good to be there. How does God surround this city on all sides! Yet still, not many wise, not man, rich, not many noble are called.

Monday 30, I set out for Shaftsbury. The rain began when we set out, which a strong wind drove full in our faces. It did not stop for five hours, so that I was well drenched to the very soles of my feet: I was very willing to stop at Shepton-mallet. The next morning we came to Shaftsbury. The rain made it impracticable to preach abroad in the evening; otherwise the threatnings of great and small would not have hindered. I suppose the house contained four or five hundred people; it was soon filled from end to end; the chief opposers of John Haime were there; but none stirred, none spoke, none smiled: many were in tears; and many others were filled with joy unspeakable.

Wednesday, August 1, At five in the morning the Room was nearly full. I was constrained to continue my discourse considerably longer than usual. Several of those who had been the bitterest persecutors, were present. Perhaps they will be *doers* as well as *hearers of the Word.* Hence we rode to Beer-crocombe, and the next day, Thursday 2, to Collumpton. I preached in a little meadow near the town, soon after six in the evening: about the middle of my discourse, hard rain began; but few of the congregation stirred. I then spent an hour with the Society; and not without a blessing.

Friday 3, Being informed, many at Tiverton desired to hear me, I rode over about noon. But I could find none there who had any concern about the matter, except one poor man, who received me gladly. I went straight to the market-place, where abundance of people quickly gathered together; and not one interrupted, or spoke, or smiled. Surely good will be done in this place. The congregation at Collumpton in the evening was far larger than before. At four in the morning we took horse; at ten the rain began, and ceased no more till we came to Plymouth-dock at seven in the evening.

Sunday 5, I preached at eight; but though the warning was so short, the Room could not contain the congregation. At five in the evening I preached in a much larger room, the Tabernacle in Plymouth; but neither could this contain the numbers who flocked from all parts. And I was surprised at the decency of their behaviour. They were as still as one of our London congregations.

Monday 6, I rode to St. Mewan's, and found a large congregation (notwithstanding the rain) waiting for me. As I came out, a huge man ran full against me: I thought it was by accident, till he did it a second time, and began to curse and swear; on which I turned a little out of the path. He pressed vehemently after me through the crowd, and planted himself close by my side. Toward the close of

the sermon, his countenance changed, and in a while he slipped off his hat. When I had concluded, he squeezed me earnestly by the hand, and went away as quiet as a lamb.

Tuesday 7, I went to St. Ewe. There was much struggling here at first: but the two gentlemen who occasioned it are now removed, one to London, the other into eternity. Wednesday 8, we rode to Penryn. Many of the gentry were present in the evening: and some of them I permitted to stay when I met the Society. They seemed much moved. It *may* last more than a night; for *with God all things are possible.*

Thursday 9, I preached at Gwenap, and on Friday. On Saturday noon at Bezore, near Truro: In the evening, and on Sunday morning, in Redruth. Mr. Collins preached an exceedingly useful sermon at Church, upon the General Judgment. At one I preached in the street, to thrice as many as the room would have contained. I afterwards visited a poor, old woman, a mile or two from the town: her trials had been uncommon; inexpressible agonies of mind, joined with all sorts of bodily pain, not (it seemed) from any natural cause, but the direct operation of Satan: her joys were now as uncommon; she had little time to sleep, having for several months last past seen, as it were, the unclouded face of God, and praised Him day and night.

Wednesday 15, By reflecting on an odd book which I had read in this journey, "The General Delusion of Christians with regard to Prophecy," I was fully convinced of what I had long suspected, 1, That the Montanists in the second and third centuries, were real, Scriptural Christians; and 2, That the grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon withdrawn, was not only that faith and holiness were well nigh lost, but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gifts they had not themselves, and to decry them all, as either madness or imposture.

About noon I preached at Breag; in the evening in Crowan. On this and the following days I read over with all the impartiality I could, the "Free and Candid Disquisitions." It is doubtless an exceedingly well-written book; yet something in it I cannot commend. The Author (for the representing himself as *many*, and so speaking all along in the *plural* number, I take to be only a pious fraud, used to make himself appear more considerable) is far too great a flatterer for me, dealing in panegyric beyond all measure. But, in truth, he is not much guilty of this, with regard to the *Common Prayer*. About one objection in ten appears to have weight, and one in five has plausibility. But surely the bulk of his satire, though keen, is by no means just: and even allowing all the blemishes to be real, which he has so carefully and skilfully collected and recited, what ground have we to hope that if we gave up this, we should profit by the exchange? Who would supply us with a Liturgy less exceptionable than that which we had before?

Friday 17, I preached at Ligeon at noon, and at Newlin in the evening. Through all Cornwall I find the Societes have suffered great

loss from want of discipline, Wisely said the Ancients, "The soul and body make a man; the spirit and discipline make a Christian."

Saturday 18, I rode to St. Just, where there is still the largest Society in Cornwall: and so great a proportion of believers I have not found in all the nation beside. Five and forty persons I have observed, as they came in turn, and every one walking in the light of God's countenance.

Sunday 19, I preached at eight to a great multitude: such another we had in Morva at one; and again at Zunnor after the evening service; whence we rode to St. Ives, and concluded the day with thanksgiving.

Wednesday 22, We had a Quarterly-meeting, at which were present the Stewards of all the Cornish Societies. We had now the first Watch-night which had been in Cornwall: and *great was the Holy One of Israel in the midst of us.*

Thursday 23, Having first sent to the Mayor, to inquire, if it would be offensive to him, I preached in the evening, not far from the Market-place. There was a vast concourse of people, very few of the adult inhabitants of the town being wanting. I had gone through two-thirds of my discourse, to which the whole audience was deeply attentive, when Mr. S. sent his man to ride his horse to and fro through the midst of the congregation. Some of the chief men in the town bade me go on, and said, no man should hinder me: but I judged it better to retire to the Room; high and low, rich and poor followed me, and soon filled not only the Room itself, but all the space near the doors and windows. God gave me, as it were, *a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth;* so that the stout-hearted trembled before him. O the wisdom of God, in permitting Satan to drive all these people together, into a place where nothing diverted their attention, but his word had its full force upon their hearts!

Friday 24, I preached in Cambourn at noon, to the largest congregation I had ever seen there; and at St. Agnes in the evening, to a multitude not of curious hearers, but of men that had *tasted of the good word.* Saturday 25, in the evening I preached at Port-Isaac, in the street, the house not being able to contain the people.

Sunday 26, I preached at St. Ginnis morning and afternoon, but I fear with little effect. Thence we hastened to Camelford, where I preached in the main street, the rain pouring down all the time; but that neither drove the congregation away, nor hindered the blessing of God. Many were in tears, and some could not help crying aloud, both during the preaching, and the meeting of the Society. Monday 27, I preached at Trewalder about noon, on *I am the Resurrection and the life.* Many were dissolved into gracious tears, and many filled with strong consolation. In the evening Mr. Bennet (now full of days, and by swift steps removing into eternity) read prayers in Tresmere Church, and I preached on our *great High-Priest Jesus,* the Son of God.

Tuesday 28, He desired me to preach in his Church at Tamerton: but when we came, we found no notice had been given; and the key of the Church was a mile off: so I preached in a large room adjoining

to it. In the evening I preached in Laneast Church, to a large and attentive congregation. What can destroy the work of God in these parts, but zeal for, and contending about opinions? About eight I preached at St. Stephen's near Launceston, and then rode to the Dock; where I preached to such a congregation as I had not seen there for several years. The night overtook us soon after we had begun; but the moon gave us all the light we wanted. One poor man at first bawled out for *the Church;* but he soon went away ashamed. All the rest seemed to be such as really desired to *worship God in Spirit and in Truth.*

Thursday 30, The house would not contain them at five; much less at noon, when the number was more than doubled. I preached in the evening at Plymouth. Multitudes were present; but no scoffer, no inattentive person. The time for this is past, till God shall see good to let Satan loose again.

Friday 31, Setting out early, we reached Collumpton in the evening: but as I was not expected, the congregation was small. Sunday, September 2, I rode to Tiverton. At eight I preached to twice as many people as were present when I was here before. But even this congregation was doubled at one and at five. The meadow was then full from side to side, and many stood in the gardens and orchards round. It rained in the day several times; but not a drop fell while I was preaching. Here is an open door indeed! May no man be able to shut it!

Monday 3, About noon I preached at Hillfarrance, three miles from Taunton. Three or four boors would have been rude if they durst; but the odds against them was too great. At five I preached in Bridgewater, to a well-behaved company, and then rode on to Middlesey. We rode from hence to Shaftsbury, where I preached between six and seven to a serious and quiet congregation. We had another happy opportunity at five in the morning, when abundance of people were present. I preached at noon in the most riotous part of the town, just where four ways met: but none made any noise, or spoke one word, while I called *the wicked to forsake his way.* As we walked back, one or two foul-mouthed women spoke unseemly: but none regarded, or answered them a word. Soon after I was sat down, a Constable came, and said, "Sir, the Mayor discharges you from preaching in this Borough any more." I replied, "While King George gives me leave to preach, I shall not ask leave of the Mayor of Shaftsbury."

Thursday 6, I rode to Salisbury, and preached about noon, (a strange turn of providence!) in the Chapel which formerly was Mr. Hall's. One poor woman laboured much to interrupt; but (how it was I know not) with all her endeavours she could not get out one word. At length she set a dismal, inarticulate yell, and went away in all haste.

I preached at Winterburn in the evening; the next at Reading; and, on Saturday 8, came to London, where I had the following account from one of our preachers:

"John Jane was never well, after walking from Epworth to Hainton, on an exceedingly hot day, which threw him into a fever. But he was in great peace and love, even to those who greatly wanted love to him. He was some time at Alice Shadforth's house with whom he daily talked of the things of God. He was never without the love of God; spent much time in private prayer; and joined likewise with her in prayer several times in a day. On Friday, August 24, growing as she thought stronger in body, he sat in the evening by the fire side: about six he fetched a deep sigh, and never spoke more. He was alive till the same hour on Saturday, at which, without any struggle, or any sign of pain, with a smile on his face, he passed away. His last words were, "I find the love of God in Christ Jesus." All his clothes, linen, and woollen, stockings, hat, and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expences, which amount to 1*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* All the money he had was 1*s.* 4*d.*" Enough for any unmarried preacher of the Gospel to leave to his executors.

Sunday 9, I called on poor Mrs. H., whose husband had just engaged in a new branch of business, when God took him away from the evil to come. I am persuaded, had he continued in his simplicity he would have been alive to this day. How different from this was the case of John Hague! One who never left his first love, never was weary or faint, but daily grew in grace, and was still on the full stretch for God. When such an instrument is snatched away in the strength of his years, what can all the wisdom of man say, but, *How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!*

Saturday 15, I read over a short narrative of Count Z——'s life, written by himself, Was there ever such a Proteus under the sun, as this Lord Freydeck, Domine de Thurstain, &c. &c.? For he has almost as many names as he has faces or shapes. O when will he learn (with all his learning) *simplicity and godly sincerity?* When will he be an upright follower of the Lamb, so that *no guile* may be *found in his mouth?*

Monday 17, My brother set out for the North, but returned the next day, much out of order. How little do we know the counsels of God! But we know they are all-wise and gracious. Wednesday 19, when I came home in the evening, I found my brother abundantly worse. He had had no sleep for several nights, and expected none unless from opiates. I went down to our brethren below, and we made our request known to God. When I went up again, he was in a sound sleep, which continued till the morning.

Friday 21, We had a Watch-night at Spital-fields. I often wonder at the peculiar providence of God on these occasions. I do not know that in so many years one person has ever been hurt, either in London, Bristol, or Dublin, in going so late in the night to and from all parts of the town.

Sunday 23, My brother being not yet able to assist, I had more employment to-day than I expected. In the morning I read prayers, preached, and administered the Sacrament to a large congregation in Spital-fields. The service at West-street, continued from nine till one. At five I called the sinners in Moorfields to repentance. And

when I had finished my work, found more liveliness and strength than I did at six in the morning.

Monday 24, I left London; and the next morning called at what is styled the Half-way-house. Quickly after, as a young man was riding by the door, both horse and man tumbled over each other. As soon as he got up, he began cursing his horse. I spoke a few words, and he was calm. He told me, "He did fear God once; but for some time past he had cared for nothing." He went away full of good resolutions. God bring them to good effect!

I reached Kingswood in the evening: and the next day selected passages of Milton for the eldest children to transcribe and repeat weekly. Thursday 27, I went into the School, and heard half the children their lessons, and then selected passages of the Moral and Sacred Poems. Friday 28, I heard the other half of the children. Saturday 29, I was with them from four to five in the morning. I spent most of the day in revising Kennet's Antiquities, and marking what was worth reading in the School. Wednesday, Oct. 3, I revised, for the use of the children, Archbishop Potter's Grecian Antiquities, a dry, dull, heavy book. Thursday 4, I revised Mr. Lewis's, Hebrew Antiquities, something more entertaining than the other, and abundantly more instructive. Saturday 6, I nearly finished the Abridgment of Dr. Cave's Primitive Christianity, a book written with as much learning, and as little judgment, as any I remember to have read in my whole life; serving the ancient Christians just as Xenophon did Socrates; relating every weak thing they ever said or did.

Wednesday 10, I dined at P. S.'s, who, with his wife and daughter, are wonderful monuments of God's mercy. They were convinced of the truth when I first preached at Bristol, and Mrs. Sk. was a living witness of it. Yet Satan was afterward suffered to sift her as wheat: it seems, to take possession of her body. He tormented her many years in an unheard of manner. But God has now set her at full liberty.

Thursday 11, I prepared a short History of England for the use of the children; and on Friday and Saturday a short Roman History, as an introduction to the Latin Historians.

Monday 15, I read over Mr. Holmes's Latin Grammar, and extracted from it what was needful to perfect our own.

Tuesday 23, Riding through Holt, I called on the Minister, Mr. L., one of the most zealous adversaries we have in England. I found a calm, sensible, venerable old man, and spent above an hour in friendly altercation. Thence I rode to Milkstram, where the number of people obliged me to preach abroad, notwithstanding the keen north wind. And the steady attention of the hearers made amends for the rigour of the season.

Wednesday 24, I set out for London. Friday, November 2, I began taking an account of all in the Society that were in want: but I was soon discouraged; their number so increasing upon me, particularly about Moorfields, that I saw no possibility of relieving them all, unless the Lord should, as it were, make windows in heaven.

Saturday 17, I made an end of that very odd tract, "A Creed founded on common Sense." The main of it I admire as very ingenious: but still I cannot believe, either 1, "That the ten Commandments were not designed for a complete rule of life and manners;" or, 2, "That the Old Testament was never understood till 1700 years after Christ."

Monday 19, I met with an uncommon instance of distress, a poor woman, whose husband was at sea, as she was stepping out of her own door, saw a man whipped along the street. Being seven months gone with child, she went up stairs, and fell in labour immediately. Having none to help her, there she remained, till she was constrained to rise, and go down for some food. This immediately threw her into a high fever. A young woman calling there, by mere accident, as it is termed, found her and the child just alive, gave her all the money she had, (which was between eight and nine shillings) and from that time duly attended her every day.

Thursday 22, I read the curious Journal of Mr. S——, President of the Council in Georgia: full as trifling and dull, and about as true, as that of Mr. Adams, President of the Prophets.

Tuesday 27, I finished the following letter to an old friend, whose spirit and life once adorned the Gospel:—

"DEAR SIR, *Cookham, Nov.* 27, 1750.

"Several times I have designed to speak to you at large, concerning some things which have given me uneasiness. And more than once I have begun to speak, but your good humour quite disarmed me: so that I could not prevail upon myself to give you pain, even to remove a greater evil. But I cannot delay any longer: and therefore take this way, (as less liable to disappointment) of laying before you, with all freedom and unreserve, the naked sentiments of my heart.

"You seem to admire the Moravians much: I love them, but cannot admire them; (although I did once, perhaps more than you do now) and that for the following reasons:

"First, I do not admire *the names* they assume to themselves. They commonly style themselves *The Brethren*, or *The Moravian Church*. Now the former of these, *The Brethren*, either implies, that they are the only Christians in the world, (as they were who were so styled in the days of the Apostles) or at least that they are the best Christians in the world, and therefore deserve to be emphatically so called. But is not even this a very high encomium upon themselves? I should therefore more admire a more modest appellation.

"'But why should they not call themselves *The Moravian Church?*' Because they are not *The Moravian Church;* no more (at the utmost) than a part is the whole; than the *Romish Church* is *the Church of Christ*. A congregation assembled in St. Paul's might, with greater propriety, style themselves *The Church of England*. Yea, with far greater; 1, Because these are all Englishmen born; 2, Because they have been baptized as members of the Church of England; and, 3, Because, as far as they know, they adhere both to her doctrine and discipline. Whereas, 1, Not a tenth part of Count Zinzendorf's brethren are so much as Moravian born; not two thousand

out of twenty thousand: Quære, If two hundred adults? If fifty men? 2, Not one-tenth of them were baptized as members of the Moravian Church, (perhaps not one, till they left Moravia) but as members of the Romish Church; 3, They do not adhere either to the doctrines or discipline of the Moravian Church. They have many doctrines which that Church never held, and an entirely new scheme of discipline. 4, The true Moravian Church, of which this is a very small part, if it be any part at all, is still subsisting; not in England or Germany, but in Polish Prussia. Therefore I cannot admire their assuming this name to themselves: I cannot reconcile it, either with modesty or sincerity.

"If you say, 'But the Parliament has allowed it:' I answer, I am sorry for it. The putting so palpable a cheat upon so august an Assembly, with regard to a notorious matter of fact, I conceive does not redound to their own, any more than to the honour of our nation.

"If you add, 'But you yourself once styled them thus:' I grant I did; but I did it in ignorance. I took it on *their* word; and I now freely and openly testify my mistake.

"Secondly, I do not admire their *Doctrine* in the particulars that follow:

"1, That we are to *do nothing*, in order to salvation, but barely *to believe*. 2, That there is but *one duty* now, but *one command*, to believe in Christ. 3, That Christ has taken away *all* other *commands* and *duties*, having wholly *abolished the Law*. (The Sermon Count Zinzendorf preached at Fetter-lane, on John viii. 11, places this in a strong light. He roundly began, "Christ says, *I came not to destroy the Law:* but he did destroy the Law. The Law condemned this woman to death: but he did not condemn her. And God himself does not keep the Law. The Law forbids lying: but God said, *Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed.* Yet Nineveh was not destroyed.') 4, That there is no such thing as *degrees in faith;* or *weak faith;* since he has no faith, who has any doubt or fear. (How to reconcile this, with what I heard the Count assert at large, 'That a man may have justifying faith and not know it,' I cannot tell.) 5, That we are *sanctified wholly*, the moment we are justified, and are neither more nor less holy, to the day of our death. 6, That a believer has no holiness *in himself* at all; all his holiness being *imputed*, not *inherent*. 7, That a man may feel a peace that passeth all understanding, may rejoice with joy full of glory, and have the love of God, and of all mankind, with dominion over all sin; and yet all this may be only *nature, animal spirits*, or the force of *imagination*. 8, That if a man regard prayer, or searching the Scriptures, or communicating, as matter of *duty;* if he judges himself *obliged* to do these things, or is troubled when he neglects them; he is in bondage, he is under the Law, he has no faith; but is still seeking salvation by works. 9, That therefore, till we believe, we ought to be *still;* that is, not to pray, search the Scriptures, or communicate. 10, That their Church cannot err, and of consequence ought to be *implicitly* believed and obeyed.

"Thirdly, I approve many things in their *practice;* yet even this I cannot admire in the following instances:

"1, I do not admire their conforming to the world, by useless, trifling conversation: by suffering sin upon their brother, without reproving even that which is gross and open: by levity in the general tenor of their behaviour; not walking as under the eye of the great God: and, lastly, by joining in the most trifling diversions, *in order to do good.*

"2, I do not admire their close, dark, reserved behaviour, particularly towards strangers. The spirit of secrecy is the spirit of their community, often leading even into guile and dissimulation. One may observe in them much cunning, much art, much evasion, and disguise. They often *appear* to be what they are not; and not to be what they are. They so study to become all things to all men, as to take the colour and shape of any that are near them: directly contrary to that openness, frankness, and plainness of speech, so manifest in the Apostles, and Primitive Christians.

"3, I do not admire their confining their beneficence to the narrow bounds of their own Society. This seems the more liable to exception, as they boast of possessing such immense riches. In his late book, the Count particularly mentions, how many hundred thousand florins a single member of their Church has lately expended; and how many hundred thousand crowns of yearly rent, the nobility and gentry only of his Society, enjoy in one single country. Mean time do they, all put together, expend one hundred thousand, yea one thousand, or one hundred, in feeding the hungry, or clothing the naked of any society but their own?

"4, I do not admire the manner wherein they treat their opponents. I cannot reconcile it either to love, humility or sincerity. Is utter contempt, or settled disdain, consistent with love or humility? And can it consist with sincerity, to deny any charge which they know in their consciences is true? To say, those quotations are unjust, which are literally copied from their own books? To affirm, their doctrines are misrepresented, when their own sense is given in their own words? To cry, "Poor man! He is quite dark! He is utterly blind! He knows nothing of our doctrines!' Though they cannot point out one mistake this blind man has made, or confute one assertion he has advanced.

"Fourthly, I least of all admire the effects their doctrine has had on some who have lately begun to hear them.

"For 1, It has utterly destroyed their faith, their inward evidence of things not seen: the deep conviction they once had, that the Lamb of God had taken away their sins. Those who before had the witness in themselves of redemption in the blood of Christ, who had the Spirit of God clearly witnessing with their spirits, that they were the children of God:—after hearing these but a few times, began to doubt; then reasoned themselves into utter darkness; and in a while affirmed, first, that they had no faith now, (which was true) and soon after, that they never had any. And this was not the accidental, but natural effect of that doctrine, That there are *no degrees*

in faith; and that none has any faith, who is liable, at any time, to any degree of doubt or fear: as well as of that dark, unintelligible, unscriptural manner, wherein they *affect* to speak of it.

"I expect you will answer, 'Nay, they are the most plain, simple Preachers of any in the whole world. Simplicity is their peculiar excellence.' I grant, one sort of simplicity is: a single specimen of which may suffice. One of their eminent Preachers, describing at Fetter-lane 'the childhood of the Lamb,' observed, that 'his mother might send him out one morning, for a half-penny-worth of milk; that making haste back, he might fall and break the porringer; and that he might work a miracle to make it whole again, and gather up the milk into it.' Now, can you really admire this kind of simplicity? Or think it does honour to God manifest in the flesh?

"2, This preaching has destroyed the love of God in many souls, which was the natural effect of destroying their faith: as well as of teaching them to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, by ascribing his gifts to *imagination* and *animal spirits:* and of perplexing them with senseless, unscriptural cautions, against the *selfish love of God:* in which it is not easy to say, whether nonsense or blasphemy be the chief ingredient.

"3, This preaching has greatly impaired, if not destroyed, the love of their neighbour in many souls. They no longer burn with love to *all mankind*, with desire to do good to all. They are *straitened in* their *own bowels;* their love is confined to narrower and narrower bounds; till at length they have no desire or thought of doing good to any but those of their own community. If a man was before a zealous member of *our Church*, groaning for the prosperity of our *Zion*, it is past; all that zeal is at an end; he regards the Church of *England* no more than the Church of *Rome:* his tears no longer fall, his prayers no longer ascend, that God may shine upon her desolations. *The friends* that were once as his own soul, are now no more to him than other men. All the bands of that formerly endeared affection are as threads of tow that have touched the fire. Even the ties of filial tenderness are dissolved. The child regards not his *own parent:* he no longer regards the womb that bare, or the paps that gave him suck. Recent instances of this also are not wanting. I will particularize, if required. Yea, the son leaves his aged father, the daughter her mother, in want of the necessaries of life. I know the persons. I have myself relieved them more than once. For that was *Corban whereby they should have been profited.*

"4, These humble Preachers utterly destroy the *humility* of their hearers: who are quickly wiser than all their former Teachers: not because they *keep thy commandments*, (as the poor man *under the law* said) but because they allow no commandments at all. In a few days they are *wiser in their own eyes, than seven men that can render a reason.* 'Render a reason! Ay, there it is. Your carnal reason destroys you. You are for reason: I am for faith.' I am for both: for faith to perfect my reason: that by the Spirit of God not putting out the eyes of my understanding, but enlightening them

more and more, I may *be ready to give a clear*, scriptural *answer to every man that asketh me a reason of the hope that is in me.*

"5, This preaching destroys true, genuine *simplicity.* Let a plain, open-hearted man, who hates controversy, and loves the religion of the heart, go but a few times to Fetter-lane, and he begins to dispute with every man he meets: he draws the sword, and throws away the scabbard. And if he happens to be hard pressed by Scripture or reason, he has as many turns and fetches as a Jesuit: so that it is out of the power of a common man even to understand, much more to confute him.

"6, Lastly, I have known a short attendance on this preaching destroy both *gratitude, justice, mercy,* and *truth.* Take one only, but a terrible proof of this. One, whom you know, was remarkably exact in keeping his word. He is now (after hearing them but a few months) as remarkable for breaking it: being infinitely more afraid of a *legal,* than of a *lying spirit!* More jealous of the *works of the law,* than of the *works of the devil.* He was cutting off every possible expense, in order to do justice to all men. He *is* now expending large sums in mere superfluities. He was merciful after his power, if not beyond his power:

> 'List'ning attentive to the wretches' cry,
> The groan low-murmur'd, and the whisper'd sigh.'

"But the bowels of his compassion are now shut up. He has been *in works* too long already. So now, to prove his *faith,* he lets the poor brother starve, for whom Christ died! If he loved any one under the sun more than his own soul, it was the instrument by whom God had raised him from the dead. He assisted him to the utmost of his power: he would defend him even before princes. But he is now unconcerned whether he sinks or swims: he troubles not himself about it. Indeed he gives him —— good words; that is, before his face: but behind his back he can himself rail at him by the hour; and vehemently maintain, not that he is mistaken in a few smaller points, but that he 'preaches another God, not Jesus Christ.' "—Art thou the man? If you are not, go and hear the Germans again next Sunday.

Friday 30, I rode through a violent storm to Windsor, and preached to a little serious congregation. About one I preached at Brentford, and gathered up the poor remains of the shattered Society. How firm did these stand in the midst of storms! but the sun shone, and they melted away.

Monday, December 3, I rode to Canterbury, and preached on Rev. xx. A few turbulent people made a little noise as I found it was their custom to do. Perceiving more of them were gathered the next night, I turned and spoke to them at large. They appeared to be not a little confounded, and went away as quiet as lambs. Wednesday 5, I walked over the Cathedral, and surveyed the monuments of the ancient men of renown. One would think such a sight should strike an utter damp upon human vanity. What are the great, the fair, the valliant, now? The matchless warrior? The puissant Monarch?

"An heap of dust is all remains of thee!
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

Monday 10, I rode to Leigh in Essex, where I found a little company seeking God, and endeavoured to encourage them in provoking one another to love and good works.

Monday 17, I set upon cleansing Augeas's Stable; upon purging that huge Work, Mr Fox's Acts and Monuments, from all the trash which that honest, injudicious Writer has heaped together, and mingled with those venerable records, which are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance.

Sunday 23, I buried the body of Elizabeth Bamfield, a young woman of two and twenty, who, the Tuesday before, rose up from breakfast, dropped down, and spoke no more. But she was ready for the Bridegroom. Blessed are they whom, when He cometh, He shall find watching!

Tuesday, January 1, 1751: About this time I received a remarkable letter; part of which ran as follows:—

"When George Whitefield first preached on Kennington Common, curiosity drew me to hear him frequently. I admired his zeal in calling sinners to repentance; but did not see myself to be one of that number, having had a religious education, even in spiritual religion, such as was not to be found in other Societies. As soon as the Foundery was taken, I went thither constantly, morning as well as evening. But I had no desire of being acquainted with any of the Society, much less of joining therein, being strongly resolved, never to turn my back on the profession I was educated in. The next year I furnished myself with the books which John and Charles Wesley had printed. I compared them with Robert Barclay's Apology, and with the Bible; and of many things I was convinced: But what they said of justification I could not comprehend; and I did not much concern myself about it, being but slightly convinced of sin.

"It was my custom to rise some hours before the family, and spend that time in reading. One Sunday morning I was just going to open my Bible, when a voice (whether inward or outward I cannot tell) seemed to say very loud, 'God, for Christ's sake hath forgiven thee.' I started up, took the candle, and searched all about, to see if any one was near; but there was no one. I then sat down with such peace and joy in my soul as cannot be described. While I was musing what it could mean; I heard it again, saying, 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.' I trembled exceedingly, not with fear, but such an emotion as I cannot express. Yet I got up the second time, and opened the door, to see if it was any human voice. Soon after it was repeated the third time, still louder, which drove me on my knees to prayer, being overwhelmed with the love of God, and for the time utterly incapable of doubt or fear. I now saw the New Testament in a different light from what I had ever done before. All the day I was comforted with promises from it, either read or brought to my mind: yet the thought, 'May not all this be a delusion?' frequently darted into me. But it as often drove me to prayer: upon which all doubt presently vanished away.

"I was immediately changed in my dress, conversation, and whole deportment, which brought on me the ridicule of all my acquaintance: but nothing moved me. I wondered what the cross meant; for whatever appeared to be the will of God, I ran cheerfully to do, without a moment's hesitation. I felt no temptation to anger, pride, or any other evil: though often provoked, I was not ruffled in the least. God seemed to reign in my heart alone; he was all my desire, all my hope: and this light lasted about three months, without any cloud at all.

"But after this, it pleased God to remove all at once the veil which till then covered my heart; though I do not remember, that any disobedince preceded: for I feared sin more than death or hell. Yet in a moment such a scene was opened to me, that if I had not felt the hand of God underneath me, I should certainly have gone distracted. The infernal regions were represented to my view day and night: at the same time I saw what I was by nature, and what I had deserved from God for all my sins. O how did Satan then strive to tear away my shield! and what a burden of sin did I feel! It is impossible to describe it. If I looked from God a moment, I was full of horror. I often feared I should lose my senses; but had no thought of death, nor fear concerning it: yet hell appeared to me without a covering, and I seemed surrounded with devils, sleeping and waking. But I still held this fast, 'Thou hast forgiven me, O my God, and I will not let thee go.'

"All this time I constantly attended the preaching; and having a strong desire to know whether friends Wesleys lived the Gospel as well as preached it, I got acquainted with one who lived at the Foundery. I frequently sat and worked with her, and made all possible inquiries into the most minute circumstances of their behaviour. This afterwards proved a great blessing to me: for when I heard any idle report, (and I heard not a few) I could answer peremptorily, 'I know the contrary.'

"Their preaching now took deeper hold of me than ever, and searched every corner of my heart. I saw I had nothing to bring to God, and was indeed vile in my own eyes. When my friends sometimes told me, how good I had been, their words were as sharp swords. I found I had nothing to trust in, but the atoning blood. But this trust kept my soul in constant peace.

"Thus I went on a considerable time, before I admitted any serious reflections concerning the ordinances; which indeed I did not care to think of at all, till, one day, reading in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, *Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God:* the words struck me to the heart: I began to read over again, with all attention, what was written on both sides of the question. But this gave me no satisfaction: so I tried another way, giving myself up to earnest prayer, 'That God would guide me by his word and Spirit, into all that he required of me.' However, these thoughts died away, and I was quite easy about it, till on Sunday, at Devonshire-square meeting, it was brought to my mind in such a manner, that I believe the seat shook under me.

I then plainly saw it was my duty, and determined to delay no longer: for that purpose, I went to Cowley, two or three days after. But all the night before it was to be done, I was in deep distress. I spent all the hours in weeping and prayer, and yet as the morning drew on, my trouble increased, with strong terror, as if I was just going to execution. But I remained fixed in my purpose: and as soon as I was baptized, all the clouds dispersed, and I rejoiced more than ever in God my Saviour."

Wednesday 16, I received another letter from a friend, on a subject of general concern:

"VERY DEAR SIR,

"When I have deeply mused on ages past, and on the revival of primitive Christianity in the present age, I have often queried, whether ever before our time there arose in any one place, and in the same instant, a visible Christian Society, and a visible Antichristian one. No doubt God had wise ends in permitting the Antinomians to appear, just as the people of God began to unite together. But we cannot fathom his designs. Yet we know all shall work together for his people's good.

"Perhaps it required more grace to withstand this contagion, than would have enabled us to die for Christ: and very probably we should have been now a very different people from what we are, had we only our own countrymen to cope with: we should then have only set the plain Gospel of Christ against what was palpably another Gospel, and the life of Christ in opposition to that of those who are vulgarly termed Christians. And I verily believe, we should have been far higher in Christianity, than most of us are at this day. But this subtle poison has more or less infected almost all, from the highest to the lowest among us. We would put *Gospel* heads on bodies ready to indulge every unholy temper. Although (glory be to God) as a Society, we stand at least as clear of joining with the Beast as any other: yet we have not purged out all his leaven; the Antinomian spirit is not yet cast out.

"All our preaching at first was pointed at the heart, and almost all our private conversation.—Do you feel the love of God in your heart? Does his Spirit reign there? Do you walk in the Spirit? Is that mind in you which was in Christ? were frequent questions among us. But while these Preachers to the heart were going on gloriously in the work of Christ, the false apostles step in, laughed at all heart-work, and laughed many of us out of our spiritual senses: for, according to them, we were neither to *see, hear, feel*, nor *taste* the powers of the world to come; but to rest contented with what was done for us seventeen hundred years ago. 'The dear Lamb,' said they, 'has done all for us: we have nothing to do, but to believe.' Here was a stroke at the whole work of God in the heart! And ever since, this spirit hath wrought among us, and caused many to rest in a barren, notional faith, void of that *inward power* of God unto salvation."

Sunday 27, I preached a Charity Sermon at Spital-fields, for the use of our poor children. The Church was extremely crowded; but not many rich, not many εὐγενεῖς, *well-born*, were there. It was enough

that there were many of the people of God, and their Lord in the midst of them.

Wednesday 30, Having received a pressing letter from Dr. Isham, then the Rector of our College, to give my vote at the election for a member of parliament, which was to be the next day, I set out early, in a severe frost, with the north-west wind full in my face. The roads were so slippery, that it was scarcely possible for our horses to keep their feet. Indeed one of them could not, but fell upon his head, and cut it terribly. Nevertheless, about seven in the evening, God brought us safe to Oxford. A congregation was waiting for me at Mr. Evans's, whom I immediately addressed in those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Thursday 31, I went to the Schools, where the Convocation was met: but I did not find the decency and order which I expected. The gentleman for whom I came to vote, was not elected: yet I did not repent of my coming; I owe much more than this to that generous, friendly man, who now rests from his labours. I was much surprised, wherever I went, at the civility of the people, gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names, as once; no, nor even laughter. What can this mean? Am I become a servant of men? Or is the scandal of the cross ceased?

Friday, February 1, We set out for London in another bitter morning, having such a wind (now got to the east, and so in our face again) as I hardly ever remember. But by five in the evening, we were under shelter at the Foundery. It being the night before appointed for a Watch-night, we continued praying and praising God as usual, till about twelve o'clock; and I found no inconvenience, but a little faintness, which a few hours sleep removed.

Saturday 2, Having received a full answer from Mr. P., I was clearly convinced that I ought to marry. For many years I remained single, because I believed I could be more useful in a single, than in a married state. And I praised God, who enabled me so to do. I now as fully believed, that in my present circumstances, I might be more useful in a married state; into which, upon this clear conviction, and by the advice of my friends, I entered a few days after.

Wednesday 6, I met the single men, and shewed them, on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God, to remain *single for the kingdom of heaven's sake;* unless where a particular case might be an exception to the general rule.

Sunday 10, After preaching at five, I was hastening to take my leave of the congregation at Snowsfields, purposing to set out in the morning for the north; when on the middle of London-bridge, both my feet slipped on the ice, and I fell with great force, the bone of my ancle lighting on the top of a stone. However, I got on, with some help, to the Chapel, being resolved not to disappoint the people. After preaching, I had my leg bound up by a Surgeon, and made shift to walk to the Seven-dials. It was with much difficulty that I got up into the pulpit; but God then comforted many of our hearts. I went back in a coach to Mr. B.'s, and from thence, in a chair to the Foundery: but I was not able to preach, my sprain growing worse. I re-

moved to Threadneedle-street; where I spent the remainder of the week, partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, partly in writing a Hebrew Grammar, and Lessons for Children.

Sunday 17, I was carried to the Foundery, and preached kneeling (as I could not stand) on part of the twenty-third Psalm; my heart being enlarged, and my mouth opened to declare the wonders of God's love.

Monday 18, was the second day I had appointed for my journey. But I was disappointed again, not being yet able to set my foot to the ground. However I preached (kneeling) on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning.

Sunday 24, I preached morning and evening at Spital-fields, where many who had been wandering from God for several years, seemed at length to have fresh desires of returning to him. How is it that we are so ready to despair of one another? For want of the *love* that *hopeth all things.*

Monday, March 4, Being tolerably able to ride, though not to walk, I set out for Bristol. I came thither on Wednesday, thoroughly tired, though in other respects, better than when I set out. Thursday 7, I learned, that poor Mr. Hall is now a settled Deist. Now let those triumph who separated chief friends. Surely his blood is on their heads.

Saturday 9, Many of our Preachers came from various parts. My spirit was much bowed down among them, fearing some of them were perverted from the simplicity of the Gospel. But I was revived at the sight of John H., John N., and those who came with them in the evening; knowing they held the truth as it is in Jesus, and did not hold it in unrighteousness.

Monday 11, Our Conference began; and the more we conversed, the more brotherly-love increased. The same spirit we found on Tuesday and Wednesday. I expected to have heard many objections to our first doctrines. But none appeared to have any; we seemed to be all of one mind, as well as one heart. Friday 15, I mentioned whatever I thought was amiss, or wanting in any of our brethren. It was received in a right spirit; with much love, and serious, earnest attention. And I trust not one went from the Conference discontented, but rather blessing God for the consolation.

Tuesday 19, Having finished the business for which I came to Bristol, I set out again for London, being desired by many, to spend a few days there, before I entered upon my northern journey. I came to London on Thursday, and having settled all affairs, left it again on Wednesday 27. I cannot understand, how a Methodist Preacher can answer it to God, to preach one sermon, or travel one day less, in a married, than in a single state. In this respect, surely *it remaineth, that they who have wives, be as though they had none.*

On Wednesday I rode with John Haime to Tetsworth. On Thursday went on to Evesham. One from thence met us on Broadway-hill. I was soon informed that Mr. Keech was buried the night before. His widow and daughter were sorrowing; but not as without hope: neither did they refrain from the preaching one day.—So let

my surviving friends sorrow for me! I was to have preached in the Town-hall: but a company of players had taken possession of it first. Our own room could not contain the congregation: but to as many as could crowd into it, I applied, *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Friday 29, I rested at Evesham. Saturday 30, I rode to Birmingham, and found God in the midst of the congregation. Sunday 31, I earnestly warned the Society against idle disputes and vain janglings; and afterwards, preached on *If ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.* The hearts of many were melted within them; so that neither they nor I could refrain from tears, but they were tears of joy, from a lively sense of the liberty wherewith Christ had made us free. At one I was obliged to preach abroad, the room not being able to contain half the congregation. O how is the scene changed here! The last time I preached at Birmingham, the stones flew on every side. If any disturbance were made now, the disturber would be in more danger than the preacher. At five in the evening I preached at Wednesbury, to a still larger congregation. But no mocker or trifler appeared among them. How many of the last shall be first!

Monday, April 1, I rode to Dudley. The dismal screaming wherewith we were welcomed into the town, gave us reason to expect the same kind of reception as I had when I was there before. I began preaching immediately in a yard not far from the main street. Some at first seemed inclined to interrupt, but when they had heard a little, they grew more attentive, and stayed very quietly to the end, though it rained a great part of the time.

I had desired John Haime to preach at Wednesbury. But when I came, he had but just begun the hymn. So I had an opportunity which I did not expect, of speaking again to that willing people. What a work would have been in all these parts, if it had not been for doubtful disputations! If the Predestinarians had not thrown back those who began to run well, partly into the world, partly to the Baptists, and partly into endless disputes concerning the secret counsels of God! While we carried our lives in our hands, none of these came near; the waves ran too high for them. But when all was calm, they poured in on every side, and bereaved us of our children. Out of these, they formed one Society here, one at Dudley, and another at Birmingham. Many indeed, though torn from us, would not stay with them; but broke out into the wildest enthusiasm. But still they were all called Methodists; and so all their drunkenness and blasphemies (not imputed to a believer!) were imputed to us!

Tuesday 2, I preached at Darlaston, late a den of lions: but most of the fiercest of them, God has called away by a train of amazing strokes; and those that remain, are now as lambs. I preached in the evening at Wednesbury, where, notwithstanding the rain, every man, woman, and child stayed to the end. I gave them all an earnest caution, not to lean on broken reeds, on opinions of any kind; and even the Predestinarians received it in love, and told me, it was highly seasonable.

Wednesday 3, I made an end of visiting the Classes, miserably shattered by the sowers of strange doctrines. At one I preached at Tipton-green, where the Baptists also have been making havock of the flock; which constrained me, in speaking on those words, *Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins*, to spend near ten minutes in controversy, which is more than I had done in public for many months, perhaps years, before.

Thursday 4, We took horse about four. The snow fell without intermission, which the north wind drove full in our faces. After resting a while at Billbrook, Newport, and Whitchurch, and riding some miles out of our way, we overtook some people going to the preaching at Alphraham, who guided us straight to the house. William Hitchens had not begun: so I took his place, and felt no weakness or weariness, while I declared, *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*

April 5, being Good-friday, I preached at eight, and then walked to Banbury Church. I preached again at one, and in the evening at Poole, near Natwich, to another deeply serious congregation. The next evening we reached Manchester.

Easter-day, April 7, After preaching, I went to the New Church, and found an uncommon blessing, at a time when I least of all expected it; namely, while the Organist was playing a voluntary! We had a happy hour in the evening, many hearts being melted down in one flame of holy love.

Wednesday 10, I rode to Shackerley. Being now in the very midst of Mr. Taylor's disciples, I enlarged much more than I am accustomed to do, on the doctrine of Original Sin; and determined, if God should give me a few years' life, publicly to answer his New Gospel.

By the huge noise which was in the street, as we entered Bolton, I conjectured Satan would try his strength once more. But God suffered him not. The mob soon was vanished away, and I had both a numerous and a quiet congregation.

Thursday 11, The barber who shaved me said, "Sir, I praise God on your behalf. When you were at Bolton last, I was one of the most eminent drunkards in all the town: but I came to listen at the window, and God struck me to the heart. I then earnestly prayed for power against drinking, and God gave me more than I asked; he took away the very desire of it: yet I felt myself worse and worse, till on the 5th of April last I could hold out no longer. I knew I must drop into hell that moment, unless God appeared to save me: and he did appear: I knew he loved me, and felt sweet peace: yet I did not dare to say I had faith, till yesterday was twelvemonth God gave me faith, and his love has ever since filled my heart."

Hence I rode with Mr. Milner to Ribchester, where some Clergymen had appointed to meet him, with whom we spent one or two hours in serious and useful conversation. Between five and six we reached the Vicarage at Chipping, where a few serious people soon assembled. The next day we rode to Ambleside, and on Saturday 13, over more than Welsh mountains, to Whitehaven.

Sunday 14, I heard two useful sermons at Church, on *Fear not them that can kill the body.* I preached at eight, on *Is there no balm in Gilead?* And between one and two at the market-place, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* A few stones were thrown at first; but the bulk of the congregation was deeply serious; as well as in the evening, when I preached, on *Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?* In meeting the Classes the two next days, I observed one remarkable circumstance: without an absolute necessity, none of this Society ever miss their Class. Among near two hundred and forty persons, I met one single exception, and no more.

Wednesday 17, I rode to Clifton, six miles from Whitehaven. It was supposed few would come in the middle of the afternoon: but on the contrary, there were abundantly more than any house could contain; so that notwithstanding the keen north-east wind, I was obliged to preach in the street. Several of the poor people came after me to Cocker-mouth, where I stood at the end of the market-house, ten or twelve steps above the bulk of the congregation, and proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* A large and serious congregation attended again at five, on Thursday morning. We then rode to Gamblesby, where I preached in the school-house to as many serious people as it could contain; and on Friday 19, crept on, through miserable roads, till we came to Hinely-hill.

Early in the morning we scaled the snowy mountains, and rode by the once-delightful seat of the late Lord Derwentwater, now neglected, desolate, and swiftly running to ruin. In the afternoon we brought Mr. Milner safe to the Orphan-house at Newcastle.

Sunday 21, The rain obliged me to preach in the house, both morning and afternoon. The spirit of the people refreshed me much, as it almost always does. I wish all our Societies were like-minded; as loving, simple, and zealous of good works.

Monday 22, The rain stopped, while I was preaching at the market-place in Morpeth. We rode from thence to Alnwick, where (it being too wet to preach at the cross) some of our friends procured the town-hall. This being very large, contained the people well; only the number of them made it extremely hot.

Tuesday 23, We rode on to Berwick-upon-Tweed. At six in the evening, a young man was buried, cut off in the strength of his years, who was to have inherited a considerable fortune. Almost the whole town attended the funeral. I went directly from the church-yard to the grave, and had full as many attendants as the corpse, among whom, were abundance of fine, gay things, and many soldiers.

Wednesday 24, Mr. Hopper and I took horse between three and four, and about seven came to Old Camus. Whether the country was good or bad we could not see, having a thick mist all the way. The Scotch towns are like none which I ever saw, either in England, Wales, or Ireland: there is such an air of antiquity in them all, and such a peculiar oddness in their manner of building. But we were most surprised at the entertainment we met with in every place, so far different from common report. We had all things good, cheap, in great abundance, and remarkably well dressed. In the afternoon we

rode by Preston-field, and saw the place of battle, and Colonel Gardiner's house. The Scotch here affirm, that he fought on foot after he was dismounted, and refused to take quarter. Be that as it may, he is now *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

We reached Musselborough between four and five. I had no intention to preach in Scotland; nor did I imagine there were any that desired I should. But I was mistaken. Curiosity (if nothing else) brought abundance of people together in the evening. And whereas, in the Kirk (Mrs. G—— informed me) there used to be laughing and talking, and all the marks of the grossest inattention; it was far otherwise here: they remained as statutes, from the beginning of the sermon to the end.

Thursday 25, we rode to Edinburgh, one of the dirtiest cities I had ever seen, not excepting Colen in Germany. We returned to Musselborough to dinner, whither we were followed in the afternoon by a little party of gentlemen from Edinburgh. I know not why any should complain of the shyness of the Scots towards strangers. All I spoke with, were as free and open with me, as the people of Newcastle or Bristol; nor did any person move any dispute of any kind, nor ask me any question concerning my opinion.

I preached again at six, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found.* I used great plainness of speech toward them, and they all received it in love: so that the prejudice which the devil had been several years planting, was torn up by the roots in one hour. After preaching, one of the Bailies of the town, with one of the Elders of the Kirk, came to me, and begged, "I would stay with them a while, if it were but two or three days, and they would fit up a far larger place than the School, and prepare seats for the congregation." Had not my time been fixed, I should gladly have complied. All I could now do, was to give them a promise that Mr. Hopper would come back the next week, and spend a few days with them.

Friday 26, I rode back to Berwick. The congregation was large, though the air was piercingly cold: as it was the next evening, while I preached at Alnwick Cross; where, on Sunday 18, I preached at eight and at one. Afterwards I rode to Alemouth, where I found the largest congregation I had seen in all Northumberland. I preached at Widdrington in the evening; at Placey, Monday 29, about noon, and at Newcastle in the evening.

Saturday May 4, I rode to Sheep-hill, in a rough, tempestuous day; and after preaching and settling the Society, to Sunderland. I found many here much alive to God, and was greatly comforted among them.

Sunday 5, I met the Society at five, preached at eight, and then rode to Painshaw. Just as the congregation came out of the Church, I began. We had some heavy showers: but none went away. I reached Newcastle before five; but the storm would not suffer me to preach abroad: As many as possibly could, crowded in; but many were obliged to stand without, while I enforced, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Monday 6, I met a few people at Durham, in my way, and then rode on to Stockton. Some angry people set up a dismal scream, as we entered the town: but they could go no farther. By means of a plain, rough exhorter, who lived in the town, the Society was more than doubled, since I was here before: and most of them were rejoicing greatly: only poor R. M. still went on heavily, being unequally yoked with one who was a bitter enemy to all spiritual religion. I preached in the main street, near the market-place. When I had done, R. M.'s wife followed me into the house. I desired we might go to prayer. God broke her heart in pieces, and she determined to go on hand in hand with her husband.

Tuesday 7, I preached at Acomb, near York. The next day I rode on to Epworth; and on Thursday preached at Hainton about noon, and at Coningsby in the evening. The wind was as the piercing of a sword: but the congregation regarded it not. Friday 10, we rode to Lorborough. The Minister's son, and two more, made a little disturbance for a while: however, I permitted them to be present when I met the Society: they seemed utterly astonished, and I believe, will not lightly speak evil of us again. It rained incessantly as we rode to Grimsby, where I preached to a mixed congregation, some of whom (the greater part) were exceedingly serious, and some exceedingly drunk. The Society, I found, was much alive to God.

Saturday 11, We returned to Epworth, to a poor, dead, senseless people: at which I did not wonder, when I was informed, 1, That some of our Preachers there, had diligently gleaned up and retailed all the evil they could hear of me: 2, That some of them had quite laid aside our hymns, as well as the doctrine they formerly preached: 3, That one of them had frequently spoken against our Rules, and the other quite neglected them. Nothing, therefore, but the mighty power of God, could have kept the people so well as they were.

Sunday 12, After preaching at five, I rode to Misterton. The congregation was the largest I have seen in these parts. Thence I returned to Overthorp, where I did not observe one trifling or careless hearer. I came to Epworth, just in time for the afternoon Service; and after Church, walked down straight to the Cross. The north-east wind was strong and keen: yet the bulk of the congregation did not regard it.

Monday 13, I learned the particulars of Mr. R.'s case, of which I had heard but a confused account before. "In November last he was desired to baptize a child of John Varley's. It was observed, his voice which had been lost several years, was entirely restored. He read the office with great emotion, and many tears, so as to astonish the whole congregation. But going home from Church, he behaved in so strange a manner, that it was thought necessary to confine him. During the first week of his confinement, he was for constraining every one that came near him, to kneel down and pray; and frequently cried out, 'You will be lost, you will be damned, unless you know your sins are forgiven.' Upon this Mr.— roundly averred, That the Methodists had turned his head. After seven or eight days he grew much worse, though still with intervals of reason.

And in about a fortnight, by a judgment mixed with mercy, God took him to himself."

Tuesday 14, The waters were greatly out in the road, so that the York coach was overturned just before us: the bridge it should have gone over being under water: yet no passenger was hurt, only dropping wet, being all thrown into the river. We were to pass the same river a few miles off, and which way to do it, we knew not. But just as we came to the place, we overtook two gentlemen, who had hired a guide. So we followed them as close as we could, and crossed it without difficulty.

I preached about five at Leeds, in the walls of the new house. Wednesday 15, we had a little conference with about thirty Preachers. I particularly inquired concerning their grace, and gifts, and fruit; and found reason to doubt of one only.

Thursday 16, I rode to Wakefield. But we had no place except the street, which could contain the congregation: and the noise and tumult there were so great, that I knew not whether I could preach at all. But I spoke a few words, and the waves were still. Many appeared deeply attentive. I believe God has taken hold of some of their hearts, and that they will not easily break loose from him.

Friday 17, I preached in the new house at Birstal, already too small for even a week-day's congregation. After a few days more spent among the neighbouring Societies, I returned by easy journies to London.

Friday, June 1, I wrote as follows to the Rector and Fellows of our college :—Ego, Johannes Wesley, Collegii Lincolniensis in academia Oxoniensi Socius, quicquid mihi juris est in prædicta societate, ejusdem Rectori & Sociis sponte ac libere resigno: illis universis & singulis perpetuam pacem ac omnimodam in Christo felicitatem exoptans.

A few days after I went down to Bristol, where I procured a particular account of one that went to rest some months before. Part of it was as follows:—"Elizabeth Walcam was born in March, 1733. From her infancy she was mild and affable. When she was about six years old, she was much in private prayer, and often called her brother and sister to join with her. If she were in any trifling and laughing company, she seldom went farther than a little smile. In the whole course of her life she was remarkably dutiful to her parents, and loving to all; mostly in an even frame of spirit; slow to anger, and soon pacified; tender-hearted to all that were distressed, and a lover of all that was good. From the time she joined the Society, she was a true lover of her ministers and her brethren: not suffering any to speak evil of them, particularly of her ministers: and if her innocent answers did not stop them, she left their company.

"In the beginning of December last she was indisposed; and on Saturday 8, took her room. In the afternoon she broke out, 'When shall I see my Jesus? I want to know that he has taken away my sins.' After a while she cried, 'He does love me. I know Jesus loves me. My Father! He is my Father! and my God!' Yet on

the Wednesday following she was in deep distress. 'I found her, (says one who then visited her,) crying out, O that I were washed in the blood of the Lamb! Pray for me, that I may know my sins are forgiven.' I prayed with her several times, and stayed all night. She did not sleep at all; her pain of body, as well as mind, being exceedingly great. She was almost continually in prayer, crying for mercy, till I went away about eight in the morning.

"About nine in the evening I came again. She was still in violent pain: but did not seem to regard this, in comparison of her soul. Her continual cry was, 'I do not know Christ: I want an interest in Christ. O that I might know Him! O that he would forgive my sins! that he would wash me whiter than snow. She had never any ease but while we were at prayer, with which she was never satisfied; but held me, and would not let me rise from my knees, sometimes for an hour together. I was praying with her about twelve o'clock, when she called out, 'Help me to praise the Lord. I feel my sins *are* forgiven. I am washed, and made whiter than snow.' She spent the remainder of the night in praise and prayer. About eight in the morning I went home.

"On Sunday evening I found her much weaker in the body; but her soul was full of life and vigour. When I came in, she said, 'I am exceedingly glad you are come. Now let us rejoice together. We shall meet together in heaven: I am washed in the blood of the Lamb: I know God is my Father: I know my name is written in heaven: there we shall all rejoice together.' She was never satisfied with giving thanks; not suffering me to rise from my knees, but holding me by my hands when I went to rise.

"About eight Mrs. W. came in, and told us Mr. C. W. was come to town. She then broke out into prayer for him, for Mr. J. W., and for the Society. Afterward she prayed for the Quakers, that God would deliver them from all darkness of mind, covetousness, pride, and the love of the world. She continued praying till near twelve o'clock, speaking with a clear, strong voice; although whenever she ceased speaking, she seemed just dying away. About twelve she cried out 'Lord, forgive me. What shall I do to be saved?' I was astonished to hear her voice so changed; and asked, 'My dear, what is it distresses you?' She answered, I 'feel anger toward Peggy.' (That was the maid's name.) 'Lord, forgive me! Lord, lay not this sin to my charge!' We went to prayer together; and, after a time, she said, 'Help me to bless and thank the Lord. I find sweet refreshments from him. He is reconciled again.' And from that hour she found no more darkness.

"She then began praying for her parents, her sisters, and brother; adding, 'Do pray, that God would restrain him from the evils of this world. I have been restrained from a child. I never could play, as other children did.' Towards morning she dosed a little; but all the intervals she spent in praise and thanksgiving, still speaking with as clear and strong a voice, as if she had been in health.

"One day, as she was praising God, one desired her brother to take pattern by her. She immediately answered, 'Not by me; take pat-

tern by Jesus, take pattern by Jesus.' About twelve at night, as I came into the room, she said, 'My heart is blessed of the Lord, and in the strength of the living God I speak: come, let us go to prayer; let us praise the living God once more in this world; the Lord ever——.' Here her breath failed. But soon after, she sung with us, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs;' adding, 'I am more afraid to live than to die, but whether I live or die, I will praise the Lord.'

"On Sunday morning she said, 'Jesus loves me; He has been always with me; He is a merciful God; He is indeed. I shall go to glory, to glory. Come, O Lord Jesus, and make my passage easy to eternal glory. I long to be with Jesus. I could grasp him! (stretching out her arms) O give me an easy passage——We shall soon meet again, to sing praises unto the Lord for ever.' At another time she said, 'Let others do what they will, we will praise the Lord. I am happy, I am easy; if he raises me or not, I shall praise the Lord.' She said to her father, 'I asked to drink of the bitter cup; but I knew not what I asked. But yet, if it is a hundred times more, I desire to drink it all.'

"As she grew weaker, she was seized with strong convulsions, which followed close one upon another. But the moment the fit ceased, she always began to speak, praying and praising God; nor was her understanding or even her memory, either disordered or weakened thereby: nay, her understanding remained even during the fit, so that she heard and knew all that was spoken near her, and when she recovered her speech, repeated as there was occassion, and remarked upon it.

"When Mr. C. W. and two others came to pray with her, she was exceedingly low. After they were gone, she said, 'My spirit joins with them: they are the people of God; I know they are: how sweet they look! Don't they look different from other people? Come, mother, let us praise God; I am always better after prayer. O for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise! O how great is my rejoicing! I shall be whiter than the driven snow.'

"Soon after she said, 'I am refreshed; indeed I am. We shall see him on his great, white throne. There we shall see him face to face. My dear Jesus! Praise Jesus: Why don't you praise Jesus? Praise my God: He is making intercession for me; He *is;* the Lord loves me; I *know* he does.' To her mother she said, 'What a blessed thing is it, that you have brought up a child for the Lord?' She continued praying and praising God till the 25th, when her breath was so short, that she could say nothing but Jesus. This she uttered continually as she could, till about six in the evening she resigned her spirit, without any sigh or groan, or alteration in her countenance, which had the same sweetness as when she was living. She lived on earth sixteen years, nine months, and eighteen days."

Friday 22, I drew up a short account of the case of Kingswood School.

1, The School began on Midsummer-day, 1748. The Rules were printed, and notwithstanding the strictness of them, in two or three months we had twenty-eight Scholars: so that the family, including

M. D., the house-keeper, R. T., our man, and four maid-servants, consisted of forty persons.

2, From the very beginning I met with all sorts of discouragements. Cavillers and prophets of evil were on every side. A hundred objections were made both to the whole design, and every particular branch of it. Especially by those from whom I had reason to expect better things; notwithstanding which, through God's help, I went on; wrote an English, a Latin, a Greek, a Hebrew, and a French Grammar, and printed Prælectiones Pueriles, with many other books for the use of the School; and God gave a manifest blessing. Some of the wildest children were struck with deep conviction: all appear to have good desires, and two or three began to taste the love of God.

3, Yet I soon observed several things which I did not like. The maids divided into two parties. R. T. studiously blew up the coals, by constant whispering and tale-bearing. M. D. did not supply the defects of other servants, being chiefly taken up with thoughts of another kind. And hence the children were not properly attended, nor were things done with due care and exactness.

4, The Masters should have corrected these irregularities: but they added to them. T. R. was so rough and disobliging, that the children were little profited by him. A. G. was honest and diligent, but his person and manner made him contemptible to the children. R. M. was grave and weighty in his behaviour, and did much good, till W. S. set his children against him, and instead of restraining them from play, played with them himself. J. J. and W. S. were weighed down by the rest, who neither observed the rules in the School nor out of it.

5, The continued breach of that rule, "Never to let the children work, but in the presence of a Master," occasioned their growing wilder and wilder, till all their religious impressions were worn off. And the sooner, as four or five of the larger boys, were very uncommonly wicked.

6, When I came down in September, 1750, and found the Scholars reduced to eighteen, I determined to purge the house thoroughly. There are now two Masters, the house-keeper, a maid, and eleven children. I believe all in the house are at length of one mind, and trust God will bless us in the latter end, more than in the beginning.

Monday, July 8, I wrote an account of that wonderful self-deceiver and hypocrite, James Wh——. O what a scandal has his obstinate wickedness brought on the gospel! and what a curse on his own head!

After deeply weighing the matter, I read the following paper to him, before I gave it into his hands:—

"*June* 25, 1751.

"Because you have wrought folly in Israel, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, betrayed your own soul into temptation and sin, and the souls of many others, whom you ought, even at the peril of your your own life, to have guarded against all sin; because you have given occasion to the enemies of God, whenever they shall know these things, to blaspheme the ways and truth of God:

"We can in no wise receive you as a fellow-labourer, till we see clear proofs of your real and deep repentance. Of this you have given us no proof yet. You have not so much as named one single person, in all England or Ireland, with whom you have behaved ill, except those we knew before.

"The last and lowest proof of such repentance which we can receive, is this, that till our next Conference (which we hope will be in October) you abstain both from preaching, and from practising Physic. If you do not, we are clear; we cannot answer for the consequences.

"JOHN WESLEY.

"CHARLES WESLEY.'

On Thursday and Friday, my brother and I spared no pains to persuade him to retire for a season: but it was labour lost. He professed himself indeed, and we would fain have thought him penitent. But I could not find any good proof that he was so: nay, I saw strong proof that he was not: 1, Because he never *owned* one tittle, but what he knew we could prove: 2, Because he always *extenuated* what he could not deny: 3, Because he as constantly *accused* others as excused himself, saying, "Many had been guilty of *little imprudences* as well as he:" 4, Because in doing this, he told several palpable *untruths*, which he well knew so to be.

Yet still we spared him, hoping God would give him repentance. But finding after some weeks, that he continued going from house to house, justifying himself, and condemning my brother and me for misrepresenting him; on Monday, July 22, I rode to Bearfield again, and put myself to the pain of writing down from the mouths of seven persons as near as I could, in their own words, the accounts which I judged to be most material I read over to each what I had written, and asked, "If I had mistaken any thing?" Every one answered, "No; it was the very truth, as they were to answer it before God."

I would now refer it to any impartial judge, whether we have shewn too much severity? Whether we have not rather leaned to the other extreme, and shewn too much lenity to so stubborn an offender?

Even when I returned to London soon after, I declined as much as possible, mentioning any of these things: having still a distant hope, that almighty Love might, at length, bring him to true repentance.

Some who came up from Lincolnshire, in the beginning of August, occasioned my writing the following letter:—

London, Aug. 15, 1751.

"REV. SIR,

"1, I take the liberty to inform you, that a poor man, late of your parish, was with me some time since, as were two others a few days ago, who live in or near Wrangle. If what they affirmed be true, you were very nearly concerned in some late transactions there. The short was this: that a riotous mob, at several times, particularly on the 7th of July, and the 4th of this month, violently assaulted a company of quiet people, struck many of them, beat down others, and dragged some away, whom, after abusing them in various ways, they

threw into drains, or other deep waters, to the endangering of their lives: that not content with this, they broke open a house, dragged a poor man out of bed, and drove him out of the house naked; and also greatly damaged the goods; at the same time threatening to give them all the same or worse usage, if they did not desist from that worship of God which they believed to be right and good.

"2, The poor sufferers, I am informed, applied for redress, to a neighbouring Justice of the Peace. But they could have none. So far from it, that the Justice himself told them, The treatment was good enough for them; and that if they went on (in worshipping God according to their own consciences) the mob should use them so again.'

"3, I allow, some of those people might behave with passion or ill manners. But if they did, was there any proportion at all between the fault and the punishment? Or, whatever punishment was due, does the law direct, that a riotous mob should be the inflictors of it?

"4, I allow also, that this gentleman supposed the doctrines of the Methodists (so called) to be extremely bad. But is he assured of this? Has he read their Writings? If not, why does he pass sentence before he hears their evidence? If he has, and thinks them wrong, yet is this a method of confuting, to be used in a Christian, a Protestant country? Particularly in England, where every man *may* think for himself, as he *must* give an account for himself to God?

"5, The sum of our doctrine, with regard to inward religion (so far as I understand it) is comprised in two points, the loving God with all our hearts, and the loving our neighbours as ourselves: and with regard to outward religion, in two more, the doing all to the glory of God, and the doing to all what we would desire, in like circumstances, should be done to us. I believe no one will easily confute this, by Scripture and sound reason; or prove that we preach or hold any other doctrine, as necessary to salvation.

"6, I thought it my duty, Sir, though a stranger to you, to say thus much, and to request two things of you: 1, That the damage these poor people have sustained may be repaired; and next, that they may, for the time to come, be allowed to enjoy the privilege of Englishmen, to serve God according to the dictates of their own consciences. On these conditions they are heartily willing to forget all that is past.

"Wishing you all happiness, spiritual and temporal,

"I remain, Rev. Sir,

"Your affectionate Brother and Servant."

Mr. B. was not so wise as to take my advice. So the sufferers applied to the Court of King's-Bench: and after it had cost him a large sum, he was glad to let them worship God in their own way.

Saturday 17, Calling on a gentleman in the City, whom I had not seen for some time, I was surprised to find him thin and pale, and with all the marks of an approaching consumption. I asked, whether he did not think a journey would do him more good than a heap of medicines? And whether he would set out with my wife and me for Cornwall on Monday? To which he willingly assented.

On Monday evening I preached at Reading. Mr. B. overtook us on Tuesday morning, with whom we had an agreeable ride to Newbury, and thence to Andover.—Leaving him there, I rode on, through heavy rain, to Salisbury, and preached in the evening to an attentive congregation.

Wednesday 21, We joined companies again, till Mr. B. went to Shaftsbury. I overtook him there the next morning, and we rode on together to Yeovil. Here I struck off, to visit the societies in Devonshire, and Mr. B. went straight forward to the Land's-end, whence he returned in perfect health.

I now found more and more proofs, that the poor wretch whom we had lately disowned, was continually labouring to poison our other Preachers. And with some of them he did not lose his labour; the deep prejudices they then received, having utterly drank up their blood and spirits, so that we were obliged, sooner or later, to part with them also.

We reached Beercrocombe in the evening, and Collumpton the next day, Friday 23. I preached in the little meadow, at the end of New-street, and observed one circumstance which I had not seen elsewhere. The people did not come close to me, but stood in a half-moon, some yards off, leaving a considerable space in the midst. The very children behaved with remarkable seriousness. I saw but one, a girl of three or four years old, who ran about as in play, till another, not much bigger, reproved her, and constrained her to stand still.

Here I rested the next day. On Sunday 25, I heard at Church, by way of sermon, part of *Papists and Methodists compared.* But it did not lessen the congregation at one: on whom I enforced (what they were somewhat more concerned in) *What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* I then rode over to Tiverton, and preached in the Market-house, filled with attentive hearers. So it was on Monday likewise.

Tuesday 27, We rode to Uffcumbe, about eight miles from Tiverton, and preached in the market-place to a larger congregation, than one would think the town could have afforded. Wednesday 28, it being the time of their yearly meeting at the School, abundance of gentlemen came to town. Yet I preached in the market-house undisturbed; and afterwards met the Society in peace.

Thursday 29, there was a sermon preached at the Old Church before the Trustees of the School. At half an hour past twelve, the Morning Service began: but such insufferable noise and confusion, I never saw before in a place of worship: no, not even in a Jewish Synagogue. The Clergy set the example; laughing and talking during great part both of the prayers and sermon. A young gentlewoman, who was with us where we dined, hastened away to prepare for the ball. But before she was half dressed, she was struck, and came down in a flood of tears. Nevertheless, she broke through, and in a few hours, danced away all her convictions. Toward the close of the sermon in the evening, a rabble of Gentlemen's servants gath-

ered together, and endeavoured to make a disturbance: but it was mere lost labour.

Friday 30, I inquired into the particulars of the last fire here. It began on June 4, about six in the evening. Four engines were brought immediately, and water in abundance ran through the middle of the street: notwithstanding, it seized four houses instantly, spread across the street, and ran on both sides, right against the wind, till it had burned all the engines, and made all help impossible. When most of the people had given up all hopes, it stopped all on a sudden: on one side of the street, by blowing up the market-house; on the other, none could tell how. Having first left about three hundred families, without a place where to lay their heads.

I preached at six, on those words in the Morning Lesson, *We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know it is every where spoken against.* A drunken man made a little noise; but a Clergyman present, desired the Town-clerk to stop him, which he did immediately. Then the mob of footmen began; having procured an horn, and greatly increased their numbers. But a party of the townsmen undertook them, and scoured the streets of them in a few minutes. To revenge themselves, they laid hold on a poor chimney-sweeper they met, though no Maccabee, (as the common people called us here) carried him away in triumph, and (we heard) half murdered him, before he got out of their hands.

Saturday 31, We rode to Launceston. The mob gathered immediately, and attended us to the Room. They made much noise while I was preaching, and threw all kind of things at the people as they came out; but no one was hurt.

Sunday, September 1, At the desire of many I went at eight into the main street. A large congregation of serious people quickly gathered together. Soon after, a mob of boys and gentlemen gathered on the other side of the street: they grew more and more noisy; till finding I could not be heard there, I went to the room, and quietly finished my discourse.

I preached again as soon as we came out of Church, and then hastened to Tresmere. Mr. T. not being come, I read prayers myself, and found an uncommon blessing therein: I preached on Luke x. 23, 24, *Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, &c.;* and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. We were filled with consolation: we sang praises lustily, and with a good courage; till (in a manner I never remember before)

> "A solemn reverence check'd our songs,
> And praise sat silent on our tongues."

We were well buffeted both with wind and rain, in riding from thence to J. T.'s, where the congregation was waiting for me. And we had another season of solemn joy in the Lord.

Monday 2, We rode to Camelford. In the way, I read Mr. Glanvill's Relations of Witchcraft. I wish the facts had had a more judicious relator: one who would not have given a fair pretence for denying the whole, by his aukward manner of accounting for some of the circumstances.

Wednesday 4, We called in the afternoon on Mr. H., in Cambourn parish. Saturday 7, I rode in a stormy afternoon, to St. Just. But the rain would not let me preach abroad, either that evening, or on Sunday morning. About noon I made shift to stand on the lee-side of a house in Morva, and preach Christ to a listening multitude. I began at Newlin about five. About the middle of the sermon there was a vehement shower of rain and hail: but the bulk of the congregation stood quite still, every man in his place.

On Monday and Tuesday I preached in Ligeon, Sithney, Crouan, and Illuggan. Wednesday 11, at noon I preached in Redruth, and in the evening in Gwenap. It blew hard, and rained almost without ceasing: but the congregation stood as if it had been a fair summer's evening.

Thursday 12, We rode to Penryn. Here I lit upon the works of that odd writer, William Dell. From his whole manner one may learn, that he was not very patient of reproof or contradiction: so that it is no wonder there is generally so much error mixed with the great truths which he delivers.

Friday 13, I preached at St. Mewan's: Saturday 14, at St. Lawrence, near Bodmin, a little, ugly, dirty village, eminent for nothing but an Hospital for Lepers, founded and endowed by Queen Anne. But I found God was there, even before I opened my mouth, to a small, loving congregation; one of whom had been sensible of his acceptance with God for above six and fifty years.

I preached at St. Clear's in the afternoon, about two miles from Liskard; and the next morning a mile nearer the town. Hence I went on to Plymouth-Dock, where I preached in the evening, to a large congregation. And on Monday evening to a much larger, with great plainness of speech.

Tuesday 17, Being greatly importuned to spend a few more days in Cornwall, I rode back to Launceston. After preaching there about noon, in the evening at St. Ginnis, and the next morning at St, Cubert, we went on, and reached St. Ives in the afternoon on Thursday 19.

Friday 20, I read with great prejudice in their favour, some of Mr. Erskine's Sermons; particularly those which I had heard much commended, intitled, "Law-Death, Gospel-Life." But how was I disappointed! I not only found many things odd and unscriptural, but some that were dangerously false: and the leaven of Antinomianism spread from end to end.

On Saturday and Sunday, I preached at St. Just, Morva, and Zunnor. Monday 23, we had a general meeting of the Stewards, and a solemn Watch-night. After the service was over I rode to Cambourn; and in the evening, Tuesday 24, reached St. Clear. The house would not contain one-half of the people; so I stood in the porch, that all, both within and without, might hear. Many from Liskard were present; and a solemn awe was upon the whole assembly.

Wednesday 25. After preaching about noon at Plymouth-Dock, we went on to Mr. V.'s, at C. The next evening we reached Tiverton, where a large number of serious people were waiting for me.

The sons of Belial were likewise gathered in great numbers, with a drummer at their head. When I began speaking, they began drumming and shouting; notwithstanding which, I went through my sermon, to the no small mortification of Satan's servants, and the joy of the servants of God. I would have walked home without delay; but our brethren constrained me to step into a house. One of the merchants of the town quickly followed me, with a Constable, and one or two servants, who took me between them, carried me through all the mob, and brought me safe to my own lodgings.

Friday 27, In the evening I preached at Beercrocombe; and Saturday 18, came to Bristol. Sunday 2, I had much comfort among the children in Kingswood, finding several of them that really feared God.

Tuesday, October 1, This week I had an opportunity of speaking to most of the members of the Society in Bristol, who now are as calm and well united together, as if James Wh. had never been.

Wednesday 16, We had a solemn Watch-night at Kingswood. John Howe, one of our nearest neighbours, a strong, healthy man, went home soon after twelve, said, "My feet are cold," and spoke no more. He lay quietly down, and, without any struggle, was dead before one.

Thursday 17, I preached at Bath, and the next day at Salisbury. Saturday 19, we rode leisurely on to Basingstoke, and came, about two hours after sun-set, to Bramsel.

Sunday 20, Farmer N., who had begged me to come that way, upon the Ministers's offering me the use of his Church, informing me, that his mind was changed, I rode over to Reading, preached at one and at five; and on Monday 21, rode forward to London.

Wednesday 30, After preaching at West-street Chapel in the evening, I walked to Lambeth, to see Miss Sm—, who had for several days expressed an earnest desire to see either my brother or me. When I came, her sister told me, her senses were gone, and that she had not spoke for several hours. But she spoke as soon as I took her by the hand, and declared a hope full of immortality. I prayed with her, and praised God on her behalf. An hour or two after her spirit returned to God.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. IX.

FROM NOVEMBER 2, 1751, TO OCTOBER 28, 1754.

SATURDAY, November 2, 1751, Mr. Arvin, according to my desire, informed Mr. M——, that I was willing to give him twenty pounds a year, for assisting me once a week. He refused it with the utmost indignation, and from that time spoke all manner of evil.

Monday 11, I rode to Rochester, and the next day to Canterbury, where I preached morning and evening, in what was lately the French Church. We had not any disturbance from first to last: the Court of King's-Bench having broke the spirits of the rioters.

Saturday 16, I set out early in a clear, calm morning, and in the afternoon came to London.

Tuesday 19, I began writing a letter to the Comparer of the Papists and Methodists. Heavy work; such as I should never choose: but sometimes it must be done. Well might the Ancient say, "God made practical divinity necessary; the devil, controversial." But it is necessary. We must *resist the devil*, or he will not *flee from us*.

Saturday, December 22, Being informed that Mr. K——, for some years zealously attached to the brethren, had now burst his chain, I had a desire to hear from his own mouth, how he was delivered. So a day or two after, I talked with him at large, and wrote down the substance of his account, that I might make no mistake. After a few days I called upon him, I read over to him what I had written, and desired him to tell me, if I had misunderstood him in any thing. And this account alone may be abundantly sufficient to pull off the mask from those cruel and deceitful men.

"1, I was, said he, one of the first members of the Society at the Foundery, and continued there till William Oxlee, about the latter end of the year 1740, persuaded me to join the Brethren. It was not long before I was admitted to most of their conferences; and my

love for them increased more and more, till in the year 1741, I went over to Herndyke.

"2, Here I saw several things I did not approve; particularly the arbitrary power with which the heads of the Church governed; and the vast respect they shewed to the rich, while the poor were little regarded. But I forgot all this, when I returned to England, and gave myself up to their disposal.

"3, I was soon after employed to collect money for repairing the Chapel in Fetter-lane. The manner of the Brethren was, to write to each of those who were accustomed to hear the preaching, and desire them, 'If they found their hearts free, to send five or ten guineas.' As many of these were not at all awakened, I thought this was quite wrong. So I told Mr. M——; but he answered me short, that does not concern you.

"4, I saw several other things which I could not approve, and I spoke of them; but without effect. Some months after, Mr. Sp—— told me, 'My brother, we are going to settle an Economy of Children at Lambs-Inn. And it is the Saviour's will, that you should go there, and be the Physician of the House.' I thought it strange; for I did not understand Physic. However, I did not dare to reason. So I went.

"5, The management here gave me a great shock. Without any regard to the rules laid down, R—— U—— and his wife, the Directors of the Economy, behaved in the most haughty and tyrannical manner. Those who were set over the children, had no gifts for the work, and some of them little care for their own souls. Several of the children were whipped, without cause, and sometimes out of measure; by which ill management one of mine was utterly ruined, and has had no fear of God ever since. As for me, I might give advice if I would, but none regarded it. And when I rose one night and covered the children, who had thrown the clothes off in their sleep, Mr. U—— sharply reproved me before the whole family, telling me, I had done what I had no business to do: adding that, I was the most useless person in the whole house. I desired, that if so, I might return to London. With much difficulty they consented: and I made all haste back to my own house.

"6, But I grew more and more uneasy at their management, which the Brethren perceiving, sent me to Yorkshire. When I had been there a few days, one of them told me, I was to go to Great Horton in the morning: it being made out to the Brethren, that I was to preach there. I was amazed, having never had one thought of preaching. Yet I did not dare to refuse: and from that time they employed me to preach, and to visit all the souls through their circuit.

"7, At Holbeck we had an Economy of young men. When I visited them, and examined them strictly, they declared to me so much of their onanism, wh——ms, and other abominations, that I was utterly astonished. I was constrained to rebuke them sharply; for which in a few days I received a severe letter from Mr. Sp., telling me, I was destroying God's dear children, instead of building

them up; and that therefore I was neither to preach, nor labour any more in Yorkshire.

"8, In a little while, I was sent for to London, to accompany Mrs. St. into Germany. But the letter being delayed, although I rode post, she was gone before I came. Some time after I was appointed a member of the committee of six, to whom an account was to be transmitted by all the labourers, of all the steps which they took, either at home or abroad.

"One of our fundamental rules was, not to run in debt above thirty pounds. Therefore, when Mr. Sp. brought in a bill of more than three hundred, I was exceedingly startled, and moved, that the particulars of it might be given in, and that all our accounts might be clearly and fairly stated. Wencel Neuser being present, (though not one of our members) took me up for this very severely; telling me, 'They were servants of the Saviour, and would give no account to men.'

"9, I was more and more uneasy at their way of proceeding, till one day Mr. Sl. came to me, and asked me, if I was willing to go to Bedford, for six or eight days? I told him I was, and in a day or two set out. But Mr. Br. told me, Brother K——, you must not expect to do much good here; for there is *the hidden curse* among the souls, which I believe arises chiefly from the practice of procuring ab——, which is so common among the women. Nevertheless, I did find a great blessing, during the two or three months that I laboured there. But I could not stay, having a strong impression on my mind, that I was to labour in Jamaica.

"10, Upon my mentioning this to the Brethren, they said, I should go thither as soon as possible: but it would be proper for me to go to Pennsylvania first, and spend a little time at Bethlehem. I believed they knew best. So in the year 1744, I quited my shop, left all my affairs unsettled, and sailed to Pennsylvania.

"11, I had full employment at Bethlehem, being appointed general preacher, and expected to bear a part in all the conferences. But it was not long before I was troubled more than ever, seeing so much craft and subtlety, and withal so much pride, stateliness, and tyranny, in those that governed the Church. One instance out of very many, was this. W. Harding, who came over some time before me, and was a stated preacher, had spoken to them freely and warmly, of several things which he thought reprovable. Upon this, he was put out of all his offices, and all the Brethren were forbid to speak to him. Being forsaken of all, he was more uneasy still; on which the Brethren said, he was mad. As such he was confined, and food was brought to him once or twice a day, by two or three young men, who likewise many times beat him very severely. At length he watched his opportunity, and made his escape; but they followed after, and took him, and a wooden house was built for him, not a quarter of a mile from the town, about ten feet square, and very dark. I was walking alone, near the place when they were bringing him thither. His cries and intreaties might have pierced an heart of stone. He begged that he might clean shoes, fetch them water, cleave wood,

or whatever they pleased in the open air. But it availed not: he was shut up. About six weeks after, as they opened the door one day, in order to give him some meat, he rushed out, got by them, and made towards Philadelphia, with all the speed he could. Being closely pursued, he ran to the river, (being an excellent swimmer) leaped in, sunk, and rose no more.

"12, I was then at New-York, whence I returned to Bethlehem in January 1746. But I had no rest in my spirit, till after three weeks, I removed to Philadelphia. Here two of the Brethren and a widow-woman lived in the Brethren's house. I hired a room in it, and desired the widow, as I had not the conveniencies myself, to boil me a little water in a morning for my tea. Mean time all the Brethren in Philadelphia were charged, not to converse with me. And not longer after, the two Brethren wrote Mr. Sp. word, that I lived in adultery with the widow. When I was informed of this, I went straight to Bethlehem, and told Mr. Sp. the whole affair: who immediately wrote back to them in Philadelphia, that I had confessed the charge.

"13, Being now thoroughly weary of mankind, I procured a little house in a wood, at some miles distance from any town, and resolved to spend the remainder of my days by myself. Here I stayed about four years; till one afternoon, Mr. Sp. and the Count's son-in-law called upon me, we talked together till two in the morning. They acknowledged many things that had been wrong, promised they should be amended without delay, and persuaded me to join with them once more. But nothing was amended, so that after a few months, I was constrained to leave them again. I followed my business in Philadelphia, till I had earned money for my passage, and a year ago returned to London."

Was there ever so melancholy an account? O what is human nature! How low are they fallen, who were once burning and shining lights, spreading blessings wherever they came! But what infatuation is it, which makes this very man attend their preaching still, and his wife (though she believes most of what her husband says) to remain in close connexion with them?

Sunday, March 15, 1752, While I was preaching at West-street in the afternoon, there was one of the most violent storms I remember. In the midst of the sermon great part of an house opposite to the Chapel was blown down. We heard a huge noise, but knew not the cause: so much the more did God speak to our hearts; and great was the rejoicing of many, in confidence of his protection. Between four and five I took horse, with my wife and daughter. The tiles were rattling from the houses on both sides. But they hurt not us. We reached Hayes about seven in the evening, and Oxford the next day.

Tuesday 17, The rain continued without intermission, till we came to Enstone. Soon after we set out from thence, it was succeeded by so vehement a wind, as on Broadway-hill often drove us clear out of the path, and was ready to carry away both horse and

rider. But our strength was as our day; and before six in the evening, we came unhurt to Evesham.

I preached in the evening at the Town-hall, where several of the Clergy and gentry were present. Wednesday 28, I rode over with Mr. —— to his house, which I had not seen for upwards of twenty years. The place I found; but not the inhabitants, most of them were gone to their long home. I saw not one whom I knew but Mr. ——'s aunt; who could not long forbear telling me, "How sorry she was, that I should leave all my friends, to lead this vagabond life." Why indeed it is not pleasing to flesh and blood: and I would not do it, if I did not believe there was another world. Our dispute did not continue long, and ended in much love. Mr. —— rode back with me to Evesham: attended the preaching both at seven and at five in the morning, and walked with me from the room after sermon; but it was some time before he could speak. He then broke out, "I am to take care of two thousand souls, And I never yet knew how to take care of my own." I left him full of conviction and good resolutions, How many days will they continue?

Thursday 19, I rode to Birmingham, and from the behaviour of the people, both this and the following evening, found reason to hope, that some of the seed which has been sown here, will bear lasting fruit. Saturday 21, I rode to Wednesbury, where Mr. ——, Vicar of ——, had appointed to meet me. I rejoiced to find so great a change. Since he has known the pardoning love of God, he has been swiftly going on from faith to faith, and growing not in knowledge only, but in love.

Sunday 22, After preaching at five, I returned to Birmingham. Many were much afraid of my preaching in the street, expecting I know not what mischief to be done. Vain fear! I saw not one person behave amiss, while I declared, *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*

At one I preached at Tipton-green, to a large congregation, though the wind was ready to cut us in two: and about five to a much larger at Wednesbury: where in spite of all the wiles of Satan, and the cunning craftiness of men, the plain genuine Gospel *runs and is glorified.*

Wednesday 23, I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. ——, Curate of W., an honest upright man, I verily believe, and willing to know the whole counsel of God. In the evening I preached to a small congregation at Billbrook. The storm of wind, snow, and hail, was ready for us in the morning almost as soon as we set out, and continued most part of the day. When we had heaths or commons to cross, it was not easy to sit a horse, especially as the wind was full in our teeth. However, we reached Poole (two miles from Natwich) in the evening, and found a congregation gathered from many miles round: several of whom sat up all night, for fear of losing the morning sermon.

Wednesday 25, After preaching at five and at nine, I rode on to Alpraham, where a large congregation of serious, sensible people attended, both at one, and at seven in the evening. Thursday 26, we

rode on, through wind and snow, and reached Manchester. At night I was grieved to hear in all places, from my coming into Cheshire till now, that John Bennet was still speaking all manner of evil: averring wherever he came, "That Mr. W. preached nothing but Popery, denying justification by faith, and making nothing of Christ." Lord, lay not this sin to his charge!

March 27, Being Good-Friday, I went to the old Church where Mr. Clayton read prayers, I think the most distinctly, solemnly, and graciously of any man I have ever heard. And the behaviour of the whole congregation was serious and solemn in every part of the Service. But I was surprised to see such a change in the greater part of them, as soon as ever the sacrament was over. They were then bowing, curtsying and talking to each other, just as if they were going from a play.

On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, I spoke severally to each member of the Society, and found reason, after the strictest search, to believe, that there was not one disorderly walker therein.

Tuesday 31, T. M—— gave me a full account of J. B——'s renouncing all connexion with me: adding, "On the 30th of December last, after he had said many bitter things of you, to the congregation at Bolton, he spread out his arms and cried, Popery! Popery! Popery! I have not been in connexion with him these three years, neither will I be any more. And the same thing he said to all the Stewards, at the Quarterly-meeting on New-year's-day."

Friday, April 3, I rode to Bank-house, near Rochdale, where T. Mitchel gave me the following account:—

"On Sunday, August 7, last, I preached at Rangdale, at five in the morning, as usual. About six, two Constables came, and carried me to a public-house, where I was kept till near four in the afternoon. Then one of them said, he would go and ask the Minister, whether they might not let me go? Upon his return they brought me out to a large mob, which carried me, and threw me into a standing water, and as often as I tried to come out, they pitched me in again. At last some of them said, I should come out, and kept the others off, till I got up the bank. I found myself very happy all the time; for I knew I was in the Lord's hand. I got back to the house where I lodged, and went to bed. But in less than an hour the mob came again, broke open the doors of the house and the chamber, and dragged me away with them. They carried me to a great pond, which was railed round, being ten or twelve feet deep. Then four men took me up by my legs and arms. I felt the flesh shrink a little at first. But it was soon over, and I did not care, whether I lived or died; just as pleased the Lord. They swung me backward and forward two or three times, and then threw me as far as they could into the water. The fall took away my senses, so that I felt nothing more. But some that did not care to have me drowned, when I came above water, catching hold of my clothes with a long pole, pulled me out.—I lay senseless for some time. When I came to myself, I saw many people about me; one of them helped me up, and bade me go with him. He brought me to a little house, and put me to bed, but I had not lain

long, before the mob came again, pulled me out of bed, and drove me before them, almost naked, to the end of the parish, where they left me. I made shift to get on to a place three miles off, where I got to bed again, and slept in peace."

Sunday 5, About one I preached at Birstal: observing that several sat on the side of the opposite hill, I afterward desired one to measure the ground; and we found it was sevenscore yards from the place where I stood. Yet the people there heard perfectly well; I did not think any human voice could have reached so far.

Between four and five I preached in our new house at Leeds. But it was so full, and consequently so hot, beside which, my voice was so damped by the breath of the people, that I suppose many could not hear.

Wednesday 8, We rode to Heptonstal, a little town on the round top of a very high mountain, with a steep descent on every side. I preached in a vacant place, on the brow of the hill. A Captain who came from the Minister's house, laboured much to divert the attention of the people. But none regarded him at all. When we went away, he followed us down the hill. One took him by the hand, and spoke a few words, on which he shook like a leaf, and said, "He hoped this would be a happy time for him, and that he should *think* more than he had done in time past."

Friday 10, I preached at Dewsbury, where the case of the Vicar and his Curate will not soon be forgotten. After a conversation I had with the Vicar, about three years ago, he was deeply serious, till he conversed again with rich and honourable men, who soon cured him of that distraction. Yet, in a while, he relapsed, and was more serious than ever, till he was taken ill. The Physician made light of his illness, and said, "He would do well enough, if they did but keep those *Methodists* from him." They did so: however, in a few days he died, and according to his own express order, was carried to the grave at seven in the morning by eight poor men, (whom he had named) and buried on the North side of the Church. The Curate, who buried him, sickening the same week, insisted that the *Methodists* should not be kept from him. About ten days after, he died, and according to his desire, was about the same hour carried also by eight poor men, and laid in a grave close to that of Mr. R——.

Saturday 11, I preached at R——, once a place of furious riot and persecution, but quiet and calm, since the bitter Rector is gone, to give an account of himself to God.

Sunday 12, I came to Wakefield, as the bells were ringing in, and went directly to Mr. W——, in the Vestry; the behaviour of the congregation surprised me. I saw none light, none careless or unaffected, while I enforced, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* Hath not God the hearts of all men in his hand? Who would have expected to see me preaching in Wakefield Church, to so attentive a congregation, a few years ago, when all the people were as roaring lions, and the honest man did not dare to let me preach in his yard, lest the mob should pull down his houses?

Monday 13, I preached in the evening at Sheffield, in the shell of the new house. All is peace here now, since the trial at York. Surely the Magistrate has been the Minister of God to us for good!

Tuesday 14, I went to B——, whence the Vicar, Mr. D——, had sent a messenger on purpose, to desire he might see me. I found him in deep distress for the loss of his wife, mixed with strong desires after God. Hearing I was going to preach at Rotheram, he offered to go with me. He seemed to stagger at nothing; though, as yet, his understanding is not opened. O that he may not rest till it is!

Wednesday 15, I rode on towards Epworth. But I was nigh shipwrecked in sight of the port. Attempting to ride over the Common the nearest way, my mare was quickly imbogged. But being lively and strong, she made a shift to get out, and I was glad to go round by Torne Bank.

Thursday 16, I walked over to Burnham. I had no thought of preaching there, doubting if my strength would allow of preaching always thrice a day, as I had done most days since I came from Evesham. But finding a house full of people I could not refrain. Still the more I use my strength, the more I have. I am often much tired, the first time I preach in a day; a little the second time: but after the third or fourth, I rarely feel either weakness or weariness.

Friday 17, I called on the gentleman, who told me he was "sinner enough," when I first preached at Epworth, on my father's tomb; and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though exceedingly weak in body. For some years, he told me, he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear, and was now waiting for the welcome hour, when he should *depart and be with Christ.*

Saturday 18, I preached at Belton, and felt an uncommon degree of the presence of God, among a handful of poor despised people. O how precious is the least of these in his sight, who bought them with his own blood!

Sunday 19, At eight, I preached at Clayworth, where a year ago, the mob carried all before them. But a honest Justice quelled them at once, so that they are now glad to be quiet, and mind their own business.

At one I preached at Misterton, to a deeply attentive congregation, assembled from all parts; and between four and five at Epworth-Cross. The congregation here was somewhat lessened, by a burial at Belton, that of poor Mr. R—— P——, emphatically poor, though while he lived, he *possessed*, (not *enjoyed*) at least a thousand pounds a year.

Monday 20, I rode by Hainton, to Coningsby. The next day I preached at Rangdale, where we expected some disturbance, but found none. The light punishment inflicted on the late rioters, (though their expense was not great, as they submitted before the trial) has secured peace ever since. Such a mercy it is, to execute the penalty of the law, on those who will not regard its precepts! So many inconveniences to the innocent does it prevent, and so much sin in the guilty.

Wednesday 22, I rode to Grimsby. The crowd was so great in the evening, that the room was like an oven. The next night I preached at the end of the town, whither almost all the people, rich and poor, followed me: and I had a fair opportunity of closely applying that weighty question, *Lord are there few that shall be saved?*

Friday 24, We rode by a fine seat: the owner of which (not much above fourscore years old,) says, "He desires only to live thirty "years longer; ten to hunt, ten to get money, having at present but "twenty thousand pounds a year,) and ten years to repent." O that God may not say unto him, *Thou fool! This night shall thy soul be required of thee!*

When I landed at the quay in Hull, it was covered with people, inquiring, which is he? which is he? But they only stared and laughed; and we walked unmolested to Mr. A——'s house.

I was quite surprised at the miserable condition of the fortifications, far more ruinous and decayed, than those at Newcastle, even before the Rebellion. It is well there is no enemy near.

I went to prayers at three in the old Church, a grand and venerable structure. Between five and six, the coach called, and took me to Mighton-Car, about half a mile from the town. A huge multitude, rich and poor, horse and foot, with several coaches, were soon gathered together: to whom I cried with a loud voice and composed spirit, *What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* Some thousands of the people seriously attended: but many behaved as if possessed by Moloch. Clods and stones flew about on every side: but they neither touched nor disturbed me. When I had finished my discourse, I went to take coach. But the coachman had driven clear away. We were at a loss, till a gentlewoman invited my wife and me, to come into her coach. She brought some inconveniences on herself thereby: not only as there were nine of us in the coach, three on each side, and three in the middle; but also as the mob closely attended us, throwing in at the windows (which we did not think it prudent to shut) whatever came next to hand. But a large gentlewoman who sat in my lap, screened me, so that nothing came near me.

The mob, which was increased to several thousands, when I stepped out of the coach into Mr. A——'s house, perceiving I was escaped out of their hands, avenged themselves on the windows, with many showers of stones, which they poured in, even into the rooms four stories high. Mr. A—— walked through them to the Mayor's house, who gave him fair words, but no assistance: probably not knowing, that he himself (the Mayor) might be compelled to make good all the damage which should be done. He then went in quest of Constables, and brought two with him about nine o'clock. With their help, he so thoroughly dispersed the mob, that no two of them were left together. But they rallied about twelve, and gave one charge more, with oaths and curses, and bricks and stones. After this, all was calm, and I slept sound till near four in the morning.

About five, Saturday 25, we took horse, and made to Pocklington. I was sorry, when I found it was the Fair-day, that notice had been

given of my preaching; especially when I heard, there was no Society, and scarcely any one awakened in the town. The unusual bitterness of several who met us in the street, made the prospect still more unpromising. However, I went to see the room provided for preaching, but found it was not above five yards square. I then looked at a yard which was proposed; but one circumstance of this I did not like. It was plentifully furnished with stones; artillery ready at hand, for the devil's drunken champions. Just then it began to rain, upon which a gentleman offered a large commodious barn. Thither I went without delay, and began preaching to a few, who increased continually. I have known no such time since we left London. Their tears fell as the rain. None opposed or mocked: so that these made full amends for the behaviour of those at Hull.

The man and his wife at whose house we dined, had been bitterly persecuted, both by his and her mother. These were some of the first whose hearts were touched. Immediately after preaching they came up into the room where we were, and confessed with many tears, how eagerly they had opposed the truth of God, and troubled their children for adhering to it. How wise are all the ways of God! Had it not been Fair day, these had not been here.

Yet some of our company had dreadful forebodings of what was to be at York. A worthy Justice of the Peace (doubtless to quiet the mob there) had just caused to be cried about the streets, stuck up in public places, and even thrown into many houses, part of the "Comparison between the *Papists* and *Methodists*." Perhaps this might be the occasion of some bitter curses which were given us, almost as soon as we entered the gates. But the vain word of those Rabshakehs, returned into their own bosoms. I began preaching at six. The Chapel was filled with hearers, and with the presence of God. The opposers opened not their mouths. The mourners blessed God for the consolation.

Sunday 26, At seven, God was with us as before, and his word brake the rocks in pieces. We left York, about nine, as quietly as we came, and rode to Acomb.

Monday 27, We reached Osmotherly. After preaching in the evening, I was desired to visit a person, who had been an eminent scoffer at all religion, but was now, they said, "in a strange way." I found her in a *strange way* indeed: either raving mad, or possessed by the devil. The woman herself affirmed, "That the devil had appeared to her the day before, and after talking some time, leaped upon, and grievously tormented her ever since." We prayed with her; her agonies ceased. She fell asleep, and awaked in the morning calm and easy.

Tuesday 28, About noon we reached Stokesley, where, I found, none had ever yet preached abroad. Samuel Larwood had attempted it; but in vain: and so had Mr. Roberts some time after. But a Clergyman came at the head of a large mob, and obliged him to desist. About one, the person in whose house we were, came in trembling, and told us, what threatenings were breathed out. I answered, "Then there is no time to lose," and went out immediately. I sup-

pose the mob expected to hear us sing. But they were disappointed: for I began preaching without delay. By this mean, missing their signal, they came, not in a body, but two or three at a time. And as fast as they came, their minds were changed; so that all were quiet, from the beginning to the end.

It rained all the way we rode to Stockton; but was fair all the time I stood in the main street, and explained to a listening multitude, the *Joy* that *is heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*

Wednesday 29, I preached at Durham to a quiet, stupid congregation, and the next day went on to Newcastle.

On Friday and Saturday we enjoyed a little respite from labour, and were refreshed both in soul and body.

Sunday, May 3, We had the best dressed congregation, that ever I saw in this place. I spoke very plainly. Yet all were patient, and looked as if they understood what was said.

Saturday 9, I rode to Sunderland, where I found one of the liveliest Societies in the North of England. This is the effect of their being so much *under the law,* as to scruple, one and all, the buying even milk on a Sunday. The house hardly contained the people at five the next morning. At eight, and at twelve I preached in the street; none opposing or interrupting. About four, I began at Newcastle, near the Keelman's Hospital. It was just as I expected. Many who had *turned back from the holy commandment once delivered to them,* flocked together, and seemed convinced, that God was still ready to return, and leave a blessing behind him.

Monday 11, After preaching at Morpeth in my way, though with little present effect, I rode on to Alnwick, and preached at the Cross to a far more numerous and more serious congregation.

Wednesday 13, I rode to Berwick, and after preaching, desired all who had been of the Society to meet me. I spoke to seventeen, who were thoroughly willing to unite again. And (what was remarkable) all of them still retained a sense of the pardoning love of God: although they were convinced, they had suffered great loss, by a famine of the Word.

Thursday 14, At five, the soldiers made a considerable part of the congregation. At noon, they came again in troops. One of them, T—— W——, came last year from the Highlands, and went through Westmoreland, to beat up for recruits, He had been earnestly warned before he left Scotland, on no account to go near the Methodists. But in Kendal, he lighted on two or three, from which time they were not one day asunder. It was not long, before God clearly assured him of his pardoning love. A fortnight after, he was ordered to follow the regiment to Berwick, where he is continually exhorting his comrades, to be *good soldiers of Jesus Christ.* And many already have listed under his banner.

Friday 15, In the afternoon I preached at Alemouth. How plain an evidence have we here, that even our outward work, even the Societies, are not of man's building. With all our labour and skill, we cannot in nine years' time, form a Society in this place; even though there is none that opposes, poor or rich: nay, though the two richest

men in the town, and the only gentlemen there, have done all which was in their power to further it.

Saturday 16, I rode on to the poor colliers at Placey. When we came hither first, John Lane, then nine or ten years old, was one of the first who found peace with God. From that hour he continued to walk day and night in the light of his countenance. I saw him last year, longing to be with Christ. But he was detained here a little longer, that he might witness a good confession in death, as well as in life. He praised God as long as he had breath, and was buried a day or two before I came.

May 17, Being Whitsuntide, I preached in the morning at Gateshead to a huge congregation, on our Lord's words, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* About five, I began near the Keelman's Hospital, many thousands standing round, or sitting on the grass. The wind was high just before; but scarcely a breath was felt, all the time we were assembled before God. I praise God for this also. Is it *Enthusiasm* to see God in every benefit which we receive?

Monday 18, I preached at Newlands, and endeavoured to remove the offences, which had crept in among the simple people. In the evening I preached at Sheep-hill. It rained all the time; but that little disturbed either the congregation or me.

Tuesday 19, I preached at Wickham, before Mrs. Armstrong's door. I was a little surprised at the account she gave, of God's late dealings with her. When her ancient husband, with whom she had lived from her youth, was on account of a debt contracted by his son, hurried away, and thrown into Durham jail, which soon put an end to his life: when she was likely to lose all she had, and to be turned out of doors at fourscore years of age, still the oracles of God, which she had loved from a child, were her delight and her counsellors. But one day when she put on her spectacles to read, she could not see a word. She was startled at first; but soon said, *It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.* She laid her spectacles down, casting her eye on the corner of the Bible, thought she could discern some letters. Taking up the book, she read as well as her daughter could. And from that hour she could not only read without spectacles, but sew or thread the finest needle, with the same ease, as when she was thirty years of age.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Biddick, to a multitude of colliers, though it rained hard all the time. They seemed all, even some who had long drawn back, to be melted down as wax before the fire. So strong and general an influence on a congregation, I do not remember to have seen for some years.

Sunday 24, The congregation at the Keelman's Hospital, was far too large for my voice to command. I doubt not more than two-thirds could hear; but all were still, till I commended them to the grace of God.

Monday 25, We rode to Durham, and thence through very rough roads, and as rough weather, to Barnard-castle. I was exceedingly faint when we came in; however, the time being come, I went into

the street, and would have preached: but the mob was so numerous and so loud, that it was not possible for many to hear. Nevertheless I spoke on, and those who were near listened with huge attention. To prevent this, some of the rabble fetched the engine, and threw a good deal of water on the congregation. But not a drop fell on me. After about three quarters of an hour, I returned into the house.

Tuesday 26, At five, the preaching-house would not contain one-half of the congregation. Many stood at the doors and windows, far more than could hear. When I come again, perhaps they will hear while they may.

We rode hence to Weredale I had been out of order all night, and found myself now much weaker. However, I trusted in the Strong for strength, and began preaching to a numerous congregation. And I did not want strength, till I had finished my discourse: nor did the people want a blessing.

In the evening we came to Allandale, and found the poor Society well nigh shattered in pieces. Slackness and offence had eaten them up. When I came into the room, I was just like one of them, having neither life nor strength, and being scarcely able either to speak or to stand. But immediately we had a token for good. In a moment I was well. My voice and strength were entirely restored, and I cried aloud, *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* The mountains again flowed down at his presence, and the rocks were once more broken in pieces.

Wednesday 27, I preached at Clifton, near Penrith, to a civil people, who looked just as if I been talking Greek. The next day we went on to Larton, a little village, lying in a green, fruitful valley, surrounded by high mountains, the sides of which are covered with grass and woods, and the bottom watered by two small rivers. Here I found myself much out of order again. However, at six, I preached to a very large and serious congregation. The Ministers of Larton, and of the next parish, were among them, that they might hear and judge for themselves.

Friday 29, I preached at noon to a very different congregation, in the Castle-yard at Cockermouth. However, they behaved with decency; none interrupting, or making any noise.

About five we reached Whitehaven. After a little rest, I went to the Room; but it was rather to be seen than heard. However, I spoke as I could for about half an hour, and then immediately went to bed: but I could not sleep, having a violent flux, with a fever, and continual pain in my stomach. But at twelve, I fell into a doze, and from that time, began to recover.

On Sunday, in the afternoon, I ventured to Church, and in the evening, preached as I was able.

Monday, June 1, I examined the Society, and praised God on their behalf.

Tuesday 2, I rode to Seaton, a town of colliers, ten measured miles from Whitehaven. The poor people had prepared a kind of pulpit for me, covered at the top and on both sides, and had placed a cushion to kneel upon, of the greenest turf in the country. But my voice

was still so low, that I fear not half of those who were present could hear.

Wednesday 3, I was able to preach again in the morning. One of our friends, who was master of a ship, purposing to set sail on Thursday 4, for Dublin, I knew not but it would be well to go over with him, supposing the wind should turn fair. It did turn fair that very morning; but being suddenly called on board, he sailed without us. In about six hours the wind turned foul. So I suppose he came back the next morning.

In the afternoon we rode to Mr. Blencowe's, about fifteen miles from Whitehaven. We took a walk in the evening to a little town, called Drig, about a mile from his house, where I preached to a company of plain, serious people. But I fear they understood very little of what they heard.

Friday 5, I went on with Mr. Milner, to Ulverstone. Here a very convenient place for preaching was offered. But few people had any desire to hear. So I went quietly back to my Inn.

Saturday 6, We reached Chipping, and were immediately informed, that several there were consulting together, how to hinder me from preaching. Mr. Milner, hearing they were met at the next house, went thither, and brought them all with him, who were the Church-wardens, and three or four persons more. I spent about a quarter of an hour with them, in calm and friendly debate, and they went away much cooler than they came.

Sunday 7, Understanding some designed to go out of Church, when I went into the pulpit, I thought it would be better for them to go out sooner, and to read prayers as well as preach. Such a congregation was present, as I believe was never seen there before. And a solemn awe seemed to rest on the whole congregation, from the beginning of the service to the end.

I preached in the afternoon on the conclusion of the second Lesson, *God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.* The people were all attention. Surely there is no counsel, or strength against the Lord.

Monday 8, We rode to Rough-lee, and found a large, serious, and quiet congregation. There have been no tumults, since Mr. W—— was removed. He was for some years a Popish Priest Then he called himself a Protestant, had the living of Coln. It was his manner first to hire, and then head the mob, when they and he were tolerably drunk. But he drank himself first into a jail, and then into his grave.

In the evening I preached at Heptonstall. An Attorney, who happened to be in the town, endeavoured to interrupt, retailing some low, threadbare stories, with a very audible voice. But some of the people cut him short in the midst, by carrying him quietly away.

Tuesday 9, I preached at six to abundance of people near Ewood, and with an uncommon blessing. Hence we rode to Todmorden, the Minister was slowly recovering from a violent fit of a palsy, with which he was struck immediately after he had been preaching a virulent sermon against the Methodists.

I preached on the side of a mountain to a large and earnest congregation, and then went on to Mellar-barn: I preached at six in the town, and I suppose all the inhabitants, young and old, were present. Nor have I often seen so large a congregation, so universally and deeply affected.

My lodging was not such as I could have chosen: but what Providence chooses, is always good. My bed was considerably under ground, the room serving both for a bedchamber and a cellar. The closeness was more troublesome at first than the coolness. But I let in a little fresh air, by breaking a pane of paper (which was by way of glass) in the window, and then slept sound till the morning.

Friday 12, I rode to Bolton. So hot a day as this, I do not remember to have felt in England. The congregation seemed to forget the heat, though the room was like an oven. For it was a comfortable hour: God refreshing many souls with the multitude of peace.

Saturday 13, The house was fuller this evening, than the last, while I enforced that gracious invitation, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and heavy laden.*

Sunday 14, After preaching in the evening, I took occasion to tell the whole congregation, that there had been a mistake, concerning the house, which J. B. imagined, I had contrived to make my own property: but Mr. Grimshaw had now cleared it up, assuring Mr. B., 1, That I knew nothing of the deed relating to the house, till after it was made. 2, That I had no property in it still; only a clause was inserted, whereby Mr. G., my brother, and I, were empowered, to appoint the Preachers therein.

Monday 15, I had many little trials in this journey, of a kind I had not known before. I had borrowed a young, strong mare, when I set out from Manchester. But she fell lame before I got to Grimsby. I procured another, but was dismounted again, between Newcastle and Berwick. At my return to Manchester, I took my own. But she had lamed herself in the pasture. I thought, nevertheless, to ride her four or five miles to-day, But she was gone out of the ground, and we could hear nothing of her. However, I comforted myself, that I had another at Manchester, which I had lately bought. But when I came thither, I found, one had borrowed her too, and rode her away to Chester.

About noon I preached near Shackerley, at an old man's house, who was groaning for redemption. We walked together a little way, after preaching: and almost as soon as we parted, the power of God fell upon him, so that he hardly knew, whether he was on earth or in heaven. From that hour he has been continually filled with peace and joy in believing.

At my return to Bolton, I wrote down a particular account of one, that lately adorned the Gospel. It was as follows, "In April, 1746, Katharine Whitaker went to Halifax, to hear John Nelson. She was before convinced of the truth by reading, and from that time grew more and more serious. The next day John H—— called at our house. As he was going, he turned back, took her by the hand, and said, 'You must believe, whether you can, or no.' As soon as

he was gone, she began crying to God, and ceased not, till she knew she did believe in Christ. She never afterwards lost the sense of his love: nor could she rest, if she found the least cloud, till it was wholly removed, and the clear light shone again upon her soul.

"In May 1750, she removed to Bolton, and soon after appeared to be consumptive. But she did not spare herself on that account, still rising at five, four, or three in the morning, and continuing to teach her scholars, as usual, till about Christmas, 1751. From that time her bodily strength failed, though she did not keep her room till March. She was then afraid, lest she should live to be a burden unto her relations: but that fear soon vanished away, and she said, 'Now I can leave it all to God. Let me die sooner or later, it is all one.' But she had still some struggle concerning her husband, before she was thoroughly willing to give him up.

"The next Friday but one before she died, one of her sisters siting by her began singing,

'O happy, happy day,
That calls the exiles home.'

She immediately joined with her, and sung on, to the end of the hymn. The Thursday after, she looked round upon us, and said, 'O how I love you all. I am all love. I love every soul God has made.' Her husband asked, 'Are you happy?' She said, 'O yes,

'I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the sprinkled blood:

'Sing on, sing on,

'Let every soul with me cry out,
Thou art my Lord, my God.'

"At breakfast she desired a little cold water: on receiving which she looked up and said, 'In a little while, I shall drink new wine in the kingdom of my Father.' About ten o'clock she broke out,

'My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.'

"One asking her, 'How she did?' She said, 'I long to be with him, whom my soul loveth.' On Friday and Saturday, being extremely weak, she spake very little. On Sunday morning she said, 'So the Lord hath brought us to another Sabbath. *Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.*' She then partly sung, and prrtly repeated that hymn.

'O when shall I sweetly remove,
O when shall I enter my rest?
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!

She then said, 'Who is in the house? O I do not love the staying at home on a Sunday. Desire them all to go to Church. When I was most diligent in going to Church, I always found the greatest blessings.' At night she said, "Swelled legs, for a little time: there will be no swelled legs in heaven.' About five on Monday morning, March 23, her husband asked, 'Do you know me?' She said, 'Yes,

I do;' and putting her arm round his neck, quickly began to slumber. Waking soon after, she said, 'I must make haste, and dress myself for the Bridegroom.' She then dozed afresh; but waking in a few minutes, said, 'I am going to Christ:' and fell asleep."

Saturday 20, I rode to Chester, and preached at six in the accustomed place, a little without the gates, near St. John's Church. One single man, a poor alehouse-keeper, seemed disgusted, spoke a harmless word, and ran away with all speed. All the rest behaved with the utmost seriousness, while I declared, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Sunday 21, I preached at seven in a much larger house, which was just taken, near St. Martin's Church: as eminent a part of the town, as Drury-Lane is in London, or as the horse-fair was in Bristol. At Church, Mr. L———preached a strong, plain, useful sermon, upon the faith of Abraham. At one, I began preaching again, on *We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.* But the house not containing half of the congregation, I was obliged to stand at the door, on one side of a kind of square, large enough to contain ten or twelve thousand people. I had a few hours before spoken to the Captain of a vessel, with whom I proposed sailing for Dublin; and the wind being fair, I knew not whether I should stay to preach another sermon in Chester. I find it useful to be in such a state of suspense: wherein I know not, what will be the next hour, but lean absolutely on his disposal, who knoweth and ruleth all things well.

At four, I preached in the Square, to a much larger congregation, among whom were abundance of gentry. One man screamed and hallooed as loud as he could; but none seconded or regarded him. The rest of the congregation were steadily serious, from the beginning to the end.

Monday 22, We walked round the walls of the city, which are something more than a mile and three quarters in circumference. But there are many vacant spaces within the walls, many gardens, and a good deal of pasture ground. So that I believe Newcastle-upon-tyne, within the walls, contains at least a third more houses than Chester.

The greatest convenience here is what they call *The Rows;* that is, covered galleries, which run through the main streets on each side, from East to West, and from North to South: by which means, one may walk both clean and dry in any weather, from one end of the city to the other.

I preached at six in the evening in the Square, to a vast multitude, rich and poor. The far greatest part, the gentry in particular, were seriously and deeply attentive: though a few of the rabble, most of them drunk, laboured much to make a disturbance. One might already perceive a great increase of earnestness in the generality of the hearers. So is God able to cut short his work, to wound or heal, in whatever time it pleaseth him.

Tuesday 23, Having received letters which made me judge it necessary, to be at Bristol as soon as possible; about ten I set out, dined at Birmingham the next day, and thence rode to Red-ditch.

Thursday 23, Finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching between three and four. I preached at Wallbridge, near Stroud, in the evening, and the next day, before noon, reached Kingswood.

Wednesday, July 1, Having finished my business at Bristol, I took horse again, and preached that evening at Evesham.

Thursday 2, I reached Bilbrook and Chester.

Friday 3, I was saying in the morning to Mr. Parker, "Considering the good that has been done here already, I wonder the people of Chester are so quiet." He answered, "You must not expect they will be so always." Accordingly, one of the first things I heard after I came into the town was, that for two nights before, the mob had been employed, in pulling down the house where I had preached. "I asked, Were there no Magistrates in the city?" Several answered me, "We went to the Mayor, after the first riot, and desired a warrant to bring the rioters before him; but he positively refused to grant any, or to take any informations about it." So, being undisturbed they assembled again the next night, and finished their work.

Saturday 4, I preached in our old Room.

Sunday 5, I stood at seven in the morning near the ruins of the house, and explained the principles and practice of that *Sect which is every where spoken against.* I went afterwards to St. Martin's Church, which stands close to the place. The gentleman who officiated, seemed to be extremely moved at several passages of the second Lesson, Luke xvii. particularly, *It is impossible but that offences will come; but wo unto him through whom they come. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.*

He began his sermon nearly in these words, "The last Lord's day I preached on *doing as you would be done to*, in hopes of preventing such proceedings as are contrary to all justice, mercy, and humanity. As I could not do that, I have chosen these words for your present consideration, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.*

He concluded nearly thus: "I am sorry any such outrage should be committed, particularly in this parish; where I have been teaching so many years. And to how little purpose! I will remove as soon as possibly I can from a place, where I can do so little good. O what an account have they to make, who have either occasioned or encouraged these proceedings! May God grant, that they may repent in time! That they may know what spirit they are of! That they may, before it is too late, acknowledge and love the truth as it is in Jesus."

I preached again in the same place at one, and at four, and the whole congregation were quiet and serious.

Monday 6, Finding no ship ready to sail, I determined to return to Whitehaven. So I took horse, with my wife, between nine and ten, and in the evening preached at Manchester.

Tuesday 7, We rode to Bolton: on Wednesday to Chipping; and on Friday 10, reached Whitehaven.

Sunday 12, I took my old stand in the Market-place, about seven in the morning, and proclaimed *the Lord God, gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.* In the afternoon we had an awakening sermon at the new Church, on *One thing is needful.* At five I preached in the Room, on *To fear the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, is understanding.*

Monday 13, I bespoke the cabin in a ship bound for Dublin, which only waited for a wind. About ten at night, word was brought, that she was ready to sail. We went down to the quay immediately, and found she had sailed out a quarter of an hour before, and was then off at sea. But another ship had just weighed anchor, so we went on board, and sailed without delay. But having contrary winds, it was Friday 17, in the evening, before we reached Dublin.

The house here is nearly of the same size, and of the same form with that at Newcastle. But having deep galleries on three sides, it will contain a larger number of people.

Sunday 19, I preached at five and eight, but not to so large a congregation as I expected. I was greatly shocked at the behaviour of the congregation in St. Patrick's Church. But all their carelessness and indecency did not prevent my finding an uncommon blessing. Between five and six, our house was nearly filled: great part of the hearers seemed utterly unawakened. I marvel how it is, that after all our labour here, there still should be so little fruit.

Monday 20, I learned the particulars of the late riot. Some weeks ago, a large mob assembled one evening, broke many of the windows, and had just broke into the house, when a guard of soldiers came. The chief rioters were apprehended and tried. But ten or eleven of the jurymen being Papists, frightened the twelfth, so that he did not contradict, when they brought the fellows in *Not guilty!*

Tuesday 21, I inquired into the state of the Society, still consisting of about four hundred and twenty members; though many had been much shaken, chiefly by various opinions, which some even of our own Preachers had propagated.

Thursday 23, We went to see a friend a few miles from Dublin. Before dinner, Mr. Cownly and I took a walk on the sea-shore. Being somewhat tired, we thought to return a shorter way, by climbing over the rocks. We found little difficulty at first, the ascent not being steep toward the bottom. But as we went higher, it grew steeper and steeper, till we would gladly have gone back, if we could. But he could neither go, nor look back; so we had only this choice, to get quite to the top, or to make one step to the bottom. The stones likewise on which we stood, or which we took hold of, frequently gave way, and tumbled: so that I know not whether we were ever in so much danger on the sea, as we were now on the shore. But in half an hour, I know not how, we got upon firm ever ground.

Sunday 26, I met one, whom I had formerly seen at Bristol, h ir ing up money with both hands. And he has now all that the nd can give. But he enjoys nothing: having such a continual l any of spirits, as they call it, that his very life is a burden. I be- H

partly to understand his own case. May the great Physician heal his sickness!

Monday 27, I preached in Eden-derry at one, and at Closeland in the evening. Tuesday 28, I preached at Portarlington, though I was extremely ill, and it was a pain to me to speak: but it was a comfortable pain. I could, from my heart, praise God for his Fatherly visitation.

Wednesday 29, I rode to Mountmelick, but was so hoarse and weak, that I could only preach in the house. Friday 31, being not well able to ride, I borrowed Mr. P——'s chair to Tullamore; and on Saturday reached Cooly-lough, and met many of my friends from all parts. I now found my strength increasing daily: it must be, as my day is.

Sunday, August 2, I baptized Joseph English, (late a Quaker) and two of his children. Abundance of people were at Tyrrel's-pass in the evening, many more than the house could contain. At five in the morning, one who had tasted of the love of God, but had afterwards relapsed into his former sins, nay, and sunk into Deism, if not Atheism, was once more cut to the heart. At six in the evening, I preached at Drumarca, where many now know in whom they have believed. Mr. B——r, the Minister of D——, met me here, the last man I should have expected! But it cannot last. The same person cannot long admire both John Wesley and John Taylor.

Tuesday 4, I preached about noon at Street, to a civil, unconcerned congregation: and about six in the evening, at Abidarring, a mile short of Kenagh. Many Romanists being present, I found much concern for them, and could not but address myself to them in particular, and exhort them to rely upon the one Mediator between God and man.

Wednesday 5, We rode to Athlone. Thursday 6, I preached in a large, open place, near the house, to many of the rich, as well as poor. Saturday 8, I called on a lively man, who is just married, in the ninety-second year of his age. He served as an officer, both in King William's and Queen Anne's wars, and a year or two ago began to serve the Prince of Peace. He has all his faculties of body and mind entire, works in his garden some hours every day, and praises God, who has prolonged his life to so good a purpose.

Sunday 9, At eight we had the usual congregation in the Market-house, and the usual blessing. Mr. G——preached an excellents ermon at Church, on the necessity of the religion of the heart. At five, I preached on the Connaught side of the river, to abundance of Romanists as well as protestants: all of whom seemed convinced, that they ought not any longer, to *halt between two opinions.*

Here I learned from her husband, that "Rose Longworth, found peace with God in June, 1749, This she never lost, and often rejoiced with joy unspeakable. From that time, she was always remarkably serious, and walked closely with God.

"About Easter, 1751, she found a great decay of her bodily strength. But of this she never complained, being only concerned, lest her soul should suffer loss. In July following, she was removed

into the country, but still continued walking in the light. Toward the latter end of the month, apprehending her time was short, she desired to return to Athlone. On Saturday the 21st, she returned, extremely weak, but continually praising God: and all the following week expressing a strong desire to depart, and be with Christ.

"Mr. —— administered the sacrament to her on Sunday. She could speak little, but said, she had no doubt of her salvation. He was deeply affected, and said, he believed her; but could scarcely speak for tears. When she could not be heard, she had her eyes constantly fixed upward, and her lips moving. In the afternoon she fainted away. Coming to herself, she said, 'Ah! I was disappointed: I thought I had escaped.' She then prayed for her husband, for her parents, for the Society, the Church, and the whole world. Fainting again, and coming to herself, she cried out, "See my Redeemer! See how his blood streams! I see the Lamb in glory! I see the Lamb in glory. Fare ye well. God be with you. Fare ye well.' She then ceased to speak, and went to God."

Monday 10, I preached at Aughrim, and found the people much alive to God. Tuesday 11, I rode over to Mr. M ——'s. How gracious has God been to this family. Three years ago, his youngest daughter, after she had received a clear sense of the love of God, was brought to the gates of death, and continues still just on the wing for eternity. His other daughter was suddenly struck last year, and after having witnessed a good confession, to all that were round about her, went to God in the full triumph of faith. Some months since, Mr. M——'s brother began to decline: and two or three weeks ago, full of unutterable peace and joy, went to him, whom his soul loved.

Wednesday 12. In the evening I preached at Birr. I scarcely ever saw so large, so genteel, and so serious a congregation there before. The next evening, I reached Limerick.

I spent Friday and Saturday in conference with our Preachers, and the next week spake with each of the members of the Society: many of whom, I now found, were rooted and grounded in love, and zealous of good works.

Friday 21, I rode through heavy rain to Shronill, and to Cork the next day. Sunday 23, at eight, the house would not near contain the congregation. Yet I judged a small congregation with peace, preferable to a large one with noise and tumult.

On Monday and Tuesday, I carefully examined the Society: put away those who did not walk according to the Gospel, and found about three hundred who still strive to have a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man.

Tuesday 25, I preached in the Market-place, at Kinsale. The next morning, at eight, I walked to the fort. On the hill above it we found a large, deep hollow, capable of containing two or three thousand people. On one side of this, the soldiers soon cut a place with their swords for me to stand, where I was screened both from the wind and the sun, while the congregation sat on the grass before me. Many eminent sinners were present, particularly of the army. And I believe God gave them a loud call to repentance.

In the evening I called sinners to repentance in the main street, at Bandon. On Thursday and Friday, the rain drove us into the Market-house. Indeed I hardly remember two dry days together, since I landed in Ireland. Saturday 29, I returned to Cork, and spent a comfortable day, having a strong hope, that God will lift up the hands that hang down. Monday 31, I rode to Clonmell. A wide door was opened here a year ago .But one evening, just after sermon was ended, the room in which the preaching had been, fell. Two or three persons were hurt thereby: for which reason, (could one desire a better?) the people of the town vowed, that no Methodist should ever more preach in Clonmell.

Tuesday, September 1, I preached at Waterford. Only one poor man behaved amiss. His case is really to be pitied. Some time since he had strong desires to serve God, and had broke off his outward sins, when Mr. ——, one of the Prebendaries, told him, "He did very wrong to go after those fellows;" and made him promise to hear them no more. He kept his word, and turned back, as a dog to his vomit, wallowing in sin, as he did before. But he does not go to the Methodists; so all is well. He may go to the devil and welcome!

Wednesday 2, At eleven Mr. Walsh began preaching in Irish in the Market-house. It being Market-day, the people flocked from all sides, many of them seriously attended. A few of the rabble cursed and swore; but did not make any considerable interruption.

At five I went to the Court-house, and began preaching. But the mob was so numerous and noisy that few could hear. Perceiving the noise increase more and more, I walked through the midst of the mob to my lodgings. They hallooed and shouted, and cursed amain. Hitherto could they come, but no further.

Thursday, September 14, (so we must call it now, seeing the New Style now takes place) I rode to the Bog of Boiree, where a great and effectual door is opened. On Friday evening we rode on to Goree, and the next day to Dublin.

Sunday 17, I made an end of Mr. V——'s *Essay on the Happiness of the Life to come.* I am glad it is written in French. Probably not many in Ireland will be at the pains of reading it. He is a lively, sensible writer. But I cannot believe his hypothesis, while I believe the Bible.

Monday 18, We had our first Watch-night in the new house; and it was a night that will not soon be forgotten. On Tuesday I rode to Portarlington, and the next day to Birr, through so violent a storm, that my strength was utterly exhausted, and how I should preach, I knew not. But God soon renewed my strength; and on Thursday 21, I arose lively and well; and in the afternoon, through continued rain, came very wet, but not tired, to Limerick.

Saturday 23, We reached Cork. Sunday 24, in the evening I proposed to the Society, the building a Preaching-house. The next day ten persons subscribed a hundred pounds; another hundred was subscribed in three or four days, and a piece of ground taken. I saw a double providence now in our not sailing last week. If we had, probably this house had never been built: and it is most likely, we should

have been cast away: above thirty ships, we were informed, have been lost on these coasts in the late storm.

Sunday, October 1, We had in the morning at St. Paul's, a strong, close, practical sermon; and another, at our own Church in the afternoon, delivered in an earnest, affectionate manner. We had a solemn season likewise at the Room: so that this day was a day of joy and thanksgiving.

The wind being contrary still, on Monday 2, I rode once more to Bandon. But though I came unexpected, the house was too small to contain one half of the congregation. So I preached in the street, both this evening, and at five on Tuesday morning: the moon giving us as much light as we wanted till the sun supplied her place. I then returned to Cork. On Friday 6, the ship being under sail, we took boat, and came to Cove in the evening. All the Inns being full, we lodged at a private house. But we found one inconvenience herein. We had nothing to eat: for our provisions were on board, and there was nothing to be bought in the town: neither flesh, nor fish, nor butter, nor cheese. At length we procured some eggs and bread, and were well contented.

Sunday 8, We were called early by the pilot, and told we must rise and go on board. We did so, and found a large number of passengers: but the wind turning, most of them went on shore. At eleven I preached to those that were left. About six it blew a storm, but we were anchored in a safe harbour, so it neither hurt nor disturbed us.

Monday 9, Finding there was no possibility of sailing soon, we went up to Mr. P——'s, near Passage. I preached there in the street about four, to most of the inhabitants of the town. They behaved very quietly; but very few seemed either convinced or affected.

Tuesday 10, We had another violent storm. It made Mr. P——'s house rock to and fro, though it was a new, strong house, and covered on all sides with hills as well as with trees. We afterwards heard, that several ships were lost on the coast. Only one got into the harbour, but grievously shattered, her rigging torn in pieces, and her main-mast gone by the board.

Wednesday 11, I rode to Cork once more, and was very fully employed all the day. The next morning we returned to Cove, and about noon got out of the harbour. We immediately found the effects of the late storm, the sea still boiling like a pot. The moon set about eight, but the Northern Lights abundantly supplied her place. Soon after, God smoothed the face of the deep, and gave us a small, fair wind.

Friday 13, I read over Pascal's Thoughts. What could possibly induce such a creature as Voltaire, to give such an author as this a good word: unless it was, that he once wrote a Satire! and so his being a satirist might atone, even for his being a Christian.

Saturday 14, About seven, we sailed into Kingroad, and happily concluded our little voyage. I now rested a week at Bristol and Kingswood, preaching only morning and evening.

Sunday 22, Having heard grievous complaints of the Society in Kingswood, as if there were "many disorderly walkers therein," I made a particular inquiry. And I found there was one member who drank too much in Jan. or Feb. last. But I could not find one, who at this time lived in any outward sin whatever. When shall we be aware of the accuser of the brethren? How long shall we be ignorant of his devices? And suffer him by these loose, indeterminate accusations, to make our minds evil-affected toward each other?

Wednesday 25, I rode to Wick, and rejoiced over a people who have run well from the beginning. The person at whose house I preached, was supposed to be at the point of death. But ease or pain, life or death, was welcome to her. She desired indeed to depart, and to be with Christ. But it was with perfect resignation; her will being swallowed up in the will of him, whom her soul loved.

Thursday 26, The remains of Elizabeth Man, being brought to the room, I preached on *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.* How plain an instance is here of grace so changing the heart, as to leave no trace of the natural temper! I remember her fretful, peevish, murmuring, discontented with every thing. But for more than a year before she died, God laid the axe to the root of the tree. All her peevishness and fretfulness were gone. She was always content, always thankful. She was not only constant in prayer, and in all the ordinances of God, but abundant in praise and thanksgiving. Often her soul was so filled with love and praise, that her body was quite overpowered. On Sunday morning, she said, "I am struck with death; her pains were violent all the day. But they interrupted not her prayer and praise, and exhortation to those about her, till about three in the morning, having finished her work, she was set at liberty.

Sunday 29, Was an useful day to my soul. I found more than once trouble and heaviness; but I called upon the name of the Lord; and he gave me a clear, full approbation of his way, and a calm, thankful acquiescence in his will.

I cannot but stand amazed at the goodness of God. Others are most assaulted on the weak side of their soul. But with me it is quite otherwise. If I have any strength at all, (and I have none but what I *received*) it is in forgiving injuries. And on this very side am I assaulted, more frequently than on any other. Yet leave me not here one hour to myself: or I shall betray myself and Thee!

Monday 30, I rode to Salisbury, and in the two following days, examined severally the members of the Society, and on Thursday left them determined to stand in the good old way, in all the ordinances and commandments of God.

In the evening I endeavoured to reunite the little scattered flock at Winterburn.

Friday, November 3, I rode to Reading, and on Saturday to London.

Monday 6, A remarkable note was given me in the evening: it ran in these words; "James Thompson, sailor, on board the George and Mary, a Sunderland collier, bound for Middleborough in Sep-

tember last, met with a gale of wind, which wrecked her on the Baynard Sands, off the coast of Zealand. Here every soul perished, save himself, who was for three days and three nights floating on a piece of the wreck, with another man dead by his side, in which time the poor sufferer had lost his senses. At length he was taken up by the Dolphin-Packet, and escaped safe to land. He is now willing to return hearty thanks to God, and to proclaim his deliverance to the world, that all who hear it may *praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he hath done for the children of men.*"

In the remaining part of this, and in the following month, I prepared the books for the Christian Library: a work by which I have lost above two hundred pounds. Perhaps the next generation may know the value of it.

Monday, January 1, 1753, A large congregation met at four, and praised Him with joyful heartsand lips, who had given us to see another year.

Tuesday 2, I breakfasted at Ephraim Bedder's. How strangely diversified is the scene of life! How often had he been, both outwardly and inwardly in the deep! But at length God has lifted up his head.

Thursday 4, I visited one, on the borders of eternity, who did not know his interest in Christ. O how melancholy is it, to leave all below, unless we have an earnest of a better inheritance! How can any reasonable man bear the thoughts of death, till he has a prospect beyond the grave!

Sunday 7, I breakfasted with M—— Y——, an uncommon monument of mercy. For a long time he was *turned back as a dog to his vomit,* and wallowed in all manner of wickedness. Yet his wife could never give him up, nor could he ever escape from the hell within, till she said to him one day, "Go up stairs, and ask of God, and you know not but he may yet bless you." He went, but with a dull, heavy heart, and stayed about two hours. When he came down, she stared upon him, and said, "What is the matter now? What is come to you? You do not look as you did." He answered, "No, for I have found the Lord." And from that hour he has endeavoured to walk worthy of God, who has again *called* him *to his kingdom and glory.*

Monday 15, We had our first Watch-night at Snowsfields. Scarcely any went away till between twelve and one. How is it, that never any one in England or Ireland, has been hurt for all these years, in going to all parts at the dead of night? Are not *the hairs* of our *head all numbered?*

Saturday 20, I advised one who had been troubled many years with a stubborn paralytic disorder, to try a new remedy. Accordingly she was *electrified,* and found immediate help. By the same means I have known two persons cured of an inveterate pain in the stomach: and another of a pain in the side, which he had ever since he was a child. Nevertheless, who can wonder, tha many gentlemen of the faculty, as well as their good friends, the Apothecaries,

decry a medicine so shockingly cheap and easy, as much as they do quicksilver and tar-water.

Sunday 28, A solemn awe spread over the whole congregation, while I was explaining at West-street, the parable of the ten virgins: more especially those who knew they had not *oil in their lamps.*

Saturday, February 3, I visited one in the Marshalsea prison, a nursery of all manner of wickedness. O shame to man, that there should be such a place, such a picture of hell upon earth! and shame to those who bear the name of Christ, that there should need any prison at all in Christendom!

Thursday 8, A proposal was made for devolving all temporal business, books and all, entirely on the Stewards: so that I might have no care upon me (in London, at least) but that of the souls committed to my charge. O when shall it once be! From this day? *In me mora non erit ulla.*

In the afternoon, I visited many of the sick: but such scenes, who could see unmoved? There are none such to be found in a Pagan country. If any of the Indians in Georgia were sick, (which indeed exceeding rarely happened, till they learned gluttony and drunkenness from the Christians) those that were near him gave him whatever he wanted. Oh, who will convert the English into honest Heathens?

On Friday and Saturday, I visited as many more as I could. I found some in their cells, under ground; others in their garrets, half-starved, both with cold and hunger, added to weakness and pain. But I found not one of them unemployed, who was able to crawl about the room. So wickedly, devilishly false is that common objection, "They are poor, only because they are idle." If you saw these things with your own eyes, could you lay out money in ornaments or superfluities?

Sunday 11, I preached at Hayes. Here we have a fair instance, of overcoming evil with good. All but the gentry of the parish patiently hear the truth. Many approve of, and some experience it.

Thursday 15, I visited Mr. S.——, slowly recovering from a severe illness. He expressed much love, and "did not doubt, he said, inasmuch, as I meant well, but that God would convince me of my great sin, in writing books; seeing men ought to read no book but the Bible." I judged it quite needless to enter into a dispute, with a sea-captain, seventy-five years old.

This day Mr. Stuart was released. For two or three years he had been *instant in season, out of season, doing the work of an Evangelist, and making full proof of his ministry.* Three or four weeks he fell ill of a fever, and was, for a while, in heaviness of soul. Last week all his doubts and fears vanished, and as he grew weaker in body, he grew stronger in faith. This morning he expressed *hope full of immortality*, and in the afternoon, went to God.

Saturday 17, From Mr. Franklin's letters I learned; 1, That electrical fire, (or ether) is a species of fire, infinitely finer than any other yet known. 2, That it is diffused, and in nearly equal proportions, through almost all substances. 3, That as long as it is thus diffused, it has no discernable effect. 4, That if any quantity of it be collected

together, whether by art or nature, it then becomes visible, in the form of fire, and inexpressibly powerful. 5, That it is essentially different from the light of the sun; for it pervades a thousand bodies, which light cannot penetrate, and yet cannot penetrate glass, which light pervades so freely. 6, That lightning is no other than electrical fire collected by one or more clouds, 7, That all the effects of lightning may be performed, by the artifical electrical fire. 8, That any thing pointed, as a spire or tree, attracts the lightning, just as a needle does the electrical fire. 9, That the electrical fire, discharged on a rat or a fowl, will kill it instantly: but discharged on one dippid in water, will slide off, and do it no hurt at all. In like manner, the lightning which will kill a man in a moment, will not hurt him, if he be thoroughly wet. What an amazing scene is here opened for after-ages to improve upon!

Wednesday 21, I visited more of the poor sick. The industry of many of them surprised me. Several who were ill able to walk, were, nevertheless, at work: some without any fire (bitterly cold as it was) and some, I doubt, without any food: yet not without that *meat which endureth to everlasting life.*

Monday 26, I set out in the machine for Bristol; and on Tuesday evening preached at Bath.

Wednesday 28, We rode to Bristol. I now looked over Mr. Prince's Christian History. What an amazing difference is there, in the manner wherein God has carried on his work in England and America! There, above a hundred of the Established Clergy, men of age and experience, and of the greatest note for sense and learning in those parts, are zealously engaged in the work. Here, almost the whole body of the aged, experienced, learned Clergy, are zealously engaged against it: and few but a handful of raw, young men engaged in it, without name, learning, or eminent sense! And yet by that large number of honourable men, the work seldom flourished above six months at a time, and then followed a lamentable and general decay, before the next revival of it: whereas that which God hath wrought by these despised instruments, has continually increased for fifteen years together: and at whatever time it has declined in any one place, has more eminently flourished in others.

Monday, March 5, I called on Mr. Farley, and saw a plain confutation of that vulgar error, that consumptions are not catching. He caught the consumption from his son, whereby he soon followed him to the grave.

Wednesday 14, I preached at Frome, a dry, barren, uncomfortable place. The congregation at Shaftsbury in the evening were of a more excellent spirit.

Friday 16, I returned to Bristol, and on Monday 19, set out with my wife for the North. I preached in the evening at Wallbridge, near Stroud; the house being too small, many stood without: but neither before nor after preaching, (much less while I was speaking) did I hear the sound of any voice: no, nor of any foot; in so deep a silence did they both come, hear, and go away.

Tuesday 20, I preached in the Town-hall at Evesham. At the upper end of the room a large body of people were still and attentive. Mean time, at the lower end, many were walking to and fro, laughing and talking, as if they had been in Westminster-Abbey.

Wednesday 21, After dinner, abundance of rabble gathered near the Town-hall, having procured an engine, which they exercised on all that came in their way. So I gave them the ground, and preached at our own Room, in great quietness.

Thursday 22, I rode to Birmingham. A few poor wretches, I found, had occasioned fresh disturbance here. The chief was Sarah B——, with whom I talked at large.

Saturday 24, She said, "I am in heaven, in the spirit; but I can speak in the flesh. I am not that which appears, but that which disappears. I always pray, and yet I never pray. For what can I pray for? I have all." I asked, "Do not you pray for sinners?" She said, "No; I know no sinners, but one. I know but two in the world, God is one, and the devil is the other. I asked, "Did not Adam sin of old? And do not adulterers and murderers sin now." She replied, "No, Adam never sinned. And no man sins now. It is only the devil." "And will no man ever be damned?" "No man ever will." "Nor the devil?" "I am not sure, but I believe not." "Do you receive the sacrament?" "No; I do not want it." Is the word of God your rule?" "Yes; the word made flesh: but not the letter. I am in the spirit."

Sunday 25, upon inquiry, I found these wild enthusiasts, were six in all, four men and two women. They had first run into the height of Antinomianism, and then were given up to the spirit of pride and blasphemy.

We reached Bilbrook in the evening, and a little before six, on Monday 26, Poole, near Nantwhich. I was pretty much tired, but soon recovered my strength, and explained to a serious people, *I determined not to know any thing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

Tuesday 27, We rode to Chester, where we found the scene quite changed, since I was here before. There is now no talk of pulling down houses. The present Mayor, being a man of courage as well as honesty, will suffer no riot of any kind, so that there is peace through all the city.

Wednesday 28, The house was full of serious hearers at five. In the evening some gay young men made a little disturbance; and a large mob was gathered about the door. But in a short time, they dispersed of themselves. However, we thought it best to acquaint the Mayor with what had passed: on which he ordered the City Crier, to go down the next evening and proclaim, that all riots should be severely punished. And promised, if need were, to come down himself, and read the Act of parliament. But it needed not. After his mind was made known, none was so hardy as to make a disturbance.

I did not expect the mob at Nantwhich (whither I was now much pressed to go) would be so quiet as that at Chester. We were saluted with curses and hard names, as soon as we entered the town. But from the time I alighted from my horse, I heard no one give us

an ill word. And I had as quiet and attentive an audience, as we used to have at Bristol, while I exhorted the *wicked to forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.*

Saturday 31, I preached at Boothbank, where I met Mr. C——, (late) gardiner to the Earl of W——. Surely it cannot be! Is it possible, the Earl should turn off, an honest, diligent, well-tried servant, who had been in the family above fifty years, for no other fault than "hearing the Methodists!"

In the evening I preached at Manchester, and on Monday, April 2, at Davy-holme. Here I found (what I had never heard of in England) a whole clan of infidel peasants. A neighbouring ale-housekeeper drinks, and laughs, and argues into Deism, all the ploughmen and dairy-men he can light on. But no mob rises against him. And reason good. Satan is not divided against himself.

Wednesday 4, I made an end of examining the Society at Manchester, among whom were seventeen of the dragoons. It is remarkable that these were in the same regiment with John Haime in Flanders. But they utterly despised both him and his master, till they removed to Manchester. Here it was, that one and another dropped in, he scarcely knew why, to hear the preaching. And they now are a pattern of all seriousness, zeal, and all holy conversation.

Thursday 5, I rode to Bolton, and found the Society just double to what it was when I was here last. And they are increased in grace, no less than in number, walking closely with God, lovingly and circumspectly with one another, and wisely toward those that are without.

Saturday 7, I rode to Chipping. Sunday 8, as soon as we came into the aisle of the Church, from the vestry, a man (since dead) thrust himself between Mr. Milner and me, and said, "You shall not go into the pulpit." I told him, "I am only going into the desk." He said, "But you shall not go there neither," and pushed me back by main strength. Eight or ten noisy men joined with him quickly, and set themselves in battle array. Fearing some might take fire on the other side, I desired Mr. Milner to begin the service. After prayers (for he had no sermon with him) great part of the congregation followed us to the Vicarage. They came thither again after the evening service; and God made them large amends for their little disappointment in the morning.

Monday 9, Mr. Milner rode with us to Kendal. I preached there in a large convenient room; (the weather not allowing me to preach abroad) where Mr. Ingham's Society used to meet. I was a little disgusted at their manner of coming in and sitting down, without any pretence to any previous prayer or ejaculation; as well as at their sitting during the hymn, which indeed not one (though they knew the tune) sung with me. But it was far otherwise after sermon: for God spake in his word. At the second hymn every person stood up, and most of them sang very audibly; and the greatest part of the Society followed us to our Inn. Nor did they leave us, till we went to rest.

Tuesday 10, We breakfasted at Ambleside, where our landlord appeared quite open to conviction. We spoke plainly to him, prayed with, and left him full of desire and thankfulness. Soon after we lost our way, in a vehement shower of snow, but recovered it in about an hour, and got over the mountains safe. The woman of the house where we dined, seemed to be one that feared God greatly. Yet when I spake of being saved by faith, she appeared to be utterly astonished. About six, after several heavy showers, we came, moderately weary, to Whitehaven.

Wednesday 11, Upon examining the Society I found that the love of many was waxed cold. Nevertheless, I found a considerable number, who appeared to be growing in grace. But surely here, above any other place in England, *God hath chosen the poor of this world.* In comparison of these, the Society at Newcastle are a rich and elegant people. It is enough, that they are *rich in faith*, and in the *labour of love.*

Saturday 14, As we rode to Clifton, John Hampson and I could not but observe a little circumstance. A black hail cloud was driven full upon us, by a strong north-east wind; till being just over us, it parted asunder, and fell on the right and left, leaving us untouched. We observed it the more, because three several storms, one after another, went by in the same manner.

Sunday 15, I preached in the afternoon at Cockermouth, to well nigh all the inhabitants of the town. Intending to go from thence into Scotland, I inquired concerning the road, and was informed, I could not pass the arm of the sea, which parts the two kingdoms, unless I was at Bonas, about thirty miles from Cockermouth, soon after five in the morning. At first I thought of taking an hour or two's sleep, and setting out at eleven or twelve. But upon farther consideration, we choose to take our journey first, and rest afterward. So we took horse about seven, and having a calm moonshiny night, reached Bonas before one. After two or three hours sleep, we set out again, without any faintness or drowsiness.

Our landlord, as he was guiding us over the Sands, very innocently asked, "How much a year we got by preaching thus?" This gave me an opportunity of explaining to him that kind of gain, which he seemed utterly a stranger to. He appeared to be quite amazed, and spake not one word, good or bad, till he took his leave.

Presently after he went, my mare stuck fast in a quagmire, which was in the midst of the high road. But we could well excuse this. For the road all along, for near fifty miles after, was such as I never saw any natural road, either in England or Ireland; nay, far better, notwithstanding the continued rain, than the turnpike road between London and Bath.

We dined at Dumfries, a clean, well built town, having two of the most elegant churches (one at each end of the town) that I have seen. We reached Thorny-hill in the evening. What miserable accounts pass current in England, of the Inns in Scotland! Yet here, as well as wherever we called in our whole journey, we had not only every

thing we wanted, but every thing readily and in good order, and as clean as I ever desire.

Tuesday 17, We set out about four, and rode over several high, but extremely pleasant mountains, to Lead-hill, a village of miners, resembling Placey, near Newcastle. We dined at a village called Lesmahaggy, and about eight in the evening reached Glasgow. A gentleman who had overtaken us on the road, sent one with us to Mr. Gillies's house.

Wednesday 18, I walked over the City, which I take to be as large as Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The University (like that of Dublin) is only one College, consisting of two small squares: I think not larger, nor at all handsomer, than those of Lincoln College in Oxford. The habit of the students gave me surprise. They wear scarlet gowns, reaching only to their knees. Most I saw were very dirty; some very ragged, and all of very coarse cloth. The High Church is a fine building. The outside is equal to that of most Cathedrals in England. But it is miserably defaced within, having no form, beauty, or symmetry left.

At seven in the evening, Mr. G. began the service at his own (the College) Church. It was so full before I came, that I could not get in, without a good deal of difficulty. After singing and prayer, he explained a part of the Catechism, which he strongly and affectionately applied. After sermon he prayed and sung again, and concluded with the blessing.

He then gave out, one after another, four hymns, which about a dozen young men sung. He had before desired those who were so minded, to go away: but scarcely any stirred till all was ended.

Thursday 19, At seven I preached about a quarter of a mile from the town. But it was an extremely rough and blustering morning. And few people came either at the time or place of my preaching: the natural consequence of which was, that I had but a small congregation. About four in the afternoon, a tent, as they term it, was prepared, a kind of moving pulpit, covered with canvas at the top, behind, and on the sides. In this I preached near the place where I was in the morning, to near six times as many people as before. And I am persuaded, what was spoken came to some of their hearts not in word only, but in power.

Friday 20, I had designed to preach at the same place. But the rain made it impracticable. So Mr. G. desired me to preach in his Church, where I began between seven and eight. Surely with God nothing is impossible! Who would have believed five and twenty years ago, either that the Minister would have desired it, or that I should have consented to preach in a Scotch Kirk.

We had a far larger congregation at four in the afternoon, than the Church could have contained. At seven Mr. G. preached another plain, home, affectionate sermon. Has not God still a favour for this City? It was long eminent for serious religion. And he is able to repair what is now decayed, and to build up the waste places.

Saturday 21, I had designed to ride to Edinburgh, but at the desire of many, I deferred my journey till Monday. Here was now an

open and effectual door. And not many adversaries: I could hear of none but a poor Seceder, who went up and down, and took much pains. But he did not see much fruit of his labour: the people would come and hear for themselves; both in the morning, when I explained, (without touching the controversy) *Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?* and in the afternoon, when I enforced, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.*

Sunday 22, It rained much. Nevertheless, upwards (I suppose) of a thousand people stayed with all willingness, while I explained and applied, *This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.* I was desired to preach afterwards at the prison, which I did about nine o'clock. All the felons as well as debtors behaved with such reverence as I never saw at any prison in England. It may be some, even of these sinners, will occasion joy in heaven.

The behaviour of the people at Church both morning and afternoon, was beyond any thing I ever saw, but in *our* congregations. None bowed or curtsied to each other, either before or after the service: from the beginning to the end of which, none talked, or looked at any but the Minister. Surely much of the *power* of godliness was here, when there is so much of the *form* still.

The meadow where I stood in the afternoon, was filled from side to side. I spoke as closely as ever in my life. Many of the students, and many of the soldiers were there. And I bear them witness, they could *bear sound doctrine.*

Monday 22, I had a great desire to go round by Kilsythe, in order to see that venerable man, Mr. Robe, who was every day expecting (what his soul longed for) *to depart and to be with Christ.* But the continual rains had made it impracticable for us, to add so many miles to our day's journey. So we rode on straight by the Kirk of Shots; reached Edinburgh by five in the afternoon; lodged at Tranant, and on Tuesday 24, came to Berwick in good time. I preached on the Bowling-Green at six. The wind was extremely sharp, and we had several showers, while I was speaking. But I believe scarcely five persons went away.

Wednesday 25, We came to Alnwick, on the day whereon those who have gone through their apprenticeship are made free of the Corporation. Sixteen or seventeen, we were informed, were to receive their freedom this day. And in order thereto (such is the unparalleled wisdom of the present Corporation, as well as of their forefathers!) to walk through a great bog, (purposely preserved for the occasion; otherwise it might have been drained long ago) which takes up some of them to the neck, and many of them to the breast.

Thursday 26, I spoke severally to those of the Society, and found they had been harrassed above measure, by a few violent Predestinarians, who had, at length, separated themselves from us. It was well they saved me the trouble; for I can have no connexion with those who *will* be contentious. These I reject, not for their opinion, but for their sin; for their unchristian temper and unchristian prac-

tice; for being haters of reproof, haters of peace, haters of their brethren, and consequently, of God.

Saturday 28, I returned to Newcastle. Sunday 29, I preached in Sunderland, at eight and at twelve. As we were riding back, the wind was exceedingly high. But as we entered Newcastle, a shower began, which laid the wind, and then gave place to clear sunshine. I was extremely weary when we came in, having preached four times on Saturday. But my strength soon returned, so that the whole congregation near the Keelman's Hospital, could distinctly hear the sermon. And great was the Lord in the midst of us.

Thursday, May 3, I preached at Gateshead Fell, to many more than the house would contain. The Society here was increased when I met them last, from nine or ten to sixty members. They are now double the number, and, I trust, will, ere long, overtake their brethren in Kingswood.

Friday 4, We had the first general quarterly meeting of all the Stewards round Newcastle, in order thoroughly to understand both the spiritual and temporal state of every Society.

Monday 7, After preaching in Durham at noon, I rode on to Stockton, and took my usual stand in the High Street, about six in the evening.

Tuesday 8, I rode to Robinhood's Bay, near Whitby. The town is very remarkably situated: it stands close to the sea, and is, in great part, built on craggy and steep rocks, some of which rise perpendicular from the water. And yet the land both on the North, South, and West, is fruitful, and well cultivated. I stood on a little rising near the Quay, in a warm, still evening, and exhorted a multitude of people from all parts, to *Seek the Lord, while he may be found.* They were all attention, and most of them met me again at half an hour after four in the morning. I could gladly have spent some days here. But my stages were fixed. So on Wednesday 9, I rode to York.

We had a rough salute, as I went to preach, from a company of poor creatures in the way. But they were tolerably quiet during the preaching. The greatest inconvenience arose from the number of people: by reason of which the room (though unusually high) felt as hot as an oven.

Friday 11, I rode over to Rufforth, and preached at one to an earnest congregation. A young man, remarkably serious and well behaved, and rejoicing in his first love, who set out but a few minutes before me, was thrown by his horse, and, (as it is termed) broke his neck. Just at the instant, a person going by, who understood the case, took hold of him, and pulled it in its place. O mystery of Providence! Why did not this man die, when he was full of humble, holy love? Why did he live, to *turn from the holy commandment* which was then written in his heart?

Saturday 12, I observed a remarkable change in the behaviour of almost all I met. The very rabble were grown civil, scarcely any one now speaking a rude or an angry word.

Sunday 13, I began preaching at seven, and God applied his word

to the hearts of the hearers. Tears and groans were on every side, among high and low. God, as it were, bowed the heavens and came down. The flame of love went before him, the rocks were broken in pieces, and the mountains flowed down at his presence.

I had designed to set out for Lincolnshire this morning. But finding that a day of God's power was come, I sent one thither in my place, and after preaching (as I had appointed) at Stanford-bridge, and at Pocklington, returned to York in the evening. Let us work together with him, when and where, and as he pleases!

Every night while I stayed, many of the rich and honourable crowded in among us. And is not *God able, even of these stones, to raise up children to Abraham?*

Thursday 17, I preached at Pocklington again, and rode on to Whitgift ferry. It rained a great part of the way, and just as we got upon the water, a furious shower began, which continued above half an hour, while we were striving to get John Haime's horse into the boat. But we were forced after all to leave him behind. We set out from Whitgift soon after four. But the violent rain which attended us till after seven, made the road so dirty and slippery, that our horses could very hardly keep their feet: so that it was nine before we reached Epworth.

Sunday 20, We had, as usual, most of the inhabitants of the town, at the Cross in the afternoon. I called afterwards on Mr. M. and his wife, a venerable pair, calmly hastening into eternity. If those in paradise know what passes on earth, I doubt not but my father is rejoicing and praising God, who has in his own manner and time accomplished what he had so often attempted in vain.

Monday 21, I rode to Sykehouse, and preached about noon, and then went on for Leeds. In the afternoon we called at a house where a company of rough, butcherly men, exceedingly drunk, were cursing and swearing at an unusual rate. I spoke to them, in spite of German prudence, and they were not only patient, but exceedingly thankful.

Tuesday 22, Most of our Preachers met, and conversed freely together: as we did, morning and afternoon, to the end of the week; when our Conference ended with the same blessing as it began. God giving us all to be not only of one heart, but of one judgment.

This week I read over Mr. Rimius's Candid Narrative. It informed me of nothing new. I still think several of the inconsiderable members of that community are upright. But I fear their governors *wax worse and worse, having their consciences seared as with a hot iron*

Sunday 27, I was afraid many of the congregation at Birstal would not be able to hear. But my fear was needless. For my voice was so strengthened, that even those who sat in John Nelson's windows, a hundred yards off, could (as they afterwards told me) distinctly hear every word.

Tuesday 29, I preached at Keighley, where the loving spirit, and exemplary behaviour of one young man, has been a mean of convincing almost all the town, except those of his own household.

Wednesday 30, I rode to Haworth, where Mr. Grimshaw read prayers, and I preached to a crowded congregation. But having preached ten or eleven times in three days, besides meeting the Societies, my voice began to fail. Not that I was hoarse at all: but I had not strength to speak. However, it was restored at Heptonstall in the afternoon, so that the whole congregation could hear. When shall we learn to take thought only for the present hour? Is it not enough, that God gives help *when* we want it?

Thursday 31, I rode through a delightful Vale to General-wood, near Todmorden. The Sun was burning hot; but they set up a little tent for me, resembling that I had at Glasgow. The people stood or sat on the grass round about. The afternoon was the hottest I ever remember in England: so that by the time we came to Bolton, I was fit for nothing but to lie down. However, in the evening my strength was renewed, and we rejoiced together in God our Saviour.

Saturday, June 2, Hardly knowing how to give credit, to an odd story which I had heard, That one of our Preachers was accustomed to preach in his sleep, I inquired more particularly concerning it and received the following account, "On Friday, May, 25, about one in the morning, being then fast asleep, he began to speak. There were present in two or three minutes, William, Mary, Amelia Shent, John Haime, John Hampson, Jos. Jones, Thomas Mitchell, and Ann Foghill.

'He first exhorted the congregation, *To sing with the spirit and the understanding also*, and gave them directions how to do it. He then gave out that hymn, line by line,

'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,'

pitching the tune, and singing it to the end. He added an exhortation, *To take heed how they heard.* Then he named his text, 1 John v. 19, *We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.* He divided his discourse into six parts, undertaking to shew, 1, That all true believers *are of God:* 2, That they *know* they *are of God:* 3, That *the world lieth in wickedness.* 4, That every individual who is of the world, is in this condition. 5, The dreadful end of such. He, 6, closed with an exhortation to those who were *of God*, and those who were *of the world.*

"After he had gone through two or three heads, he broke off, and began to speak to a clergyman, who came in and interrupted him. He disputed with him for some time, leaving him space to propose his objections, and then answering them one by one. Afterwards he desired the congregation, now the disturber was gone, to return thanks to God, and so gave out and sung

'Praise God from whom pure blessings flow.'

"When he had done preaching, he desired the Society to meet: to whom he first gave out a hymn, as before, and then exhorted them to love one another. 1, Because they had one Creator, Preserver, and Father: 2, Because they had all one Redeemer: 3, Because they had all one Sanctifier: 4, Because they were walking in one way of holiness: and, 5, Because they were all going to one heaven.

"Having sung a parting verse, he said, (as shaking each by the hand,) 'Good night, brother; good night, sister.' This lasted till about a quarter after two, he being fast asleep all the time. In the morning he knew nothing of all this, having, as he apprehended, slept from night to morning, without dreaming at all." By what principles of philosophy can we account for this?

Monday 4, I rode from Manchester to Chelmerton in the Peak, where I preached in a little meadow, and reached Sheffield in the evening.

Tuesday 5, I rode over to Jonathan Booth's at Woodsets, whose daughter had been ill in a very uncommon manner. The account her parents gave of it was as follows.

"About the middle of December, 1752, Elizabeth Booth, junior, near ten years old, began to complain of a pain in her breast, which continued three days. On the fourth day, in a moment, without any provocation, she began to be in a vehement rage, reviling her mother, and throwing at the maid what came next to hand. This fit continued near an hour. Then in an instant she was quite calm. The next morning she fell into a fit of another kind, being stretched out, and stiff as a dead carcase. Thus she lay about an hour. In the afternoon she was suddenly seized with violent involuntary laughter: and she had some or other of these fits several times a day, for about a month. In the intervals of them she was in great heaviness of soul, and continually crying for mercy: till one Saturday, as she lay stretched out on the bed, she broke out, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her faith and love increased from that time: but so did the violence of her fits also: and often while she was rejoicing and praising God, she would cry out, 'O Lord!' and losing her senses at once, lie as dead, or laugh violently, or rave and blaspheme.

"In the middle of February she grew more outrageous than ever. She frequently strove to throw herself into the fire, or out of the window. Often she attempted to tear the Bible, cursing it in the bitterest manner. And many times she uttered oaths and blasphemies, too horrid to be repeated. Next to the Bible, her greatest rage was against the Methodists, Mr. W. in particular. She frequently told us where he was, and what he was then doing: adding, 'He will be here soon:' And at another time, 'Now he is galloping down the lane, and two men with him.' In the intervals of her fits she was unusually stupid and moped, as if void of common understanding: And yet sometimes broke out into vehement prayer, to the amazement of all that heard.

"Sometimes she would strip herself stark naked, and run up and down the house, screaming and crying, 'Save me, save me. He will tear me in pieces.' At other times she cryed out, 'He is tearing off my breasts: he is pouring melted lead down my throat. Now I suffer what the martyrs suffered. But I have not the martyrs faith.'

"She frequently spoke as if she was another person, saying to her father, 'This girl is not thine, but mine. I have got possession of her, and I will keep her:' with many expressions of the same kind.'

"She often seemed to be in a trance, and said she saw many visions: Sometimes of heaven or hell, or judgment; sometimes of things which, she said, would shortly come to pass.

"In the beginning of March, Mrs. G. came over from Rotherham, who herself gave me the following account. 'Soon after I came in, she fell into a raging fit, blaspheming and cursing her father and me.' She added, 'It was I that made Green's horse so bad the other day;' (which had been taken ill in a most unaccountable manner, as soon as he was put into the stable) I did it that thou mightest have the preaching no more, and I have almost persuaded thee to it. It was I that made thee bad last night. I was then taken in an unusual way. All the time she spoke she was violently convulsed, and appeared to be in strong agony. After about a quarter of an hour, she broke out into prayer, and then came to herself, only still dull and heavy."

John Thorpe of Rotherham, had often a desire to pray for her in the congregation. But he was as often hindered, by a strong and sudden impression on his mind, that she was dead. When he came to Woodsets, and began to mention what a desire he had had, the girl being then in a raging fit, cried out, 'I have made a fool of Thorpe, and burst out into a loud laughter.'

"In the beginning of May, all these symptons ceased: and she continued in health both of soul and body."

Wednesday 6, It being still sultry hot, I preached under a shady tree at Barley-hall, and in an open place at Rotherham in the evening: On Friday 8, we reached Nottingham. Mr. S. met us here, and gave us a pleasing account of his congregation at S——, continually increasing, and growing more earnest and more scandalous every day. At Nottingham also God is greatly reviving his Work, and pouring water upon the dry ground.

In the afternoon I rode to Markfield, where I carefully read over Mr. Stinstra's Tract upon Fanaticism. He is doubtless a well-meaning man, but deeply ignorant of the subject he treats of. And his arguments are of no force at all; for they prove abundantly too much. They utterly overthrow many of the grand arguments for Christianity: and every man may on those principles, prove the Apostles to be fanaticks to a man.

June 10, Being Whitsunday, the Church contained the congregation tolerably well. After dinner, a gentleman who came from Leicester, eight miles off, invited me thither. About eight I preached there, in a place near the Walls, called the Butt-Close. The people came running together from all parts, high and low, rich and poor. And there behaviour surprised me: They were so serious and attentive, not one offering any interruption.

Monday 11, We rode to Woburn. Tuesday 12, promised to be an exceeding hot day. But the clouds arose as soon as we set out, and continued till we were near Market-street. The Sun was then burning hot, so that how my fellow-travellers would get forward, I knew not. But God knew. As soon as we set out, a cloud arose, and covered us again. The wind then came about, and blew in our faces: so that we had a tolerable cool ride to London.

I found the Town much alarmed with Mr. Rimius's Narrative, and Mr. Whitefield's letter to Count Z. It seems indeed that God is hastening to bring to light those hidden works of darkness.

Tuesday 19, Mr. Wh—— shewed me the letters he had lately received from the Count Cossart, P. Bohler, and James Hutton. I was amazed. Either furious anger, or settled contempt breathed in every one of them. Were they ashamed after all the abominations they had committed? No; they were not ashamed. They turned the tables upon Mr. Wh——. C—— protested before God, he had never made Lynde any offer at all. The C—— blustered, like himself, and roundly averred, "He *could* say something— if he would." J. H. said flat, 'You have more than diabolical impudence; I believe the devil himself has not so much.'

Sunday 24, Mr. Walsh preached at Shorts-gardens in Irish. Abundance of his countryman flocked to hear; and some were cut to the heart. How many means does God use, to bring poor wanderers back to himself!

Sunday, July 1, He preached in Irish in Moorfields. The Congregation was exceedingly large, and behaved seriously; though probably many of them came, purely to hear, what manner of language it was. For the sake of these, he preached afterwards in English, if, by any means, he might gain some.

Tuesday 3, I rode over to Mr. K——'s, at Teddington, an Israelite indeed. Dr. Hales, sent after dinner to desire our company, and shewed us several experiments. How well do philosophy and religion agree, in a man of sound understanding!

Sunday 8, After preaching at the Chapel morning and afternoon, I took horse with Mr. P——. We had designed to ride only two or three hours, in order to shorten the next day's journey. But a young man who overtook us near Kingston, induced us to change our purpose. So we only rested about half an hour at Cobham; and leaving it between nine and ten, rode on softly in a calm, moonshiny night, and about twelve came to Godalmin. We took horse again, at half an hour past four, and reached Portsmouth about one.

I was surprised to find so little fruit here, after so much preaching. That accursed itch of disputing had well nigh destroyed all the seed which had been sown. And this *vain jangling*, they called *contending for the faith!* I doubt the whole faith of these poor wretches is but an *opinion*.

After a little rest, we took a walk round the town, which is regularly fortified; and is, I suppose, the only regular fortification, in Great Britain, or Ireland. Gosport, Portsmouth, and the Common, (which is now all turned into streets) may probably contain half as many people as Bristol. And so civil a people I never saw before, in any Sea-port town in England.

I preached at half an hour after six, in an open part of the Common, adjoining to the New Church. The congregation was large and well behaved. Not one scoffer did I see, nor one trifler. In the morning, Tuesday 10, I went on board an Hoy, and in three hours landed at Cowes in the Isle of Wight: as far exceeding the Isle of

Anglesea, both in pleasantness and fruitfulness, as that exceeds the Rocks of Scilly.

We rode straight to Newport, the chief town in the Isle, and found a little Society, in tolerable order. Several of them had found peace with God. One informed me, it was about eight years ago, since she first knew her interest in Christ, by means of one who called there, in his way to Pennsylvania. But having none to speak to, or advise with, she was long tormented with doubts and fears. After some years, she received a fresh manifestation of his love, and could not doubt or fear any more. She is now (and has been long) confined to her bed with pining sickness. But all is good to her, for she has learned in every thing to give thanks.

At half an hour after six, I preached in the market-place, to a numerous congregation. But they were not so serious as those at Portsmouth. Many children made much noise; and many grown persons were talking aloud, almost all the time I was preaching. It was quite otherwise at five in the morning. There was a large congregation again; and every person therein seemed to know, this was the word whereby God would judge in the last day.

In the afternoon, I walked to Carishbrook Castle, or rather the poor remains of it. It stands upon a solid rock, said to be seventy-two yards deep, and another in the citadel, near a hundred. They drew up water by an ass, which they assured us was sixty years old. But all the stately apartments lie in ruins. Only just enough of them is left, to shew where poor King Charles was confined, and the window through which he attempted to escape.

In the evening the congregation at Newport, was more numerous and more serious than the night before. Only one drunken man made a little disturbance. But the Mayor ordered him to be taken away.

Thursday 12, We set out early for Newport, and crossed over from Cowes to Southampton. In the afternoon we came to Salisbury, and on Saturday rode on to Shaftsbury.

I preached in the New House in the evening: On Sunday afternoon, at Deverel Long-bridge, and on Monday the 16th, before noon, praised God, with our brethren at Bristol.

Tuesday 17, At their earnest desire, I preached to the poor Colliers confined in Newgate, on account of the late riot. They *would* not hear the Gospel, while they were at liberty. God grant they may profit by it now.

Wednesday 18, We set out for the West, and on Friday 20, came to Plymouth-Dock. I found much hurt had been done here by the bitter zeal of two or three bigots for their opinion. Two years ago they promised in the most solemn manner, to let all controversy alone. But quickly after the fire broke out anew, and has been devouring ever since.

Saturday 21, I endeavoured to convince them, that they were destroying, not promoting, the work of God. And on Sunday, when I spake to the Society one by one, they seemed once more aware of Satan's devices.

Monday 23, I rode to Launceston, and had the first general meeting of the Stewards, for the eastern part of Cornwall. In the evening I preached in perfect peace; a great blessing, if it be not bought too dear: If the world does not begin to love *us*, because we love the world.

Tuesday 24, In the road to Camelford, I was taken with such a bleeding at the nose, as I have not had since my return from Georgia. For a mile or two it increased more and more, and then at once stopped of itself. So I rode on comfortably (though the day was extremely hot) and reached St. Agnes in the evening.

On Wednesday 25, The Stewards met at St. Ives, from the western part of Cornwall. The next day I began examining the Society. But I was soon obliged to stop short. I found an accursed thing among them: Well-nigh one and all, bought or sold uncustomed goods. I therefore delayed speaking to any more, till I had met them all together. This I did in the evening, and told them plainly, either they must put this abomination away, or they would see my face no more. Friday 27, They severally promised so to do. So I trust this plague is stayed.

Saturday 28, After preaching to the little flock at Zunner, we rode on to St. Just, and found such a congregation at six in the evening, as we used to have ten years since. I did not find any Society in the county, so much alive to God as this, fifty or threescore have been added to it lately; and many children filled with peace and joy in believing.

Sunday 29, I preached at eight to a still larger congregation, and in Morva at one, to near the same number. Many backsliders were among them; to whom I cried, *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Few of the congregation were unmoved. And when we wrestled with God in prayer, we had a strong hope, he would not cast them off for ever.

About five I began preaching at Newlin, on part of the Gospel for the day, *Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.* In the morning I waked between two and three. I had had a looseness for several days. On Sunday it increased every hour; but I was resolved, with God's help, to preach where I had appointed. I had now, with the flux, a continual headache, violent vomitings, and several times in an hour, the cramp in my feet or legs; sometimes in both legs and both thighs together. But God enabled me to be thoroughly content, and thankfully resigned to him. I desired one to preach in my place in Ligeon at noon, and at Helston in the evening; and another, on Tuesday noon, at Port-kellis; promising, if I were able, to meet them in the evening.

Tuesday 31, After living a day and a half on claret and water, I found myself so easy, that I thought I could ride to Crowan. I found no inconvenience the first hour. But in the second, my disorder returned. However, I rode on, being unwilling to disappoint the congregation, and preached on *Be careful for nothing.* I then rode straight, as fast as I conveinently could, to Mr. Harris's in Cambourn.

Wednesday, Aug. 1, At half an hour after two in the morning, my disorder came with more violence than ever. The cramp likewise returned; sometimes in my feet or hands; sometimes in my thighs, my side, or my throat. I had also a continual sickness, and a sensation of fulness at my stomach, as if it were ready to burst. I took a vomit; but it hardly wrought at all: Nor did any thing I took make any alteration. Thus I continued all day, and all the following night: yet this I could not but particularly observe, I had no head-ache, no cholic, nor any pain, (only the cramp) from first to last.

Thursday 2, Perceiving I gained no ground, but rather grew weaker and weaker, my stomach being drawn downward, so that I could not stand, nor lie, but on my right side; I sent to Redruth for Mr. Carter, who came without delay. Here again I saw the gracious providence of God, in casting me on so sensible and skilful a man. He advised me to persist in the same regimen I was in, and prescribed no physic, except a small dose of rhubarb. But even this (as I expected it would) was thrown up again immediately.

I was now well satisfied, having had the best advice which could be procured; though my disorder continued much as before. But about five in the afternoon, it ceased at once, without any visible cause. The cramp also was gone, my stomach was easy, and I lay down and slept till six in the morning.

Friday 3, I began to recover my strength, so that I could sit up nearly two hours together. And from this time, I felt no inconvenience; only that I could not talk, nor stand long without resting.

Sunday 5, In the afternoon I rode to Redruth, and preached to a large congregation, in an open part of the street. My voice was low, but the day being calm, I believe all could hear: and after I had done, I felt myself considerably stronger than I was when I began.

Monday 6, I preached in Gwenap, at five; and afterwards saw a strange sight; a man that is old and rich, and yet not covetous. In the evening I preached at Penryn, and found my strength so restored, that I could speak loud enough to be heard by a numerous congregation; and thrice the next day, at Penryn, Bezore, (near Truro) and at St. Ewe.

Wednesday 8, We were invited to Mevagizzy, a small town, on the South Sea. As soon as we entered the town, many ran together, crying, "See, the Methodists are come!" But they only gaped and stared; so that we returned unmolested to the house I was to preach at, a mile from the town. Many serious people were waiting for us, but most of them deeply ignorant. While I was shewing them the first principles of Christianity, many of the rabble from the town came up. They looked as fierce as lions; but in a few minutes changed their countenance and stood still. Toward the close, some began to laugh and talk, who grew more boisterous after I had concluded. But I walked straight through the midst of them, and took horse without any interruption.

On Thursday 9, I rode to Port-Isaac, and the next day to Trewalder. The little Society here, meet every night and morning, with a

Preacher or without. And whoever comes among them, quickly feels what spirit they are of.

Saturday 11, The rain stopped at twelve, and gave me an opportunity of preaching in the Market-place at Camelford. I saw only one person in the congregation, who was not deeply serious. That one, (which I was sorry to hear) was the Curate of the parish.

Almost as soon as we set out, we were met by such a shower of rain, as I never saw before in Europe. But it did us no hurt: we came very well, though very wet, to St. Ginnis.

Sunday 12, I never saw so many people in this Church, nor did I ever before speak so plainly to them. They *hear;* but when will they *feel?* O what can man do, toward raising either dead bodies, or dead souls?

Monday 13, The rain attended us all the way to Launceston. I preached at noon, but was not dry till the evening. Yet I did not catch any cold at all. What can hurt, without leave from God?

Tuesday 14, I willingly accepted the offer of preaching in the house, lately built for Mr. Whitefield, at Plymouth-Dock. Thus it behoveth us to trample on bigotry and party zeal. Ought not all who love God, to love one another?

Thursday 16, I rode to Collumpton, but could not reach it, till it was too late to preach.

Sunday 19, I preached thrice at Tiverton; rode to Middlesey, the next day; and on Tuesday to Bristol.

Friday 24, I endeavoured once more to bring Kingswood School into order. Surely the importance of this design is apparent, even from the dificulties that attend it. I have spent more money, and time, and care on this, than almost any design I ever had. And still it exercises all the patience I have. But it is worth all the labour.

Monday 27, I came early to the New Passage: but the wind shifting, obliged me to wait nearly six hours. When we were almost over, it shifted again, so that we could not land till between six and seven.

Tuesday 28, I reached Cardiff. Finding I had all here to begin anew, I set out, as at first, by preaching in the Castle-yard, on *Lord, are there few that be saved?* I afterwards met what was once a Society: and in the morning spoke severally to a few, who were still desirous to join together, and build up, not devour, one another.

I preached in the evening at Fonmon; and on Thursday 30, spake to many, who were resolved to set out once more in the Bible-way, and strengthen each other's hands in God.

Friday 31, We had a pleasant ride, and a ready passage, so that we reached Bristol in the afternoon. I preached in the evening over the remains of Mary Henley, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who died, rejoicing in his love, the same day I set out for Cardiff.

Monday, September 3, I began visiting the little Societies in Somersetshire and Wiltshire. This evening I preached at Shepton-mallet, and found much life among the poor, plain people. It was not so at Oakhill the next day, where many once alive, have drawn back to

perdition. But at Coleford, in the evening, I found many living souls, though joined with some who did not adorn the Gospel.

Wednesday 5, I rode over to Kingswood, a little town near Wotton-under-edge. Some weeks since W—— S—— was invited to preach at Wotton, which he did once in great peace. But the next time he went, the mob was so turbulent, that he could not finish his sermon. Upon which, one desired him to come to Kingswood; which he did, and many people heard him gladly. Soon after I came in, a multitude of people was gathered from all parts. A large congregation was there at five in the morning, and a larger than ever in the evening. The next morning I accepted of Mr. B——'s offer, and after reading prayers, preached in the Church. All the people expressed huge good will; but none appeared to be deeply affected.

At half an hour after twelve I preached in the street at Wickwar, about four miles from Kingswood, where there has been a small Society for some years, many of whom can rejoice in God. The rest of the audience gave a civil attention, and seemed little pleased or displeased at the matter.

Monday 10, I preached to the condemned malefactors in Newgate. But I could make little impression upon them. I then took horse for Paulton, where I called on Stephen Plummer, once of our Society, but now a zealous Quaker. He was much pleased with my calling, and came to hear me preach. Being straitened for time, I concluded sooner than usual: but as soon as I had done, Stephen began. After I had listened half an hour, finding he was no nearer the end, I rose up to go away. His sister then begged him to leave off; on which he flew into a violent rage, and roared louder and louder, till an honest man took him in his arms, and gently carried him away.

What a wise Providence was it, that this poor young man turned Quaker some years before he ran mad! So the honour of turning his brain now rests upon them, which otherwise must have fallen upon the Methodists. At six in the evening I preached at Buckland, about two miles from Frome, in a meadow of Mr. Emblem's, a wonderful monument of the grace of God, who, from the day he received peace (being then acquainted with no Methodist) has continually walked in the light of God's countenance. The Curate had provided a mob, with horns, and other things convenient, to prevent the congregation's hearing me. But the better half of the mob soon left their fellows, and listened with great attention. The rest did no harm: so that we had a comfortable opportunity; and another at five in the morning.

Tuesday 11, I rode once more to New-Kingswood. The hearers were more numerous than ever. As I did not expect to see them again, I used once more all possible plainness of speech. And their behaviour seemed to shew, that the word of God found its way into their hearts.

Friday 14, I read with great attention the Chevalier Ramsay's "Philosophical Principles of Religion." He undertakes to solve all the difficulties in the Christian Revelation, allowing him only a few Postulata's. 1, That human souls all existed, and personally sinned in paradise. 2, That the souls of brutes are fallen angels. 3, That pain is the only possible means whereby God himself can cure sin.

and, 4, That he will in the end, by the pains of purgatory, purify and restore all men and all devils. Amazing work this!

Monday 17, I began visiting the Societies in Wiltshire, and found much cause to praise God on their behalf. Thursday 27, I was desired by Lady F. to visit her daughter, ill of a consumption. I found much pity, both for the parent and the child, pining away in the bloom of youth; and yet not without joy; as she was already much convinced of sin, and seemed to be on the very brink of deliverance. I saw her once more on Saturday 29, and left her patiently waiting for God. Not long after, my brother spent some time with her in prayer, and was constrained, to the surprise of all that were present, to ask of God again and again, that he would perfect his work in her soul, and take her to himself. Almost as soon as he had done, she stretched out her hands, said, "Come, Lord Jesus," and died.

Monday, October 1, I rode to Salisbury, and the next day, to a village in the New Forest, eight miles wide of Southampton, where I preached in the evening to a well-meaning, serious congregation. Wednesday 3, we rode to Southampton; thence crossed over to Cowes, and reached Newport before eleven.

At five in the afternoon, I went to the Market-place. The congregation was large, and deeply attentive. It was nearly the same at six in the evening. And all seemed to drink in the exhortation, to *present themselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.*

A little before noon we set out for Shorhill, a village six miles south from Newport. I never saw a more fruitful, or a more pleasant country, than the inland part of this island. About one I preached at Shorhill, to (I suppose) all the poor and middling people of the town. I believe some of the rich also designed to come. But something of more importance, a dinner came between.

At five I preached again at Newport, to most of the town, and many who came from the neighbouring villages. Surely, if there were any here to preach the word of God with power, a multitude would soon be obedient to the faith.

Friday 5, After preaching at six, I left this humane, loving people. I rode to Cowes, and crossed over to Portsmouth. Here I found another kind of people, who had disputed themselves out of the power, and well-nigh the form of religion. However, I laboured (and not altogether in vain) to soften and compose their jarring spirits, both this evening and the next day. On Sunday noon, I preached in the streets at Fareham. Many gave great attention, but seemed neither to feel nor understand any thing. At five I began on Portsmouth Common. I admired not so much the immense number of people, as the uncommon decency of behaviour, which ran through the whole congregation. After sermon I explained to them at large, the nature and design of our Societies; and desired that if any of them were willing to join therein, they would call on me, either that evening, or in the morning. I made no account of that shadow of a Society which was before, without classes, without order, or rules: having never seen, read, or heard the printed rules, which ought to have been given them at their very first meeting.

Monday 8, I rode to Godalmin, and the next day to London. After resting there five days, on Monday 15, I rode to Bedford. The melancholy account which I received here was as follows :—

"1, In the year 1739, Mr. J. and W. D. came to Bedford. By them I was convinced that I was in a state of damnation, though I was outwardly unblameable. Some of the Germans came down in 1741, and engaged, 1, To draw no one from the Church. 2, To hold a meeting on Sunday nights for us that were of the Church. On these conditions I joined with them. But in the beginning of 1742, they dropped the Sunday-night preaching, and required us to attend their meeting at the same hour that we used to go to Church. I was much troubled at this, and wrote to Mr. John Wesley, intreating him to 'come down and help us.'

2. "When the Brethren learned this, they gave me abundance of fair words, and persuaded me to write again, and desire Mr. W. 'not to come.' I was then made servant at the love-feast. I still received the sacrament at Church once a year; but I regarded the Church less and less. And being continually taught, That works signify nothing, and that we could not do them without trusting in them, I, in a while, left off all works of charity, as well as reading the Bible, and private prayer.

"3, Their first Church was settled here in the beginning of the year 1744. On the 18th of February, I was received into the congregation at London, and likewise into the Helper's Conference. In 1746, Achenwelder, the chief labourer, insisted on my putting myself out of the Corporation. I was in much doubt whether it was right so to do. But he commanded, and I obeyed. The next year he went to London, and at his return to Bedford, spoke to this effect, 'My Brethren, we have received new orders. In London, Yorkshire, and all other places, no person is allowed to go out of the town, without the leave of the chief labourer. So it must be here: Observe, no one must go out of the town, no not a mile, without leave from me.'

4. In Spring 1750, they began building the Chapel, for which they collected nearly two hundred pounds, and borrowed eight hundred more, for which eight of the English Brethren were engaged. Two of the English were bound for a hundred more: but none of the ten have any security at all. They promised indeed to lodge the writings of the house in their hands. But it was never done.

5. About this time a relation left me two houses, near that wherein the single men lived. The Brethren advised me to rebuild them, and add another for a Marriage-Plan, promising to let me have whatever ground I wanted behind the houses. This promise they renewed over and over. About Michaelmas I began, and followed their direction in the whole building. But the night before I began, I went to Antone, the chief labourer, and told him, "The workmen were ready. If I am to have ground, I will go on, but not else." He said, "Go on, you shall have ground." Soon after, he set out the ground, for which I was to give eight pounds. But just as the houses were finished, Antone and Slicht sent for me, and told me,

"They had received a letter from London, and I must have no ground, neither would they use the houses for a Marriage-Plan. They were too near the single men; some of whom might perhaps see a woman sometimes in the yard." At the same time they desired, I would stop up my doors and windows on that side. If I would, they would either buy the houses, or take a lease of them.

I did as they desired. We then made several agreements, one after another. But they would stand to none of them. I offered them to lose thirty pounds; nay, at last, fifty, out of my pocket. But in vain: so at this day I have but three pounds a-year rent in all out of which the land-tax is to be paid.

6. It is a general observation in Bedford, that the Brethren are the worst paymasters in the town. They contract debts, and take no care or thought about discharging them. I have too much proof of this in my own case; for many of them are in my debt, and never come near me.

7. Most of the English who are with them, that are of any trade, now *trade for the Saviour;* that is, they work for the Germans, who take all the profits, and use them as their journeymen. As such, they punctually give in their accounts and cash; and if they want a coat, or any thing, ask it of the Brethren.

Mr. ——, *traded for*, and lent money to *the Saviour*, till he was absolutely ruined. After he had sunk above seven hundred pounds, he begged to have forty or fifty repaid, but in vain. But at length, by vehement importunity, he procured eighteen pounds.

8. "Mr. Rimius, has said nothing to what might have been said concerning their Marriage Economy. I know a hundred times more than he has written. But the particulars are too shocking to relate. I believe no such things were ever practised before, no, not among the most barbarous heathens."

9. A fortnight before Christmas last, (a young man of their congregation, having married my daughter, without having first obtained the leave of their head-labourer) one of the labourers came to my house, and read to me nearly these words:

"We, the Elders of the Congregation of the Brethren, declare to you, W—— P———, M—— P———, your wife; E—— C——, and E—— P———, your daughter, are utterly cut off from all Church-communion, from all fellowship and connexion whatsoever with the Brethren, and that for ever and ever."

In the evening I met the little Society just escaped with the skin of their teeth. From the account which each of these likewise gave, it appeared clear to a demonstration, 1, That their Elders usurped a more absolute authority over the conscience, than the bishop of Rome himself does. 2, That to gain and secure this, they use a continued train of guile, fraud, and falsehood of every kind. 3, That they scrape their votaries to the bone, as to their worldly substance, leaving little to any, to some nothing, or less than nothing. 4, That still they are so infatuated as to believe, that their's is the only true Church upon earth.

Tuesday 16, I preached on St. Peter's Green, at seven in the morning, and at five in the evening. It is amazing, that any congregation should be found here, considering what stumbling-blocks have been thrown in their way. Above fourteen years ago, Mr. M——rs, then Curate of St. Paul's, preached the Gospel with general acceptance. A great awakening began, and continually increased, till the poor weather-cock turned Baptist: he then preached the absolute decrees with all his might; but, in a while, the wind changed again: and he turned and sunk into the German whirlpool. How many souls has this unhappy man to answer for?

Friday 19, I returned to London. Saturday 20, I found myself out of order, but believed it would go off. On Sunday 21, I was considerably worse, but could not think of sparing myself on that day. Monday 22, I rose extremely sick. Yet I determined, if it were possible, to keep my word, and accordingly set out soon after four, for Canterbury. At Welling, I was obliged to stop. After resting an hour, I was much better. But soon after I took horse, my sickness returned, and accompanied me to Brompton, near Chatham. In the evening I preached to a serious congregation, and at five in the morning. We came to Canterbury about one, when I was presently seized with the cold fit of an ague. About twelve I fell fast asleep, and waked well at seven in the morning.

Wednesday 24, I preached in the evening without any inconvenience, and at five in the morning. But about nine I began shivering again. After the hot fit, I lay in a profuse sweat till eight. I then gradually cooled till I fell asleep, and rested sweetly till the morning.

Friday 6, Being determined to use that interval of health, I procured a chaise, and reached Brompton in the evening. I spoke, as I was able, in the evening, and God bore witness to the word of his grace.

Saturday 27, I came to London; having received no hurt, but rather benefit by the journey.

Thursday, November 1, I began visiting the Classes, though I found by the loss of my voice, that my bodily strength was not so far recovered, as before imagined.

Saturday 3, I read over Andrew Frey's Reasons for leaving the Brethren. Most of what he says, I knew before. Yet I cannot speak of them in the *manner* which he does: I pity them too much to be *bitter* against them.

Sunday 4, I rode to Hayes, because I had promised, though I was much out of order. It was with the utmost difficulty that I read prayers, and preached, and administered the Sacrament. I went through the evening service with more ease. But at night my strength quite failed. I should have taken some rhubarb the next day, but I had no time; having the Classes to meet from morning till night.

Thursday 8, In the night my disorder returned more violent than it had been since I left Cornwall. I should have taken some ipecacuanha in the morning, but had no time to spare, my business being fixed for every hour, till four in the afternoon: and by that time all my complaints were gone, so that I needed only a little food and rest.

Monday 12, I set out in a chaise for Leigh, having delayed my journey as long as I could. I preached at seven, but was extremely cold all the time, the wind coming strong from a door behind, and another on one side: so that my feet felt just as if I had stood in cold water.

Tuesday 13, The chamber wherein I sat, though with a large fire, was much colder than the garden, so that I could not keep myself tolerably warm, even when I was close to the chimney. As we rode home on Wednesday 14, the wind was high and piercingly cold, and blew just in my face, so that the open chaise was no defence, but my feet were quite chilled. When I came home, I had a settled pain in my left breast, a violent cough and a slow fever. But in a day or two, by following Dr. Fothergill's prescriptions, I found much alteration for the better: and on Sunday 18, I preached at Spitalfield's, and administered the sacrament to a large congregation.

Monday 19, I returned to Shoreham, and gained strength continually, till about eleven at night. On Wednesday 21, I was obliged by the cramp, to leap out of bed: and continue, for some time, walking up and down the room, though it was a sharp frost. My cough now returned with greater violence, and that by day as well as by night.

Saturday 24, I rode home, and was pretty well till night. But my cough was then worse than ever. My fever returned at the same time, together with the pain in my left breast. So that I should, probably, have stayed at home on Sunday 25, had it not been advertised in the public papers, that I should preach a charity sermon at the Chapel, both morning and afternoon. My cough did not interrupt me while I preached in the morning; but it was extremely troublesome while I administered the sacrament. In the afternoon I consulted my friends, whether I should attempt to preach again, or not? They thought, I should, as it had been advertised. I did so; but very few could hear. My fever increased much while I was preaching. However, I ventured to meet the Society; and for nearly an hour my voice and strength were restored, so that I felt neither pain nor weakness.

Monday 26, Dr. F. told me plainly, I must not stay in town a day longer: adding, "If any thing does thee good, it must be the country air, with rest, asses' milk, and riding daily." So (not being able then to sit on a horse) about noon I took coach for Lewisham.

In the evening (not knowing how it might please God to dispose of me) to prevent vile panegyric, I wrote as follows:

Here lieth
The body of JOHN WESLEY,
A brand plucked out of the burning:
Who died of a Consumption in the Fifty-first Year of his Age.
Not leaving, after his Debts are paid, Ten Pounds behind him:
Praying,
God, be merciful to me, an unprofitable Servant!

He ordered, that this, if any inscription, should be placed on his tomb-stone.

Wednesday 28, I found no change for the better, the medicines which had helped me before, now taking no effect. About noon, (the time that some of our Brethren in London, had set apart for joining in prayer) a thought came into my mind to make an experiment. So I ordered some stone brimstone to be powdered, mixt with the white of an egg, and spread on brown paper, which I applied to my side. The pain ceased in five minutes, the fever in half an hour. And from this hour I began to recover strength. The next day I was able to ride, which I continued to do every day, till January 1. Nor did the weather hinder me once; it being always tolerably fair (however it was before) between twelve and one o'clock.

Friday, December 14, Having finished all the books which I designed to insert in the Christian Library, I broke through the Doctor's order, "Not to write," and began transcribing a journal for the press. And in the evening I went to prayers with the family, without finding any inconvenience.

Thursday 20, I found a gradual increase of strength, till I took a decoction of the bark, which I do not find, (such is the peculiarity of my constitution) will agree with me, in any form whatever. This immediately threw me into a purging, which brought me down again in a few days, and quite disappointed me in my design of going out on Christmas-Day.

Tuesday, January 1, 1754, I returned once more to London.

On Wednesday 2, I set out in the Machine, and the next afternoon came to Chippenham. Here I took a post-chaise, in which I reached Bristol, about eight in the evening.

Friday 4, I began drinking the water at the Hot-well, having a lodging at a small distance from it. And on Sunday 6, I began writing Notes on the New Testament: a work which I should scarcely ever have attempted, had I not been so ill as not to be able to travel or preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write.

Monday 7, I went on now in a regular method, rising at my hour, and writing from five till nine in the evening, except the time of riding, half an hour for each meal, and the hour between five and six.

Sunday 13, I went in a coach to Bristol, and gave a short exhortation to the Society.

Monday 14, In the evening one or two of our neighbours desired to join in our family prayers. A few more soon made the same request, so that I had a little congregation every night. After a few nights, I began to add a short exhortation, so preparing myself for a larger congregation.

Saturday 19, Mr. B—— came with Mr. M——, who had been for some time melancholy, even to madness. But by proper application to his mind, as well as body, the disorder sensibly abated in a short time.

Thursday 31, My wife desiring to pay the last office to her poor, dying child, set out for London, and came a few days before he went home, rejoicing and praising God.

Sunday, February 3, I went in a chaise to Kingswood, and admin-

istered the sacrament to a small congregation. I expected Mr. M—— to assist, but he slipped away and hid himself, till I had done.

Wednesday 13, I was sent for by one of my neighbours, dying of a consumption. She seemed full of good desires. But who does not, when Death stands at the door?

Wednesday 27 ,My brother came down from London, and we spent several days together, in comparing the Translation of the Evangelists with the Original, and reading Dr. Heylin's Lectures, and Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor.

Sunday, March 10, I took my leave of the Hot-well, and removed to Bristol.

Tuesday 19, Having finished the rough draught, I began transcribing the Notes on the Gospels.

Tuesday 26, I preached for the first time, after an intermission of four months. What reason have I to praise God, that he does not take the word of his truth utterly out of my mouth!

Saturday 30, I took my leave of a venerable monument of divine mercy, Colonel T——d, who, after wandering from God fourscore years, has, at length, found the way of peace, and is continually panting after God.

Monday, April 1, We set out in the Machine, and the next evening reached the Foundery. Wednesday 3, I settled all the business I could, and the next morning retired to Paddington. Here I spent some weeks in writing; only going to town on Saturday evening, and leaving it again on Monday mornings.

In my hours of walking, I read Dr. Calamy's Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life. What a scene is opened there! In spite of all my prejudices of education, I could not but see, that the poor Nonconformists had been used without either justice or mercy: and that many of the Protestant Bishops of King Charles, had neither more religion nor humanity, than the Popish bishops of Queen Mary.

Sunday 21, Mr. S——— told me, "Sir, I intend on Friday next, to go down to Bury, and settle there." Finding he was fully determined, I said nothing against it. So we parted civilly.

Monday 29, I preached at Sadler's-wells, in what was formerly a playhouse. I am glad when it pleases God to take possession of what Satan esteemed *his own ground.* The place, though large, was extremely crowded; and deep attention sat on every face.

Tuesday 30, I rode to S——, with one to whom a large estate is fallen, by her uncle's dying without a will. It is a miracle if it does not *drown her soul in everlasting perdition!*

Sunday, May 12, I laboured to convince Mr. G—— that he had not done well, in *confuting* (as he termed it) the sermon I had preached the Sunday before, in the morning, from the same pulpit in the afternoon. But he was absolutely above conviction. I then asked, "Will you meet me half-way? I will never preach publicly against *you.* Will not you against me?" But he disclaimed any such agreement, and walked away, as one who did not design to come any more. He told all he met, "I had put him away." Indeed not I. But I adore the providence of God. He has put himself away. Nor

shall I desire him to come again, till he has a more sound judgment or a more teachable spirit.

Monday 13, I began explaining to the morning congregation, Bolton's "Directions for comfortable Walking with God." I wish all our Preachers, both in England and Ireland, would herein follow my example, and frequently read in public, and enforce select portions of the Christian Library.

Wednesday 22, Our Conference began. And the Spirit of peace and love was in the midst of us. Before we parted, we all willingly signed an agreement, not to act independently of each other. So that the breach lately made, has only united us more closely together than ever.

Sunday 26, I rode to Hillingdon, and preached to a very genteel congregation, who behaved with abundantly more decency and seriousness than I expected. This is the Church to which many of Mr. M——'s parishioners have gone, ever since he preached salvation by faith. And how has God overtaken them? Who, by the long illness of the Curate, has brought Mr. M—— to preach at this very place.

June 2, Being Whitsunday, I preached at the Foundery; which I had not done before in the evening. Still I have not recovered my whole voice or strength. Perhaps I never may. But let me use what I have.

Tuesday 11, I rode to Cookham. The next evening I preached in a magnificent apartment to a suitable congregation. How seldom is the Gospel heard in a palace! But what is too hard for God?

Monday 17, I took another ride to Sundon, and on the road read *Strada de Bello Belgico:* an historian scarcely inferior in any respect, either to Livy or Tacitus. As to his religion, I should rather compare him to the former. For Tacitus was no friend either to superstition or cruelty.

Thursday 20, We spent some hours at Rest, a seat of the late Duke of Kent, who was forty years laying out and improving the gardens, which I cannot but prefer even before Lord Cobham's. But how little did the place answer its name! How little rest did its miserable master enjoy! Thou, O God, hast made our heart for thyself. And it cannot rest, till it resteth in thee!

Wednesday 26, I read one of the prettiest trifles which perhaps is extant in the English tongue; Mr. Hay on Deformity. Surely such a writer deserves a better subject.

Saturday, July 6, I spent two hours in the gardens at Kensington. They are just fit for a king; far more grand than pleasant. And yet nothing so grand as many parts of the Peak in Derbyshire.

Monday 8, I set out with my brother, and on Wednesday 10, reached Lakenam, near Norwich. Here we had a full account of that wretched man James Wheatley, for whom, I fear, it had been good, if he had not been born. All Norwich was in an uproar concerning him, so that it did not appear we could have any place there. However, on Sunday 14, at seven in the morning, my brother took his stand in the street. A multitude of people quickly gathered together,

and were tolerably quiet, all things considered. I would willingly have taken his place in the evening, but had neither voice nor strength. However, on Thursday 18, being a little recovered from the illness which had attended me for several days, after my brother had done, I spoke to the congregation for a few minutes, and promised to see them again, if God should restore my strength, at the first opportunity.

Friday 19, I rode to Newmarket, and the next day to Bedford. Sunday 21, I preached near St. Peters's Green; having never preached abroad since I was there before. Monday 22, I returned to London.

Monday, August 5, I set out for Canterbury. On the way I read Mr. Baxter's History of the Councils. It is utterly astonishing, and would be wholly incredible, but that his vouchers are beyond all exception. What a company of execrable wretches have they been, (one cannot justly give them a milder title) who have, almost in every age since St. Cyprian taken upon them to govern the Church! How has one council been perpetually cursing another; and delivering over to Satan, whether predecessors or contemporaries, who did not implicitly receive their determinations, though generally trifling, sometimes false, and frequently unintelligible, or self-contradictory! Surely Mahometanism was let loose, to reform the Christians! I know not but Constantinople has gained by the change.

Tuesday 6, I was much out of order: however, I preached in the evening, but could do nothing the next day. On Thursday I hastened back to London, and came pretty well to the Foundery. I consulted Dr. F. the next morning, who advised me to return to the Hot-well without delay.

Sunday 11, I buried the body of Mary Doxsey, long a pattern of patience and gentleness. Monday 12, I set out in the Machine, and on Tuesday night (taking horses at Bath) came to Bristol.

Wednesday 14, I took a lodging at the new Hot-well, where I was free both from noise and hurry, and had an opportunity of drinking the water late in the evening, and early in the morning. But my course of physic was nearly being cut short the next day, by a large stone which was hung up as the weight of a jack. I applied to my head cloths dipped in cold water, which presently stopped the bleeding, and so abated the swelling, that in a few hours I found no farther inconvenience.

Saturday 31, After preaching at Weaver's-hall, one of the audience, a Clergyman (who had then a parish near Bridgewater, but is now, I trust in Abraham's bosom) desired to have some conversation with me, and spoke without reserve. His experience was of a peculiar kind, much resembling that of Gregory Lopez. But he soon determined to seek Christ, for the time to come, not in a desert, but in the congregation of his people.

Monday, Sept. 2, I set out for the West. About eleven one stopped me on the road, and earnestly desired me to turn aside, and pray with one who was near death. I found her worn away to a skeleton, and rotting in pieces with the King's-evil. But her greatest trouble

seemed to be, that she was not alive to God as formerly. After prayer her mind was more composed, and she could trust God both with her soul and body.

At noon I met the little, loving Society at Shepton, and in the evening preached at Middlesey. My work to-day was full enough for my strength.

Tuesday 3, We rode easily to Taunton. After we had rested awhile, one desired me to step to his father, who was dying of a consumption. He had been always a very honest, moral man; but now found this was not the one thing needful, and appeared earnestly desirous of knowing Christ, and the power of his resurrection.

A little before twelve, we set out from Taunton. The sun shone exceedingly hot, so that I was almost worn out, when we called at the house of a friend on Maiden-down. But after a little rest, my strength returned, and I went on, not much tired, to Tiverton.

Wednesday 4, We took horse early, and rode to Oakhampton. Our landlord here informed us, he was upwards of ninety, yet had not lost either his sight, hearing, or teeth. Nor had he found that for which he was born. Indeed he did not seem to have any more thought about it, than a child of six years old.

We could not but observe, that although the sky appeared continually between the clouds which drove to and fro, yet the sun scarcely shone upon us for six minutes together, from six in the morning to six in the evening. Soon after six I preached at Launceston, and met the Society.

Thursday 5, At noon I preached at the Town-hall, to a very wild, yet civil congregation. At two, the Stewards, not only from the upper part of Cornwall, but several from the western Societies met. At six I preached in the Town-hall again: and for the sake of this hour only, (had no other end been answered) I should have thought all the labour of my journey well bestowed.

Friday 6, I rode to Plymouth-dock, and preached in the Room lately built: but though it was three or four times as large as the old, it would not contain the congregation. Is the time come, when even this barren soil shall bring forth *fruits of righteousness?*

Saturday 7, I set out at three, reached Collumpton by six in the evening; and after half an hour's rest, was enabled to preach in the little meadow, without any faintness or weariness.

Sunday 8, In the evening I preached at Tiverton, in the garden which adjoins to the Preaching-house: it was a refreshing season.

Monday 9, I preached at Charlton, a village six miles from Taunton, to a large congregation, gathered from the towns and country for many miles round. All the farmers here had some time before, entered into a joint engagement, "To turn all out of their service, and give no work to any who went to hear a Methodist Preacher." But there is no counsel against the Lord. One of the chief of them, Mr. G——, was, not long after, convinced of the truth, and desired those very men to preach at his house. Many of the other confederates came to hear, whom their servants and labourers gladly followed.

So the whole device of Satan fell to the ground; and the word of God grew and prevailed.

Tuesday 10, I rode to Dr. Robertson's at Pitcomb; and after spending a few agreeable and useful hours in that delightful recess, went forward, about four miles, to Westcomb. I preached on a green place in the town about eight in the morning, to a deeply attentive congregation; and came in the afternoon to Bristol, at least as well as when I set out.

Tuesday 17, I rode to Trowbridge, where one who found peace with God, while he was a soldier in Flanders, and has been much prospered in business since his discharge, has built a preaching-house at his own expense. He had a great desire, that I should be the first who preached in it, but before I had finished the hymn, it was so crowded, and consequently so hot, that I was obliged to go out and stand at the door: there was a multitude of hearers, rich and poor. O that they may not all hear in vain!

Friday 27, I thought I had strength enough to keep a Watch-night, which I had not done for above eleven months. But though I broke off at eleven, I almost lost my voice: and the next evening at Weaver's-hall, it entirely failed, so that I had much difficulty to conclude my sermon.

Monday 30, I preached at Coleford, our other Kings-wood, where also the lions are become lambs. On Tuesday, we went on to Salisbury.

Wednesday, October 2, I walked to Old Sarum, which in spite of common sense, without house or inhabitant, still sends two members to parliament. It is a large, round hill, encompassed with a broad ditch, which it seems has been of considerable depth. At the top of it is a corn-field; in the midst of which is another round hill, about two hundred yards in diameter, encompassed with a wall, and a deep ditch. Probably, before the invention of cannon, this city was impregnable. *Troy was!* But now it is vanished away, and nothing left but the stones of emptiness.

Thursday 3, I rode to Reading, and preached in the evening. Observing a warm man near the door, (who was once of the Society) I purposely bowed to him; but he made no return During the first prayer he stood, but sat while we sung. In the sermon his countenance changed, and in a little while he turned his face to the wall. He stood at the second hymn, and then kneeled down. As I came out he catched me by the hand, and dismissed me with a hearty blessing.

Friday 4, I came to London. On Monday 7, I retired to a little place near Hackney, formerly a seat of Bishop Bonner's. (How are the times changed!) and still bearing his name. Here I was as in a college.

Twice a day we joined in prayer. The rest of the day (allowing about an hour for meals, and another for walking before dinner and supper) I spent quietly in my study.

Saturday 12, I administered the sacrament to R—— A——. Some years ago he found peace with God, and was freed at once, without

any human means, from a distemper naturally incurable. But after three years, on his falling back into the world, it returned more violently than ever; and will probably now be cured no more but by the universal remedy—death.

Saturday 26, Mr. Gilbert Tennent, of New-England, called upon me, and informed me of his design, now ready to be executed, of founding an American college for Protestants of every denomination. An admirable design, if it will bring Protestants of every denomination to bear with one another.

Monday 28, I delivered my own soul, by one more conversation with Sir ———— ————: The substance of which I wrote to him the next day in the following Letter.

"SIR, *October* 28, 1754.

"Whether I see you any more in this life or no, I rejoice that I have seen you, this once; and that God enabled you to bear with patience, what I spoke in the simplicity of my heart.

"The substance of what I took the liberty to mention to you this morning was: 'You are on the borders of the grave, as well as I: Shortly we must both appear before God. When it seemed to me some months since, that my life was near an end, I was troubled that I had not dealt plainly with you. This you will permit me to do now, without any reserve, in the fear, and in the presence of God.

"I reverence you for your office as a magistrate: I believe you to be a honest, upright man; I love you for having protected an innocent people from their cruel and lawless oppressors. But so much the more am I obliged to say (though I judge not; God is the judge) I fear you are covetous; that you love the world. And if you do, as sure as the word of God is true, you are not in a state of salvation.

'The substance of your answer was, 'That many people exhort others to charity, from self-interest: That men of fortune must mind their fortune: That you cannot go about to look for poor people: That when you have seen them yourself, and relieved them, they were scarcely ever satisfied: That many make an ill use of what you give them: That you cannot trust the account people give of themselves by letters: That nevertheless you do give to private persons by the hands of Colonel Hudson and others: That you have also given to several hospitals, a hundred pounds at a time: But that you must support your family: That the Lowther family has continued above 400 years: That you are for great things; for public charities, and for saving the nation from ruin: And that others may think as they please; but this is your way of thinking, and has been for many years.'

"To this I replied, 1, Sir, I have no self-interest in this matter; I consult your interest, not my own: I want nothing from you; I desire nothing from you: I expect nothing from you. But I am concerned for your immortal spirit, which must so soon launch into eternity. 2, It is true men of fortune must mind their fortune; but they must not love the world. *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* 3, It is true, likewise, you cannot go about

to look for poor people; but you may be sufficiently informed of them by those that can. 4, And if some of these are never satisfied, this is no reason for not relieving others. 6, Suppose too, that some make an ill use of what you give, the loss falls on their own heads. You will not lose your reward for their fault. What you laid out, God will pay you again. 6, Yet, certainly you do well to have all the assurance you can, that those to whom you give, are likely to make a good use of it: and therefore to expect a stronger recommendation of them than their own, whether by letter or otherwise. 7, I rejoice that you have given to many by so worthy a man as Colonel Hudson, whose word is certainly a sufficient recommendation. 8, I rejoice likewise that you have given some hundreds of pounds to the hospitals, and wish it had been ten thousand. 9, To the support of the family I did not object; but begged leave to ask, whether this could not be done, without giving ten thousand a year to one who had as much already? And whether you could answer this to God, in the day wherein he shall judge the world? 10, I likewise granted, that the family had continued above 400 years; but observed meantime, that God regarded it not one jot the more for this: And that 400 or 1000 years are but a moment compared to eternity. 11, I observed likewise, that great things may be done, and little things not left undone. 12, And that if this, or any other way of thinking, be according to Scripture, then it is sound and good: Whereas, if it be contrary to Scripture, it is not good, and the longer we are in it, so much the worse.

Upon the whole, I must once more earnestly intreat you to consider yourself, and God, and eternity. As to yourself, you are not the proprietor of any thing: No, not of one shilling in the world. You are only a steward of what another intrusts you with, to be laid out not according to your will, but his. And what would you think of *your* steward, if he laid out what is called your money, according to his own will and pleasure. 2, Is not God the sole proprietor of all things? And are you not to give an account to him for every part of his goods? And, O! how dreadful an account, if you have expended any part of them not according to his will, but your own? 3, Is not death at hand? And are not you and I just stepping into eternity? Are we not just going to appear in the presence of God? And that naked of all worldly goods? Will you then rejoice in the money you have left behind you? Or in that you have given to support a family, as it is called: That is in truth to support the pride, and vanity, and luxury, which you have yourself despised all your life long? O Sir, I beseech you, for the sake of God, for the sake of your own immortal soul, examine yourself, whether you do not love money? If so, you cannot love God. And if we die without the fear of God, what remains? Only to be banished from him for ever and ever!

"I am, with true respect, Sir,

"Your servant for Christ's sake."

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL.

No. X.

FROM FEBRUARY 16, 1755, TO JUNE 16, 1758.

FEBRUARY 16, 1755, Having heard a confused account from a place near Camelford, in Cornwall, I wrote to a friend near it, and received the following answer:

"According to your desire I have inquired into the particulars of the late affair at Dineboul Quarry. The rock is about thirty yards thick; but the most valuable part of the stone lies undermost.

"There were nine partners who shared the advantage of this part of the quarry. Being greedy of gain, they brought out as much of the under part as possible; and the rather, because the time for which they had hired it was within a month of expiring.

"On Monday, December 2, William Lane, John Lane, William Kellow, and five more of the partners, met in the morning, and sent one of their number, for Theophilus Kellow, to come to work. He came, but was so uneasy, he could not stay, but quickly returned home: William Kellow was sent for in haste, and went to look after his mare, which had cast her foal. The other seven continued labouring till twelve. All the workmen usually dine together. But these wrought on, when the rest withdrew, till in a moment, they were covered with rocks of all sizes, falling about ten yards, some of which were thought to be three ton weight. William Lane had some years since known the love of God. He was sitting, cleaving stones, when the rocks caved in upon him, with a concave surface, which just made room for his body. Only one edge of it lit upon him, and broke one of his thigh bones. When they dug away the stones, he was earnestly praying to God, and confessing his unfaithfulness. As soon as he looked up, he began exhorting all around, instantly to make their peace with God. His bone being set, he soon recovered both his bodily strength, and the peace and love which he had lost. Another who sat close by his side, was covered over and killed at once.

Close to him John Lane (son of William) was standing: he was thrown upon his face, he knew not how, and a sharp-edged stone pitched between his thighs, on which a huge rock fell, and was suspended by it, so as to shadow him all over. The other five were entirely dashed in pieces." Doth not God save those that trust in him?

Tuesday, April 1, I rode from Bristol to a village named Kingswood, near Wotten-under-edge. The Church was exceedingly full, and the congregation was serious and well-behaved; and I had since the satisfaction of being informed, that many of them are much changed, at least, in their outward behaviour.

Wednesday 2, With some difficulty we reached Stanley. There has been lately a great awakening in this country. I never saw such a congregation here before, notwithstanding the wind and rain. And all present seemed to receive the word with gladness and readiness of mind. There is a solid, serious people in these parts, who stand their ground against all opposition. The warmest opposers are the jacobites, who do not love us, because we love king George. But they profit nothing: for more and more people *fear God, and honour the King.*

We rode on Thursday in the afternoon, through heavy rain, and almost impassable roads, to Evesham: and on Friday 4, to Birmingham, a barren, dry, uncomfortable place, Most of the seed which has been sown for so many years, the wild boars have rooted up: The fierce, unclean, brutish, blasphemous Antinomians, have utterly destroyed it. And the mystic foxes have taken true pains to spoil what remained, with their new gospel. Yet it seems God has a blessing for this place still: so many still attend the preaching: and he is eminently present with the small number that is left in the Society.

Saturday 5, I preached at Wednesbury, and at eight on Sunday morning. But the great congregation assembled in the afternoon, as soon as the service of the Church was over, with which we take care never to interfere. A solemn awe seemed to run all through the company in the evening, when I met the Society. We have indeed preached the Gospel here *with much contention;* but the success overpays the labour.

Monday 7, I was advised to take the Derbyshire road to Manchester. We baited at a house six miles beyond Litchfield. Observing a woman sitting in the kitchen; I asked, 'Are you not well?' And found she had just been taken ill (being on her journey) with all the symptoms of an approaching pleurisy. She was glad to hear of an easy, cheap, and (almost) infallible remedy, a handful of nettles, boiled a few minutes, and applied warm to the side. While I was speaking to her, an elderly man, pretty well drest, came in. Upon inquiry, he told us, he was travelling, as he could, towards his home, near Hounslow, in hopes of agreeing with his creditors, to whom he had surrendered his all. But how to get on he knew not, as he had no money, and had caught a tertian ague. I hope a wise Providence directed this wanderer also, that he might have a remedy for both his maladies.

Soon after we took horse, we overtook a poor man, creeping forward on two crutches. I asked whither he was going; he said, towards Nottingham, where his wife lived, But both his legs had been broken while he was on shipboard. And he had now spent all his money. This man likewise appeared exceedingly thankful, and ready to acknowledge the hand of God.

In the afternoon we came to Barton-forge, where a gentleman of Birmingham has set up a large iron-work, and fixed five or six families, with a serious man over them, who lost nearly all he had in the great riot at Wednesbury. Most of them are seeking to save their souls. I preached in the evening, not to them only, but to many gathered from all parts, and exhorted them to love and help one another

Tuesday 8, I had designed to go straight on to Hayfield; but one from Ashbourn pressed me much to call there: which accordingly I did at seven in the morning, and preached to a deeply serious congregation. Seventeeen or eighteen then desired to join Society, to whom I spoke severally, and was well pleased to find, that nearly half of them knew the pardoning love of God. One of the first I spoke to was Miss Berrisford: a sweet but short-lived flower!

Through much hail, rain, and wind, we got to Mr. B.'s, at Hayfield, about five in the afternoon. His favourite daughter died some hours before we came: such a child as is scarcely heard of in a century. All the family informed me of many remarkable circumstances, which else, would have seemed incredible. She spake exceedingly plain, yet very seldom; and then only a few words. She was scarcely ever seen to laugh, or heard to utter a light or trifling word. She could not bear any that did, nor any one who behaved in a light or unserious manner. If any such offered to kiss or touch her, she would turn away, and say, "I don't like you." If her brother or sisters spoke angrily to each other, or behaved triflingly, she either sharply reproved, (when that seemed needful) or tenderly intreated them to give over. If she had spoken too sharply to any, she would humble herself to them, and not rest till they had forgiven her. After her health declined, she was particularly pleased with hearing that hymn sung, "Abba Father:" and would be frequently singing that line herself, "Abba Father, hear my cry." On Monday, April 7, without any struggle, she fell asleep, having lived two years and six months.

Wednesday 9, In the evening I preached at Manchester. The mob was tolerably quiet as long as I was speaking; but immediately after, raged horribly. This, I find, has been their manner for some time. No wonder; since the good Justice encourages them.

Thursday 10, I rode to Hayfield again, to bury Mr. B——'s child. Abundance of people were gathered together, and I found uncommon liberty in preaching. Who would have looked for such a congregation as this, in the Peak of Derbyshire?

I returned to Manchester the next day, and had a quiet congregation both that evening and the following.

Sunday 14, I met the Society at five, and shewed them wherein I feared they had grieved the Spirit of God, and provoked him to deliver them to be thus outraged by *the beasts of the people.* I then rode to Hayfield once more, where Mr. B—— read prayers, and preached a solemn and affecting sermon, relative to the late Providence. In the afternoon I again found great liberty of Spirit, in applying those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.*

Monday 14, I rode by Manchester (where I preached about twelve) to Warrington. At six in the morning, Tuesday 15, I preached to a large and serious congregation: and then went to Liverpool, one of the neatest, best built towns I have seen in England. I think it is full twice as large as Chester. Most of the streets are quite straight. Two-thirds of the town, we are informed, have been added, within these forty years. If it continne to increase in the same proportion, in forty years more it will nearly equal Bristol. The people, in general, are the most mild and courteous I ever saw in a sea-port town: as indeed appears by their friendly behaviour, not only to the Jews and Papists who live among them, but even to the Methodists, (so called.) The preaching-house is a little larger than that at Newcastle. It was thoroughly filled at seven in the evening. And the hearts of the whole congregation seemed to be moved before the Lord and before the presence of his power.

Every morning, as well as evening, abundance of people gladly attended the preaching. Many of them, I learned, were dear lovers of controversy. But I had better work. I pressed upon them all, *Repentance toward Goa, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Sunday 20, I explained, after the evening preaching, the Rules of the Society, and strongly exhorted the members to adorn their profession, by all holiness of conversation.

Monday 21, I rode to Bolton. Being now among those who were no *strangers to the covenant of promise,* I had no need to lay the foundation again, but exhorted them to *rejoice evermore.* Their number is a little reduced, since I was here before. And no wonder; while the sons of strife are on every side, some for Mr. Bennet, some for Mr. Wh——. The little flock, notwithstanding, hold on their way, looking straight to the prize of their high calling.

Thursday 24, We rode in less than four hours the eight miles (so called) to Newell-hay. Just as I began to preach, the sun broke out, and shone exceedingly hot on the side of my head. I found, if it continued, I should not be able to speak long, and lifted up my heart to God. In a minute or two it was covered with clouds, which continued till the service was over. Let any who please, call this *chance:* I call it an answer to prayer.

Friday 25, About ten, I preached near Todmorden. The people stood, row above row, on the side of the mountain. They were rough enough to outward appearance. But their hearts were as melting wax.

One can hardly conceive any thing more delightful than the vale through which we rode from hence. The river ran through the

green meadows on the right. The fruitful hills and woods rose on either hand. Yet here and there a rock hung over: the little holes in which, put me in mind of those beautiful lines:

Te, Domine, intonsi montes, te saxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat juga pendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebrosa cuniculus antra!

At three in the afternoon I preached at Heptonstall, on the brow of the mountain. The rain began almost as soon as I began to speak. I prayed, that if God saw best, it might be stayed till I had delivered his word. It was so, and then began again. But we had only a short stage to Ewood.

Saturday 26, I preached at seven to a large and serious congregation, and again at four in the afternoon. When I began in a meadow near the house, the wind was so high, that I could hardly speak. But the winds too are in God's hand. In a few minutes that inconvenience ceased. And we found the Spirit of God breathing in the midst of us, so that great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Sunday 27, A little before I took horse, I looked into a room as I walked by, and saw a good old man, bleeding almost to death. I desired him immediately to snuff vinegar up his nose, and apply it to his neck, face, and temples. It was done: and the blood entirely stopped in less than two minutes.

The rain began at five, and did not intermit, till we came to Haworth: notwithstanding which a multitude of people were gathered together at ten. In the afternoon I was obliged to go out of the Church, abundance of people not being able to get in. The rain ceased from the moment I came out, till I had finished my discourse. How many proofs must we have, that there is no petition too little, any more than too great for God to grant?

Monday 28, I preached at Keighley: on Tuesday at Bradford, which is now as quiet as Birstal. Such a change has God wrought in the hearts of the people, since John Nelson was in the dungeon here. My brother met me at Birstal in the afternoon.

Wednesday 30, We began reading together, "A Gentleman's Reasons for his dissent from the Church of England." It is an elaborate and lively tract, and contains the strength of the cause. But it did not yield us one proof, That it is lawful for us, (much less our duty) to separate from it.

Thursday, May 1, I finished the "Gentleman's Reasons," (who is a dissenting minister at Exeter.) In how different a spirit does this man write, from honest Richard Baxter! The one dipping, as it were, his pen in tears, the other in vinegar and gall. Surely one page of that loving, serious Christian, weighs more than volumes of this bitter, sarcastic jester.

Sunday 4, I preached at one, and again at five, to some thousands at the foot of the hill. I believe this hollow would contain sixty thousand people, standing one above another. And a clear, strong voice may command them all: altho', if they stood upon a plain, I doubt whether any human voice could be distinctly heard by half the number.

Tuesday 6, Our Conference began at Leeds. The point on which we desired all the preachers to speak their minds at large, was, "Whether we ought to separate from the Church?" Whatever was advanced on one side or the other, was seriously and calmly considered; and on the third day we were all fully agreed, in that general conclusion, That (whether it was lawful or not) it was no ways expedient.

Monday 12, We drove (my wife and I) to North-allerton.

Tuesday 13, I rode on to Newcastle. I did not find things here in the order I expected. Many were on the point of leaving the Church, which some had done already: and, as they supposed, on my authority! O how much discord is caused by one jarring string! How much trouble by one man, who does not walk by the same rule, and agree in the same judgment with his brethren!

May 18, Being Whitsunday, I preached about eight at Gateshead-fell, and returned before the service at St. Andrew's began. At the sacrament many found an uncommon blessing, and found God has not yet left the Church.

In the following week I spake to the members of the Society severally, and found far fewer than I expected prejudiced against the Church: I think, not above forty in all. And I trust the plague is now stayed.

Wednesday 21, I preached at Nafferton near Horsley, about thirteen miles from Newcastle, We rode chiefly on the new western road, which lies on the old Roman wall. Some part of this is still to be seen, as are the remains of most of the towers, which were built a mile distant from each other, quite from sea to sea. But where are the men of renown who built them, and who once made all the land tremble? Crumbled into dust? Gone hence, to be no more seen, till the earth shall give up her dead!

Thursday 22, Mr. Wardrobe, Minister of Bathgate in Scotland, preached at the Orphan-house in the evening, to the no small amazement and displeasure of some of his zealous countrymen.

Saturday 24, I preached at Sheep-hill. The cold drove us into the house, which being much crowded, was as hot as an oven. Riding afterwards in the keen north-wind, it seized upon my breast immediately. However, I made a shift to preach at Chester, and then went on to Sunderland.

Sunday 25, I preached at eight, though not without pain, not having recovered my voice. We had a useful sermon at Church. As soon as the sacrament was over, I preached in the high-street (it being Trinity-Sunday) upon *There are three that bear record in heaven.* And my voice was so restored that I could command the whole congregation, though it was exceedingly large.

Monday 26, I rode to Morpeth and preached in the Market-place, to a small, quiet congregation. In the evening I preached in the new Room at Alnwick; but I could scarcely be heard, my voice being very weak. In the morning it was stronger. So I preached with more ease at five; and then returned to Newcastle.

Thursday 29, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gillies from Glasgow. He preached for me in the evening, to the still greater aston-

ishment of the warm men, who "could never have thought it of him!" Shall we not have more and more cause to say,

"Names and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

Friday 30, I walked to the Infirmary. It is finely situated on the top of a hill: and is the best ordered of any place of the kind I have seen in England. Nor did I ever see so much seriousness in a hospital before; none were laughing or talking lightly: many were reading the Bible. And when I talked to and prayed with one, the whole ward listened with deep attention.

Monday, June 1, I left Newcastle, and came to Durham, just as Jacob Rowell had done preaching, or rather, attempting to preach, for the mob was so noisy, that he was constrained to break off. I reached Osmotherly in the evening, and found a large congregation waiting. I preached immediately, God renewing my strength, and comforting my heart.

Here I inquired of eye and ear-witnesses, concerning what lately occurred in the neighbourhood. On Thursday last, March 25, being the week before Easter, many persons observed a great noise, near a ridge of mountains in Yorkshire, called Black-hamilton. It was observed chiefly in the South-west side of the mountain, about a mile from the course where the Hamilton races are run; near a ridge of rocks, commonly called Whitson-cliffs, or Whitson-white-mare, two miles from Sutton, about five from Thirsk.

The same noise was heard on Wednesday by all who went that way. On Thursday, about seven in the morning, Edward Abbot, weaver, and Adam Bosomworth, bleacher, both of Sutton, riding under Whitson-cliffs, heard a roaring (so they termed it) like many cannons, or loud and rolling thunder. It seemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which, they saw a large body of stone, four or five yards broad, split and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it strange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven, a larger piece of the rock, about fifteen yards thick, thirty high, and between sixty and seventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley.

About seven in the evening, one who was riding by, observed the ground to shake exceedingly, and soon after, several large stones or rocks of some tons weight each, rose out of the ground. Others were thrown on one side, others turned upside down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little surprised, and not very curious, he hasted on his way.

On Friday and Saturday the ground continued to shake, and the rocks to roll over one another. The earth also clave asunder in very many places, and continued so to do till Sunday morning.

Being at Osmotherly, seven miles from the cliffs, on Monday, June 1, and finding Edward Abbot there, I desired him the next morning to shew me the way thither. I walked, crept, and climbed round and over great part of the ruins. I could not perceive by any sign, that there was ever any cavity in the rock at all; but one part of the solid stone is cleft from the rest, in a perpendicular line, and

smooth as if cut with instruments. Nor is it barely thrown down, but split into many hundred pieces, some of which lie four or five hundred yards from the main rock.

The ground nearest the cliff, is not raised, but sunk considerably beneath the level. But at some distance it is raised in a ridge of eight or ten yards high, twelve or fifteen broad, and nearly a hundred long. Adjoining to this lies an oval piece of ground, thirty or forty yards in diameter, which has been removed whole as it is, from beneath the cliff, without the least fissure, with all its load of rocks, some of which were as large as the hull of a small ship. At a little distance is a second piece of ground, forty or fifty yards across, which has been also transplanted entire, with rocks of various sizes upon it, and a tree growing out of one of them. By the removal of one or both of these, I suppose the hollow near the cliff was made.

All around them lay stones and rocks, great and small, some on the surface of the earth, some half sunk into it, some almost covered, in a variety of positions. Between these the ground was cleft asunder, in a thousand places. Some of the apertures were nearly closed again, some gaping as at first. Between thirty and forty acres of land, as is commonly supposed, (though some reckon above sixty) are in this condition.

On the skirts of these, I observed in abundance of places, the green turf, (for it was pasture land) as it were, pared off, two or three inches thick, and wrapped round, like sheets of lead. A little farther it was not cleft or broken at all, but raised in ridges, five or six feet long, exactly resembling the graves in a Church-yard. Of these there is is a vast number.

That part of the cliff from which the rest is torn, lies so high, and is now of so bright a colour, that it is plainly visible to all the country round, even at the distance of several miles. We saw it distinctly not only from the street in Thirsk, but for five or six miles, as we rode towards York. So we did likewise, in the great North road, between Sand-hutton and North-allerton.

But how may we account for this phenomenon? Was it effected by merely a natural cause! If so; that cause must either have been fire, water, or air. It could not be fire; for then some mark of it must have appeared, either at the time, or after it. But no such mark does appear, nor ever did: not so much as the least smoke, either when the first or second rock was removed, or in the whole space between Tuesday and Sunday.

It could not be water; for no water issued out, when the one or the other rock was torn off. Nor had there been any rains some time before. It was in that part of the country a remarkably dry season. Neither was there any cavity in that part of the rock, wherein a sufficint quantity of water might have lodged. On the contrary, it was one, single, solid mass, which was evenly and smoothly cleft in sunder.

There remains no other natural cause assignable, but imprisoned air. I say, *imprisoned:* for as to the fashionable opinion, that the exterior air is the grand agent in earthquakes, it is so senseless, un-

mechanical, unphilosophical a dream, as deserves not to be named, but to be exploded. But it is hard to conceive, how even imprisoned air could produce such an effect. It might indeed shake, tear, raise, or sink the earth: but how could it cleave a solid rock? Here was not room for a quantity of it, sufficient to do any thing of this nature; at least unless it had been suddenly and violently expanded by fire, which was not the case. Could a small quantity of air, without that violent expansion, have torn so large a body of rock from the rest, to which it adhered in one solid mass? Could it have shivered this into pieces, and scattered several of those pieces, some hundreds of yards round? Could it have transported those promontories of earth, with their incumbent load, and set them down, unbroken, unchanged at a distance! Truly I am not so great a volunteer in faith, as to be able to believe this: he that supposes this, must suppose air to be not only a very strong, (which we allow) but a very wise agent; while it bore its charge with so great caution, as not to hurt or dislocate any part of it.

What then could be the cause? What indeed, but God, who arose to shake terribly the earth: who purposely chose such a place, where there is so great a concourse of nobility and gentry every year; and wrought in such a manner, that many might see it in fear, that all who travel one of the most frequented roads in England, might see it, almost whether they would or not, for many miles together. It must likewise for many years, maugre all the art of man, and be a visible monument of his power. All that ground being now so incumbered with rocks and stones, that it cannot be either ploughed or grazed. Nor will it serve any use, but to say to all that see it, Who can stand before this great God?

Hence we rode to Thirsk, where I met the little Society, and then rode on to York. The people had been waiting for some time. So I began preaching without delay, and felt no want of strength, though the room was like an oven, through the multitude of people.

Friday 6, I read Dr. Sharp's elaborate Tracts on the Rubricks and Canons. He justly observes, with regard to all these, 1, That our governors have power to dispense with our observance of them: 2, That a tacit dispensation is of the same force with an explicit dispensation: 3, That their continued connivance at what they cannot but know, is a tacit dispensation. I think this is true. But if it be, he has himself answered his own charge against the Methodists (so called.) For suppose the canons did forbid field-preaching, as exprsesly as playing at cards and frequenting taverns, yet we have the very same plea for the former, as any Clergyman has for the latter. All our governors, the King, the Archbishop, and Bishops, connive at the one, as well as the other.

Saturday 7, One of the residentaries sent for Mr. Williamson, who had invited me to preach in his Church, and told him, "Sir, I abhor persecution: but if you let Mr Wesley preach, it will be the worse for you." He desired it nevertheless: but I declined. Perhaps there is a providence in this also. God will not suffer my little remaining

strength to be spent on those who will not hear me, but in an honourable way.

Sunday 8, We were at the Minster in the morning, and at our parish Church in the afternoon. The same gentleman preached at both: but, though I saw him at the Church, I did not know I had ever seen him before. In the morning he was all life and motion: in the afternoon he was as quiet as a post. At five in the evening the rain constrained me to preach in the oven again. The patience of the congregation surprised me. They seemed not to feel the extreme heat: nor to be offended at the close application of these words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

Monday 9, I took my leave of the richest Society, number for number, which we have in England. I hope this place will not prove (as Cork has for some time done) the Capua of our Preachers. When I came to Epworth, the congregation was waiting. So I went immediately to the Cross: and great was our *glorying in the Lord.*

Tuesday 10, I met the Stewards of the Lincolnshire Societies, who gave us an agreeable account of the work of God in every place.

Wednesday 11, I preached in a meadow at Misterton, to a larger congregation than ever met there before.

Thursday 12, At eight I preached at Clayworth, and at Rotheram in the evening. Here likewise was such a number of people assembled, as was never before seen in that town. Is not this one clear proof of the hand of God, that although the novelty of this preaching is over, yet the people flock to hear it in every place, far more than when it was a new thing?

Friday 13, In the evening I preached at Sheffield. In the morning I examined the members of the Society, and was agreeably surprised to find, that though none had visited them, since I did it myself, two years ago, yet they were rather increased than diminished in number, and many of them growing in grace.

Monday 16, I preached in the evening at Nottingham, and on Thursday afternoon reached London. From a deep sense of the amazing work which God has of late years wrought in England, I preached in the evening on those words, (Psalm cxlvii. 20.) *He hath not dealt so with any nation:* no, not even with Scotland or New-England. In both these God has indeed made bare his arm; yet not in so astonishing a manner as among us. This must appear to all who impartially consider, 1, The number of persons on whom God has wrought: 2, The swiftness of his work in many, both convinced and truly converted in a few days: 3, The depth of it in most of these, changing the heart, as well as the whole conversation: 4, The clearness of it, enabling them boldly to say, "Thou hast loved me, thou hast given thyself for me." 5, The continuance of it. God has wrought in Scotland and New-England, at several times, for some weeks and months together. But among us, he has wrought for nearly eighteen years together, without any observable intermission. Above all, let it be remarked, that a considerable number of the regular Clergy were engaged in that great work in Scotland; and in New-England, above a hundred, perhaps, as eminent as any in the

whole province, not only for piety, but also for abilities both natural and acquired: whereas in England there were only two or three inconsiderable Clegymen, with a few, young, raw, unlettered men; and these opposed by well nigh all the Clergy, as well as Laity in the nation. He that remarks this must needs own, both that this is a work of God; and that *he hath not* wrought so *in any* other *nation.*

Monday 23, I was considering what could be the reasons why the hand of the Lord (who does nothing without a cause) is almost entirely stayed in Scotland, and in a great measure in New-England? It does not become us to judge peremptorily: but perhaps some of them may be these: 1, Many of them became *wise in their own eyes:* they seemed to think, they were the men, and there were none like them. And hence they refused God the liberty of sending by whom he would send, and required him to work by men of learning, or not at all: 2, Many of them were bigots, immoderately attached either to their own opinions or mode of worship. Mr. Edwards himself was not clear of this. But the Scotch bigots were beyond all others; placing Arminianism (so called) on a level with Deism, and the Church of England with that of Rome. Hence they not only suffered in themselves and their brethren a bitter zeal, but applauded themselves therein: in shewing the same spirit against all who differed from them, as the Papists did against our forefathers: 3, With pride, bitterness, and bigotry, self-indulgence was joined: self-denial was little taught and practised. It is well if some of them did not despise, or even condemn all self-denial in things indifferent, as in apparel or food, as nearly allied to Popery. No marvel then that the Spirit of God was grieved. Let us profit by their example.

Tuesday 24, Observing in that valuable book, Mr. Gillies's Historical Collections, the custom of Christian congregations in all ages, to set apart seasons of solemn thanksgiving; I was amazed and ashamed that we had never done this, after all the blessings we had received. And many to whom I mentioned it, gladly agreed to set apart a day for that purpose.

Monday 30, I set out for Norwich, and came thither the next evening. As a large congregation was waiting, I could not but preach, though weary enough. The two following days, I spoke to each member of the Society: and on Friday, July 4, took horse again, though how I should ride five miles, I knew not. But God so strengthened both man and beast, that I reached Bury the same night, and London the next, far less tired, than when I set out from Norwich.

Monday 7, Was our first day of solemn thanksgiving, for the numberless spiritual blessings we have received. And I believe it was a day which will not soon be forgotten.

Thursday 17, One spent the evening with us, who is accounted both a sensible and a religious man. What a proof of the fall! Even with all the advantages of a liberal education, this person, I will be bold to say, knows just as much of heart-religion, of Scriptural Christianity, the religion of love, as a child three years old of Algebra. How much then may we suppose a Turk or Heathen to know? Hardly more: Perhaps just as much.

Tuesday 22, To oblige a friendly gentlewoman I was a witness to her Will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses; and part, during his natural life, to her dog Toby. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to Toby may stand good; but that to the poor is null and void, by the statute of Mortmain!

Sunday 27, I buried the body of Ephraim B——, once a pattern to all that believed. But from the time he left off fasting and universal self-denial, in which none was more exemplary for some years, sunk lower and lower, until he had neither the power, nor the form of religion left. In the beginning of his illness he was in black despair. But much prayer was made for him. Toward the close of it, it pleased God to restore to him the light of his countenance. So, I trust, his backsliding only cost him his life: And he may yet live with God for ever.

I was much affected about this time by a letter sent from a gentleman in Virginia. Part of it runs thus, "The poor negro slaves here never heard of Jesus or his religion, till they arrived at the land of their slavery in America, whom their masters generally neglect, as though immortality was not the privilege of their souls in common with their own. These poor Africans are the principal objects of my compassion, and I think the most proper subject of your charity.

"The inhabitants of Virginia are computed to be about 300,000; and the one half of them are supposed to be negroes. The number of these who attend on my ministry at particular times, is uncertain. But I think there are about three hundred, who give a stated attendance. And never have I been so much struck with the appearance of an assembly, as when I have glanced my eye on one part of the house, adorned (so it appeared to me) with so many black countenances, eagerly attentive to every word they heard, and some of them covered with tears. A considerable number of them, about a hundred, have been baptized, after they had been fully instructed in the great truths of religion, and had evidenced their sense of them by a life of the strictest virtue. As they are not sufficiently polished to dissemble with a good grace, they express the sensations of their hearts, so much in the language of simple nature, and with such genuine indications of artless sincerity, that it is impossible to suspect their professions, especially when attended with a suitable behaviour.

Mr. Todd, minister of the next congregation, has nearly the same number under his care. And several of them also, he informs me, discover the same seriousness. Indeed there are multitudes of them in various parts, who are eagerly desirous of instruction. They have generally very little help to read: and yet to my agreeable surprise, sundry of them, by dint of application, in their very few leisure hours, have made such a progress, that they are able to read their Bible, or a plain author, very intelligibly. But few of their masters will be at the expence of furnishing them with books. I have supplied them to the utmost of my ability. They are exceedingly delighted with Watts's songs. And I cannot but observe that the negroes, above all of the human species I ever knew, have the nicest ear for music. They have a kind of ecstatic delight in psalmody: Nor are there any

books they so soon learn, or take so much pleasure in, as those used in that heavenly part of divine worship."

Sunday, August 3, I dined with one who lived for many years with one of the most celebrated beauties in Europe. She was also proud, vain, and nice, to a very uncommon degree. But see the end! After a painful and nauseous disease, she rotted away above ground; and was so offensive for many days before she died, that scarcely any could bear to stay in the room.

Monday 4, Hearing my old friend, Mr. H——s, was now a beggar and forsaken of all, I called (after a separation of sixteen years) at his lodgings, to offer him any service in my power. I was pleasingly surprised to find him reading the Bible! But still I am afraid all is not right. For the hand of God seems to be upon him still; and his mind is so hurried, he can settle to nothing. O what a pattern of holiness and stability of mind, was this very man, till he was stolen away by the men *whose words are smoother than oil.* But were they not to him *very swords?*

Wednesday 6, I mentioned to the congregation another mean of increasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and attended with eminent blessings: Namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God, with all our heart and with all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following: And on Friday, many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching him to give us wisdom and strength, to *promise unto the* Lord *our* God *and keep it.*

Monday 11, I explained once more the nature of such an engagement; and the manner of doing it acceptably to God. At six in the evening we met for that purpose, at the French Church in Spitalfields. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant proposed, in the words of that blessed man Richard Allen, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number of about 1800 persons. Such a night I scarcely ever saw before. Surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever.

Saturday 16, I buried the remains of a rough, honest, friendly man, Capt. Edward Stotesbury: but the lion was become a lamb, before God took him to himself.

Sunday 17, I took my leave of the congregation in Moorfields, by applying those awful words, *It is appointed for men once to die:* and early in the morning set out for Cornwall. In the evening I preached to a sleepy congregation at Reading, on *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God:* And to much such another on Tuesday evening at Salisbury, on *Harden not your hearts.*

On Wednesday 20, at noon, I preached at Shaftsbury, to a much more lively people. In the afternoon both my fellow-travellers and I were fairly worn out. We betook ourselves to prayer, and received strength. Nor did we faint any more, till, on Friday 21, we reached Plymouth-dock. And I found myself far less weary then, than on Monday, when I came to Colebrook.

Having spent two days comfortably, and I hope, usefully, on Monday 25, I rode over the mountains, close by the sea, to Loo, a town nearly half as large as Islington, which sends four members to parlia-

ment! And each county in North Wales sends one! At Fowey a little company met us, and conducted us to Luxillian. Between six and seven I preached in what was once the Court-yard of a rich and honourable man: but he and all his family are in the dust, and his very memory is almost perished. The congregation was large and deeply serious: but it was still larger on Tuesday evening, and several seemed to be cut to the heart. On Wednesday they flocked from all parts. And with what eagerness did they receive the word! Surely many of these last will be first!

Thursday 28, I preached at St. Mewan's. I do not remember ever to have seen the yard in which I stood, quite full before. But it would not now contain the congregation. Many were obliged to stand without the gate. At five in the morning I preached at St. Austle, to more than our room could contain. In the evening I was at St. Ewe. One or two felt the edge of God's sword, and sunk to the ground. And indeed it seemed as if God would suffer none to escape him: as if he both heard and answered our prayer,

> "Dart into all the melting flame
> Of love, and make the mountains flow."

Saturday 30, As I was riding through Truro, one stopped my horse, and insisted on my alighting. Presently two or three more of Mr. Walker's Society came in; and we seemed to have been acquainted with each other many years: But I was constrained to break from them. About five, I found the congregation waiting, in a broad, convenient part of the street in Redruth: I was extremely weary. And our friends were so glad to see me, that none once thought of asking me to eat or drink. But my weariness began to vanish when I began to speak. Surely God is in this place.

Sunday 31, Understanding there were many present, who did once run well, I preached at eight, (the rain ceasing just in time) on *How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Many endeavoured, but in vain, to hide their tears. I was agreeably surprised at Church, to hear the prayers read, not only with deliberation, but with uncommon propriety. At one, the congregation was nearly double to what it was in the morning. And all were still as night. Surely these are patient hearers: God grant they may be fruitful ones!

At five I preached at Gwenap to several thousands: but not one of them light or inattentive. After I had done, the storm arose, and the rain poured down, till about four in the morning. Then the sky cleared, and many of them that feared God, gladly assembled before him.

Monday, September 1, I preached at Penryn, to abundantly more than the house could contain.

Tuesday 2, We went to Falmouth. The town is not now what it was ten years since. All is quiet from one end to the other. I had thoughts of preaching on the hill near the Church; but the violent wind made it impracticable: so I was obligad to stay in our own room. The people could hear in the yard likewise, and the adjoining houses: and all were deeply attentive.

Wednesday 3, At four, Mrs. M. came into my room all in tears, and told me she had seen, as it were, our Lord standing by her, calling her by her name; and had ever since been filled with joy unspeakable. Soon after came her sister, in almost the same condition, and afterwards her niece; who likewise quickly melted into tears; and refused to be comforted. Which of these will endure to the end? Now at least, God is among them.

After preaching again to a congregation who now appeared ready to devour every word, I walked up to Pendennis castle, finely situated on the high point of land which runs out between the Bay and the Harbour, and commanding both; but might easily be made exceedingly strong. But our wooden castles are sufficient.

In the afternoon we rode to Helston, once turbulent enough, now quiet as Penryn. I preached at six, on a rising ground, about a musket shot from the town. Two drunken men strove to interrupt: but one soon walked away. The other leaned on his horse's neck and fell fast asleep.

What has done much good here, is the example of W— T—. He was utterly without God in the world when his father died, and left him a little estate, encumbered with a huge debt. Seven or eight years ago he found peace with God. He afterwards sold his estate, paid all his debts, and with what he had left, furnished a little shop. Herein God has blessed him in an uncommon manner. Meantime all his behaviour is of a-piece: so that more and more of his neighbours say, "Well, this is a work of God!"

Thursday 4, In the evening, heavy rain began, just as I began to give out the hymn. But it ceased before I named my text. I spoke very plainly, and it seemed to sink into many hearts: as they shewed by attending at five in the morning, when we had another happy and solemn hour.

About noon, Friday 5, I called on W. Row, in Breag, in my way to Newlin. "Twelve years ago," he said, "I was going over Gulval downs, and I saw many people together. I asked, what was the matter; and they told me, 'A man was going to preach.' And I said, 'To be sure it is some mazed man.' But when I saw you, I said, 'Nay, this is no mazed man.' And you preached on God's raising the dry bones. And from that time I could never rest, till God was pleased to breathe on me, and raise my dead soul!"

I had given no notice of preaching here. But seeing the poor people flock from every side, I could not send them empty away. So I preached at a small distance from the house, and besought them to consider our *great High Priest, Jesus, who is passed into the heavens*. And none opened his mouth: for the lions of Breag too, are now changed into lambs. That they were so fierce ten years ago, is no wonder. Since their wretched minister told them from the pulpit, (seven years before I resigned my fellowship) "That John Wesley was expelled the College, for a base child, and had been quite mazed ever since: that all the Methodists at their private societies, put out the lights," &c. with abundance more of the same kind. But a year or two since, it was observed, he grew thoughtful and

melancholy. And about nine months ago, he went into his own necessary house, and hanged himself.

When we came to Newlin we were informed, that a strong, healthy man, was the morning before found dead in his bed. Many were startled: so I endeavoured to deepen the impression by preaching on those words, *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.*

Saturday 6, In the evening I preached at St. Just. Except at Gwenap, I have seen no such congregation in Cornwall. The sun (nor could we contrive it otherwise) shone full in my face, when I began the hymn. But just as I ended it, a cloud arose, which covered it till I had done preaching. Is any thing too small for the providence of Him by whom our *very hairs are numbered?*

Sunday 7, Last year, a strange letter, written at Penzance, was inserted in the public papers. To-day I spoke to the two persons who occasioned that letter. They are of St. Just's parish, sensible men, and no Methodists. The name of one is James Treegar, and of the other Thomas Sackerly. I received the account from James two or three hours before Thomas came: but there was no material difference. "In July was twelvemonth, they both said, as they were walking from St. Just's Church toward Sancreet, Thomas happening to look up, cried out, 'James, look, look! what is that in the sky?' The first appearance, as James expressed it, was, Three large columns of horsemen swiftly pressing on, as in a fight, from south-west to north-east, a broad streak of sky passing between each column. Sometimes they seemed to run thick together; then to thin their ranks. Afterwards they saw a large fleet of three-mast ships, in full sail towards the Lizard Point. This continued above a quarter of an hour. Then all disappearing, they went on their way." The meaning of this, if it were real, (which I do not affirm) time only can shew.

I preached at eight in the morning, and five in the afternoon, and then hastened to St. Ives. But we did not reach it till between nine and ten. So I delayed visiting Mr. K. till the morning. He is a young Attorney, who, for some time past, has frequently attended the preaching. On Saturday morning he fell raving mad. I never saw him till this morning. He sung, and swore, and screamed, and cursed, and blasphemed, as if possessed by Legion: but as soon as I came in, he called me by name, and began to speak. I sat down on the bed, and he was still. Soon after he fell into tears and prayer. We prayed with him, and left him calm for the present.

Tuesday 9, I desired as many of our brethren as could, to observe Wednesday the 10th, as a day of fasting and prayer. Just as we were praying for him, (we were afterwards informed) he left off raving, and broke out, "Lord, how long? Wilt thou hide thy face for ever? All my bones are broken. Thy wrath lieth heavy upon me: I am in the lowest darkness and in the deep. But the Lord *will* hear; he will rebuke thee, thou unclean spirit. He will deliver me out of thy hands." Many such expressions he uttered for about half an hour, and then raved again.

Thursday 11, He was more outrageous than ever. But while we were praying for him in the evening, he sunk down into a sound sleep, which continued for ten hours. Nor was he furious any more: although the time of deliverance was not come.

Saturday 13, I preached once more at St. Just, on the first stone of their new Society house. In the evening, as we rode to Cambourn, John Pearse, of Redruth, was mentioning a remarkable incident. While he lived at Helston, as their class was meeting one evening, one of them cried, with an uncommon tone, "We will not stay here: we will go to such a house," which was in quite a different part of the town. They all arose immediately, and went; though neither they nor she knew why. Presently after they were gone, a spark fell into a barrel of gunpowder, which was in the next room, and blew up the house. So did God preserve those that trusted in him, and prevent the blasphemy of the multitude.

Sunday 14, I preached about eight at Bray, to a very numerous congregation; and I believe God spoke to the hearts of many: of backsliders in particular. Soon after ten we went to Redruth Church. A young gentlewoman in the next pew, who had been laughing and talking just before, while the Confession was reading, seemed very uneasy; then screamed out several times, dropped down, and was carried out of Church. Mr. Collins read prayers admirably well, and preached an excellent sermon, on *Christ also suffered, leaving us an example, that we should tread in his steps.*

At one I preached on *Faith, Hope and Love.* I was surprised at the behaviour of the whole multitude. At length God seems to be moving on all their hearts. About five I preached at St. Agnes, where all received the truth in love, excepting two or three, who soon walked away. Thence I rode on to St. Cuthbert. At noon I was much tired: But I was now as fresh as in the morning.

Monday 15, We walked an hour near the sea-shore, among those amazing caverns, which are full as surprising as Poole's-hole or any other in the Peak of Derbyshire. Some part of the rock in these natural vaults, glitters as bright and ruddy as gold. Part is a fine sky blue: part green, part enamelled, exactly like mother-of-pearl: and a great part, especially near the Holy-well, (which bubbles up on the top of a rock, and is famous for curing either scorbutic or scrofulous disorders) is crusted over, wherever the water runs, with a hard white coat, like alabaster.

At six in the evening I preached at Port-Isaac. The next day I rode to Camelford, and preached in the Market-place about six, on *Ye must be born again.* Some were much afraid there would be disturbance; but the whole congregation was quiet and attentive.

Thursday 18, Just as we came into Launceston, the heavy rain began. Between five and six I preached in a gentleman's dining room, capable of containing some hundreds of people. At five in the morning I preached in the Town-hall, and soon after took my leave of Cornwall.

Friday 19, In the evening I reached North-Moulton. But being wet and tired, and the people not having notice, I did not preach till

the morning. A few, I found, stand steadfast here also, though a neighbouring gentleman has threatened them much, unless they will leave this way, has turned many out of their work, or farms, and headed the mob in person.

On Saturday evening I preached at Tiverton, to a well established people.

Sunday 21, I rode to Collumpton, where the Minister preached an excellent, practical sermon. At one I preached on the Parable of the Sower; and about five in the Market-house at Tiverton. The congregation was larger than for some years. Yet all behaved as though they really desired to save their souls.

Monday 22, It rained the greater part of the day, which lessened the congregation at Charlton.

Tuesday 23, We walked up to Glastonbury tower, which a gentleman is now repairing. It is the steeple of a Church, the foundation of which is still discernable. On the west side of the tower there are niches for images, one of which as big as the life, is still entire.

The hill on which it stands is extremely steep, and of an uncommon height, so that it commands the country on all sides, as well as the Bristol Channel. I was weary enough when we came to Bristol: but I preached till all my complaints were gone. And I had now a little leisure to sit still, and finish the Notes on the New Testament.

Friday, October 3, I rode over to Pill, a place famous from generation to generation, even as Kingswood itself, for stupid, brutal, abandoned wickednesss. But what is all the power of the world and the devil, when the day of God's power is come? Many of the inhabitants now seem desirous of turning from the power of Satan to God.

Sunday 5, I preached on the south-west side of Bristol. I suppose a considerable part of the congregation had hardly ever heard a sermon in the open air before. But they were all, rich and poor, serious and attentive. No rudeness is now at Bristol.

Thursday 9, I preached on the Green, near Pill, to a large and serious congregation. It rained most of the time; but none went away, although there were many genteel hearers.

Wednesday 15. I preached at Bath. Even here a few are joined together, and hope they shall be scattered no more.

I dined with some serious persons, in a large, stately house, standing on the brow of a delightfull hill. In this paradise they live, in ease, in honour, and in elegant abundance. And this they call *retiring from the world!* What would Gregory Lopez have called it?

In the evening the Society met at Bristol. I had desired again and again, that no person would come, who had not calmly and deliberately resolved to give himself up to God. But I believe not ten of them were wanting. And we now solemnly, and of set purpose, by our own free act and deed, jointly agreed to take the Lord for our God. I think it will not soon be forgotten: I hope, not to all eternity.

Monday 20, I left Bristol: and taking several Societies in the way, on Thursday 23, preached at Reading. Several soldiers were

there, and many more the next night, when I set before them *the terrors of the Lord.* And I scarcely ever saw so much impression made, on this dull senseless people.

Saturday 25, I reached London, notwithstanding all the forebodings of my friends, in, at least, as good health as I left it.

Sunday 26, I entered upon my London duty, reading prayers, preaching, and giving the sacrament at Snowsfields in the morning: preaching and giving the sacrament at noon at West-street Chapel: meeting the Leaders at three: burying a corpse at four: and preaching at five in the afternoon. Afterwards I met the Society, and concluded the day with a general Love-feast.

Monday 27, We set out for Leigh, in Essex: but being hindered a little in the morning, the night came on without either moon or stars, when we were about two miles short of Raleigh. The ruts were so deep and uneven, that the horses could scarcely stand, and the chaise was continually in danger of overturning: so that my companions thought it best to walk to the town, though the road was both wet and dirty. Leaving them at Raleigh, I took horse again. It was so thoroughly dark, that we could not see our horses' heads. However, by the help of him, to whom the night shineth as the day, we hit every turning, and without going a quarter of a mile out of our way, before nine came to Leigh.

Wednesday 29, I returned to London. In my scraps of time, on this and two or three other days, I read over (what I had often heard much commended) Lord Anson's Voyage. What pity he had not a better historian! one who had eyes to see, and courage to own the hand of God.

Thursday, November 5, Mr. Whitefield called upon me. Disputings are now no more. We love one another, and join hand in hand, to promote the cause of our common Master.

In the afternoon I buried the remains of Samuel Larwood, who died of a fever on Sunday morning: deeply convinced of his unfaithfulness, and yet hoping to find mercy. He had lately taken and repaired a building in Southwark, called by the venerable man who built it, *Zoar.* His executor offering it to me, on the evening of Friday 6, that solemn day, which we observed with fasting and prayer for our King and Country, I preached there to a large and quiet congregation: but most of them appeared wild enough. And such were we, till grace made the difference.

Monday 10, I preached at the Wells: and I did not wonder, that God gave an uncommon blessing, to those who then assembled in his name, considering the difficulties they had broken through. The frost was very severe, accompanied with such a fog, as perhaps the oldest man there never saw before. The lamps could not be seen across the street, and hardly the ground by those who had lights in their hands. Many lost their way, when they were just at their own doors. And it was almost as hard to breathe as to see. How easy it is for God to punish a sinful nation, even without employing an arm of flesh!

Monday 17, As we were walking towards Wapping, the rain poured down with such violence, that we were obliged to take shelter till

it abated. We then held on to Gravel-lane: in many parts of which the waters were like a river. However, we got on pretty well, till the rain put out the candle in our lantern. We then were obliged to wade through all, till we came to the Chapel-yard. Just as we entered it, a little streak of lightning appeared in the South-west. There was likewise a small clap of thunder, and a vehement burst of rain, which rushed so plentifully through our shattered tiles, that the vestry was all in a float. Soon after I began reading prayers, the lightening flamed all around it, and the thunder rolled just over our heads. When it grew louder and louder, perceiving many of the strangers to be much affrighted, I broke off the prayers, after the Collect, "Lighten our darkness we beseech thee, O Lord," and began applying, *The Lord sitteth above the waterfloods: the Lord remaineth a King for ever.* Presently the lightning, thunder, and rain ceased, and we had a remarkable calm evening.

It was observed, that exactly at this hour, they were acting Macbeth, in Drury-lane; and just as the mock-thunder began, the Lord began to thunder out of heaven. For awhile it put them to a stand, but they soon took courage, and went on. Otherwise it might have been suspected, that the fear of God had crept into the very theatre!

Tuesday 18, We had a solemn Watch-night at Zoar.

Wednesday 26, Being much importuned thereto, I wrote "Serious Thoughts on the Earthquake at Lisbon:" directed, not as I designed at first, to the small vulgar, but the great: to the learned, rich, and honourable heathens, commonly called Christians.

Tuesday, December 2, I received a remarkable letter, part of which I have here subjoined:

"It may seem strange, Sir, that I, whom you have no personal knowledge of, should write with the freedom I am now going to take. But, I trust, you desire as much to instruct, as I to be instructed. I have long laboured under a disease, which comes the nearest to that which is named scepticism. I rejoice at one time, in the belief that the religion of my country is true. But how transient my joy! While my busy imagination ranges through nature, books and men, I often drop into the horrible pit of Deism, and in vain bemoan my fall. The two main springs which alternately move my soul to these opposite opinions, are, First, Can it be that the great God of the boundless universe, containing many thousands of better worlds than this, should become incarnate here, and die on a piece of wood? There I lose my belief of Christianity.

"But, on the other hand I think, Well, let me examine the fitness of things which Deism boasts of: and certain it is, I discern nothing but beauty and wisdom in the inanimate parts of the creation. But how is the animate side of nature? It shocks me with powerful cruelty and bleeding innocence. I cannot call the earth, (as Fontenelle does) 'A great rolling globe, covered over with fools:' but rather, a great rolling globe, covered over with slaughter-houses: where few beings can escape but those of the butcher-kind, the lion, wolf, or tyger. And as to man himself, he is undoubtedly the supreme lord, nay, the uncontrolable tyrant of this globe. Yet survey him in a

state of Deism, and I must pronounce him a very poor creature. He is then a kind of Jack-catch, an executioner-general. He may, nay he must destroy, for his own subsistence, multitudes of beings that have done him no wrong. He has none of that heavenly power to restore to life. And can he be fond of the permission to take it away? One who like me, is subject to the tender passions, will never be proud of this.

> 'No dying brute I view in anguish here,
> But from my melting eye descends a tear.'

The very beasts are entitled to my compassion: but who can express the anxieties I feel for the afflictions sustained by virtuous men, and my abhorrence of the cruel? Yet in Deism I can discern no reward for the one, or punishment for the other. On this view of things, the Castilian King might well say, 'He could have directed God to amend his creation."

"I think upon the whole, the God of wisdom would not have made a world, so much in want of a Redeemer as this, and not give it one: therefore at present, I am again a Christian. O that the Son of God would confirm me His! As yet my soul is like a weather-beaten bird, that hovers over the great ocean, tired and afraid of dropping: death and eternity are ready to receive it, the pleasant land is out of sight, hid by fogs and mists, and the way unknown, to gain the happy groves.

"I was formerly apt to mention my scepticism, both to Clergymen and Laymen, with a view of lessening the evil: but they rather increased it. Few Clergymen cared to discourse on the subject: and if they did, they generally expected, that a few weak reasons should eradicate at once strong and deep-rooted prejudices. And most Laymen discovered an utter ignorance of the religion they pretended to believe; and looked upon me as if I had the plague, for owning I did not believe it. What method could I take? I long avoided speaking of religion to any but its great Author: who, I hope, has, at last, led me to one that is capable of removing my spiritual darkness. May the Giver of all goodness reward you in that day, when (according to the prophet Daniel) *the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever!*"

Friday 12, As I was returning from Zoar, I came, as well as usual to Moorfields, but there my strength entirely failed, and such a faintness and weariness seized me, that it was with difficulty I got home. I could not but think how happy it would be (suppose we were ready for the Bridegroom) to sink down and steal away at once, without any of the hurry and pomp of dying! Yet it is happier still, to glorify God in our death, as well as our life.

About this time I received a serious, sensible letter, the substance of which was as follows:

"Scarcely any nation passes a century, without some remarkable fluctuation. How should it be otherwise? For how can that be perpetually stable, wherein man, full of instability, is principally concerned? It is certain, therefore, that all the quiet in a nation is ordered by di-

vine wisdom: as all the confusions and convulsions are permitted by divine justice. Let us view the present state of Great Britain in this light: resting assured, that all which befals us, is intended to promote our good, in this world, and that which is to come.

"This land is ripe for judgments. How few are there herein, who intend to please God in all they do? And all besides are subjects of divine wrath. For all who live without any regard to God, are wilful sinners against God, and every hour liable to the stroke of his offended justice.

"And what shall these do, when visited by the sword, the plague, the famine, or the furious elements? O that they would turn to God, through the Saviour of sinners! Surely then they would find mercy! Yea, and probably see the salvation of God, even in the land of the living.

"But what shall the Christians do in the time of public calamities! Be still; look up, and follow Providence. Be still, O my soul, in the midst of tumults and the distress of nations. Take no comfort in any thing but in the consciousness of divine love. Listen to his voice, and quietly wait to see the hand of God over all. If you are uncertain what to do, look up and expect wisdom from above. If you fear, look up for courage and faith, to act well on all occasions. If the sword is at your throat, look up for submission to the wise and gracious will of God. Look up for power to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. Follow Providence. Do not run before, but after the hand that leads the simple-hearted, with a steady attention, and a determinate purpose to do what is pleasing to him.

"But what shall the Christians do, if the storm come, if our country be actually invaded? The general answer must be the same, Be still; look up; follow Providence. A particular answer it is hard to give yet. Only so far one may say, 1, We must take great care of our spirits. If we sink into the world's fears or joys, we shall lose our hold on God. The spirit of the Christians and the spirit of the world are entirely different. They can never agree in what appertains to the work of God, either in his dispensations of grace or justice. 2, Every one should deeply consider what he is called to. Some may think it would be a sin to defend themselves. Happy are they, if they can refrain from judging or condemning those that are of a different persuasion. Certain it is, some have fought and died in a just cause, with a conscience void of offence. To some therefore it may be matter of duty, to repel the common enemy. 3, They who believe they are called to this, should proceed in all things in a Christian spirit. They should, if possible, join in one body. They should endeavour to avoid trifling company and conversation. They should learn the exercise with prayers and hymns. But who of us is sufficient for these things?"

Sunday 14, The minds of many people being deeply affected with a prospect of public calamities, I explained those comfortable words in the first lesson, Isa. xxvi. 20, *Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast.*

Tuesday 16, I set out for Lewisham, appointing one to meet me with my horse at the Stones-end: but he mistook his way, and so left me to walk on in my boots and great coat. When I came within a quarter of a mile of Lewisham-bridge, a coach drove swiftly by me. I wondered why the coachman stopped, till he called, and desired me to come up to him. The reason then appeared: the low grounds were quite covered with water, so that I could not have attempted to reach the bridge, without hazarding my life.

Tuesday 23, I was in the robe-chamber, adjoining the house of Lords, when the King put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give even to a King? All the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermin round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome, he can scarcely move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas, what a bauble is human greatness! And even this will not endure! Cover the head with ever so much hair and gold: yet

Scit te Proserpina canum;
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

January 1, 1756, We had a large congregation at four in the morning. How much are men divided in their expectations, concerning the ensuing year! Will it bring a large harvest of temporal calamities; or of spiritual blessings? Perhaps of both: of temporal afflictions preparatory to spiritual blessings.

Monday 5, This week I wrote "An Address to the Clergy:" which, considering the situation of public affairs, I judged would be more serviceable and more easily borne, at this time than at any other.

Wednesday 14, Mr. Walsh wrote to me as follows:

"REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

"In Mr. Booker's letter are many palpable falsehoods. But what exasperated him so, he does not tell. It was my opposing his Arian principles: my telling him, I had the same arguments to prove the Divinity of Christ, as to prove the Godhead of the Father. 1, The Father is called God, אֵל: so is the Son, Isa. ix. 6. 2, The Father is called אֱלֹהִים: so is the Son, Hos. i. 7. The Father is called יְהוָה: so is the Son, Jer. xxiii. 6. 3, The Father is said to be *from everlasting:* so the Son is called אֲבִי־עַד, Isa. ix. 6. Not, the *everlasting Sire;* but *the Father* or *Author of Eternity.* 4, The Father is said to create all things: so is the Son, Jo. i. 3, and Col. i. 16. 5, The Father is said to be Omnipresent: so is the Son, Matt. xviii. 20. 6, The Father is omniscient: so is the Son, Rev. ii. 23. 7, The Father forgives sins: so does the Son, Mark ii. 10. 8, The Father is Judge of all: so is the Son.

"But still he disputed, whether any man should pray to Christ; I gave these reasons for it: 1, All men are bound to honour the Son, *as they honour the Father.* But we are to honour the Father, by praying to him: Therefore, we should so honour the Son. 2, God commands, *Let all the angels of God worship him.* This is done, Rev.

v. 13. And it is certain, praise and thanksgiving are superior rather than inferior to prayer. 3, St. Paul prayed to him, 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9. 4, St. Stephen prayed to him, Acts vii. 59. (The word, *God*, is not in the Original.) 5, All believers in the Apostolic age prayed to him, 1 Cor. i. 2. For what is to *call upon his name*, but to pray to him?

"When he could not answer these reasons, he called them *cant*, and said, *Much learning has made thee mad.* What he calls 'contempt,' was confronting him with Scripture and reason, in defence of the Godhead of Christ. I acknowledge, I have been an opposer of Arianism ever since I knew what I was: but especially since my late illness, during which I had such glorious evidences of the eternal power and Godhead of my great Redeemer. I bless God, I love Mr. B—— as well as all mankind: But it grieves me to see the people led in the high road to hell, instead of heaven: especially at a time which calls upon all to awake, and *prepare to meet their God.*"

Saturday 17, and in the spare hours of the following days, I read over Mr. Pipe's *Philosophia Sacra*, a Treatise admirably well written, by an ingenious man, who says all that can be said, for Mr. Hutchinson's hypothesis. But it is only an hypothesis still: much supposition, and little proof.

Monday 26, I rode to Canterbury, and preached in the evening to such a congregation as I never saw there before; in which was abundance of the soldiers, and not a few of their officers.

Wednesday 28, I preached about noon at Dover, to a very serious, but small congregation. We afterwards walked up to the Castle, on the top of a mountain. It is an amazingly fine situation. And from hence we had a clear view of that vast piece of the cliff, which a few days ago, was divided from the rest, and fell down upon the beach.

Friday, 30, In returning to London, I read the Life of the late Czar, Peter the Great. Undoubtedly he was a Soldier, a General and a Statesman, scarcely inferior to any. But why was he called a Christian? What has Christianity to do either with deep dissimulation or savage cruelty?

Friday February 6, The fast-day was a glorious day: such as London has scarcely ever seen since the Restoration. Every Church in the City was more than full: And a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer: and there will yet be *a lengthening of our tranquillity.*

Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity. The form of prayer which was used in their Synagogue began, 'Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us:' And concluded with those remarkable words: 'Incline the heart of our sovereign Lord King George, as well as the hearts of his Lords and Counsellors, to use us kindly, and all our brethren, the children of Israel: That in his days and in our days, we may see the restoration of Judah, and that Israel may dwell in safety, and the Redeemer may come to Zion. May it be thy will! And we all say, Amen.'

Monday 23, I paid another visit to Canterbury, but came in too late to preach.

Tuesday 24, Abundance of soldiers and many officers came to the preaching. And surely the fear and love of God will prepare them either for death or victory.

Wednesday 25, I dined with Col. ———, who said, "No men fight like those who fear God: I had rather command five hundred such, than any regiment in his Majesty's army."

Thursday 26, I had so severe a cold, that I could hardly speak to be heard. However, I preached morning and evening as I could, and the next day returned to London.

Monday, March 1, I set out for Bristol. Some time after, I received the copy of another letter, dated March 2, from the Rev. Mr. Davies in Virginia, part of which I have subjoined:

"When the books arrived, I gave public notice after sermon, and desired such negroes as could read, and such white people as would make good use of them, and were not able to buy, to come to my house. For some time after, the poor slaves, whenever they could get an hours's leisure, hurried away to me, and received them with all the genuine indications of passionate gratitude. All the books were very acceptable, but none more so than the Psalms and Hymns, which enabled them to gratify their peculiar taste for psalmody. Sundry of them lodged all night in my kitchen. And sometimes when I have awaked, at two or three in the morning, a torrent of sacred psalmody has poured into my chamber. In this exercise some of them spend the whole night.

"The good effects of this charity are already apparent. It convinces the heathen, that however careless about religion the generality of the white people are, yet there are some, who think it a matter of importance. It has excited some of their masters to emulation, and they are ashamed, that strangers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean, should be at such pains to teach their domestics, while themselves are negligent about it. Such of the negroes as can read already, are evidently improving in knowledge. It has excited others to learn to read: For as I give books to none but such as can read, they consider them as a reward for their industry. And I am told, that in almost every house in my congregation, and in many other places, they spend every leisure hour, in endeavouring to learn. Many do this, from a sincere desire to know the will of God. And if some should do it from the meaner principle of vanity or curiosity, yet I cannot but rejoice, that it renders them the more capable of receiving instruction. To all this I may add, that the very distributing these books, gives me an opportunity of speaking seriously, and with particular application to many who would not otherwise come in my way.

"There are thousands of negroes in this colony, who still continue in the grossest ignorance, and are as rank Pagans now, as they were in the wilds of Africa. Not a few of these are within the bounds of my congregation. But all are not of this character. Upon some my ministry of late has been successful. Two Sundays ago, I had the pleasure of seeing forty black faces at the Lord's table, several of whom give unusual evidence of their sincerity in religion. Last

Sunday, I baptized seven or eight, who had been catechised for some time. Indeed many of them appeared determined to press into the kingdom, and I am persuaded will find an abundant entrance, when many of the children of the kingdom are shut out.

"I have distributed some of the books among the poor white people, with a charge to circulate them among such of their neighbours, as would seriously read them, that they might be as extensively serviceable as possible. And some of them have since discovered to me, what solemn impressions they received in reading them.

"I sent a few of each sort to my friend Mr. Wright, minister of Cumberland, about ninety miles hence, where there are not a few negroes thoughtful about Christianity, and sundry real converts. And he informs me they have met with a very agreeable and promising reception. He takes much pains in instructing them, and has set up two or three schools among them; where they attend on Sundays, before and after sermon: for they have no other leisure time."

Wednesday 3, I found Bristol all in a flame, voters and non-voters being ready to tear each other in pieces. I had not recovered my voice, so as either to preach, or speak to the whole Society: but I desired those members who were freemen, to meet me by themselves; whom I mildly and lovingly informed how they ought to act, in this hour of temptation. And I believe the far greater part of them received, and profited by the advice.

Thursday 11, I rode to Pill, and preached to a large and attentive congregation. A great part of them were sea-faring men. In the middle of my discourse, a pressgang landed from a man-of-war, and came up to the place: But after they had listened awhile, they went quietly by, and molested no body.

Monday 15, I rode to the Old Passage: but finding we could not pass, went to Purton, which we reached about four in the afternoon. But we were no nearer still: For the boat-men lived on the other side, and the wind was so high, we could not possibly make them hear. However we determined to wait a while: and in a quarter of an hour, they came of their own accord. We reached Coleford before seven, and found a plain, loving people, who received the word of God with all gladness.

Tuesday 16, Examining the little Society, I found them grieviously harrassed by disputatious Baptists on one side, and Quakers on the other. And hereby five or six persons have been confused: but the rest cleave so much the closer together. Nor does it appear, that there is now one trifler, much less a disorderly walker among them.

Wednesday 17, I learned the particulars of that surprising storm, which was here the year before last. It began near Cheltenham, on June 14, 1754, and passed on over Coleford, in a line about three miles broad. It was rain mixed with hail. The hail broke all the windows it had access to, stripped all the trees both of fruit and leaves, and destroyed every green thing. Many of the stones were as large as hen-eggs; some were fourteen or fifteen inches round. The rain occasioned such a torrent of water in the street, as bore away man and beast. A mile or two farther it joined with the waters of a

mill-dam, which it broke down, and carried away several houses. How frequent would *accidents* of this kind be, if chance, not God, governed the world?

Thursday 18, We rode through hard rain to Brecknock, and came just at the hour appointed for preaching. The Town-hall, in which I was desired to preach, is a large and commodious place; and the whole congregation (one poor gentleman excepted) behaved with seriousness and decency.

Friday 19, I rode over to Howell Harris, at Trevecka, though not knowing how to get any further. But he helped us out of our difficulties, offering to send one with us, who would shew us the way, and bring our horses back. So I then determined to go on to Holyhead, after spending a day or two at Brecknock.

Saturday 20, It being the day appointed for the Justices and Commissioners to meet, the town was extremely full. And curiosity (if no better motive) brought most of the gentlemen to the preaching. Such another opportunity could not have been, of speaking to all the rich and great of the county: and they all appeared to be serious and attentive. Perhaps one or two may lay it to heart.

Sunday 21, I delayed preaching till nine, for the sake of the tender and delicate ones. At two we had nearly the whole town, and God reserved the great blessing for the last. Afterwards we rode to Trevecka: but our guide was ill. So in the morning we set out without him.

Before I talked with him myself, I wondered H. Harris did not go out and preach as usual. But he now informed me, he preached till he could preach no longer, his constitution being entirely broken. While he was thus confined, he was pressed in spirit, to build a large house, though he knew not why or for whom. But as soon as it was built, men, women, and children, without his seeking, came to it from all parts of Wales. And except in the case of the Orphan-house at Halle, I never heard of so many signal interpositions of divine Providence.

Monday 22, It continued fair, till we came to Builth, where I preached to the usual congregation. Mr. Phillips then guided us to Royader, about fourteen English miles. It snowed hard behind us and on both sides, but not at all where we were.

Tuesday 23, When we took horse, there was nothing to be seen but a waste of white, the snow covering both hills and vales. As we could see no path, it was not without much difficulty, as well as danger, that we went on. But between seven and eight the sun broke out, and the snow began to melt. So we thought all our difficulty was over, till about nine the snow fell faster than ever. In an hour, it changed into hail, which as we rode over the mountains, drove violently in our faces. About twelve this turned into hard rain, followed by an impetuous wind. However, we pushed on thro' all, and before sun-set came to Dollygelly.

Here we found every thing we wanted, except sleep, of which we were deprived by a company of drunken, roaring sea-captains, who kept possession of the room beneath us, till between two and three in

the morning. So that we did not take horse till after six: and then we could make no great speed, the frost being exceedingly sharp, and much ice in the road. Hence we were not able to reach Tannabull, till between eleven and twelve. An honest Welchman here gave us to know (though he spoke no English) that he was just going over the sands. So we hastened on with him, and by that mean came in good time to Caernarvon.

Here we passed a quiet and comfortable night, and took horse about six in the morning. Supposing, after we had rode nearly an hour, that a little house on the other side was the ferry-house, we went down to the water, and called amain: but we could not procure any answer. In the mean time it began to rain hard, though the wind was extremely high. Finding none would come over, we went to a little Church, which stood near, for shelter. We had waited about an hour, when a woman and girl came into the Church-yard, whom I did not mind, supposing they could speak no English. They were following a sheep, which ran close to us. I then asked, "Is not this Baldon ferry?" The girl answered, "Baldon ferry! No. The ferry is two miles further." So we might have called long enough. When we came to Baldon, the wind fell, the sky cleared up, the boat came over without delay, and soon landed us in Anglesea. On our way to Holyhead, one met and informed us, the Packet sailed the night before. I said, "Perhaps it may carry me, for all that." So we pushed on and came thither in the afternoon. The Packet did sail the night before, and got more than half the seas over: but the wind turning against them and blowing hard, they were glad to get back this afternoon.

I scarcely ever remember so violent a storm as blew all the night long. The wind continued contrary the next day.

Sunday 27, About nine in the morning, I spent some time with a few serious people, and gave notice of preaching at four in the afternoon, as soon as the evening service was ended. It began soon after three: ten minutes before four, Mr. E. began catechising the children in Welsh. I stayed till after five. As there was no sign of his concluding, I then went home, and found the people waiting; to whom I expounded those solemn words, *Watch and pray always, that ye way be counted worthy to escape all these things which are coming upon the earth.*

Monday 29, We left the harbour about twelve, having six or seven officers, and abundance of passengers on board. The wind was full west, and there was great probability of a stormy night. So it was judged best, to put back: but one gentleman making a motion, to try a little longer, in a short time brought all over to his opinion. So they agreed to go out, and "look for a wind."

The wind continued westerly all the night. Nevertheless, in the morning we were within two leagues of Ireland! Between nine and ten I landed at Hoath, and walked on for Dublin. The congregation in the evening was such as I never saw here before. I hope this also is a token for good.

Wednesday 31, In conversing with many, I was surprised to find, that all Ireland is in perfect safety! None here has any more apprehension of an invasion, than of being swallowed up in the sea: every one being absolutely assured, that the French dare not attempt any such thing!

Thursday, April 1, I bought one or two books at Mr. Smith's, on the Blind Quay. I wanted change for a guinea, but he could not give it; so I borrowed some silver of my companion. The next evening, a young gentleman came from Mr. Smith, to tell me, I had left a guinea on his counter. Such an instance of honesty I have rarely met with, either in Bristol or London.

Saturday 4, I went to the College Chapel, at which about forty persons were present. Dr. K. preached a plain, practical sermon, after which the sacrament was administered. I never saw so much decency at any Chapel in Oxford, no, not even at Lincoln-College. Scarcely any person stirred, or coughed, or spit, from the beginning to the end of the service.

In the evening our house was crowded above and below: yet many were obliged to stand without. The whole congregation appeared stayed and solid. Do even the people of Dublin know the day of their visitation?

Monday 5, Inquiring for one whom I saw three or four days ago in the height of a violent pleurisy, I found he was perfectly recovered, and returned into the country. A brimstone-plaister, in a few minutes, took away both the pain and the fever. O, why will Physicians play with the lives of their patients! Do not others (as well as old Dr. Cockburn) know, that "no end is answered by *bleeding* in a pleurisy, which may not be *much better* answered without it?"

To-night the sleepers here began to open their eyes, it being rumoured, that an express was come to the Lord Lieutenant, to inform him, "The French were hastening their preparations, being determined to land in Ireland," And so they will— if God give them leave: but he has the reins in his own hand.

Tuesday 6, One was informing me of an eminent instance of the power of faith. "Many years ago," said she, "I fell and sprained my ankle, so that I never expected it would be quite well. Seven years since last September, I was coming home from the preaching in a very dark night, and stumbling over a piece of wood fell with the whole weight of my body upon my lame foot. I thought, 'O Lord, I shall not be able to hear thy word again for many weeks.' Immediately a voice went through my heart, 'Name the name of Christ, and thou shalt stand.' I leaped up, and stretched out my foot, and said, 'Lord, Jesus Christ, I name thy name, let me stand.' And my pain ceased; and I stood up: and my foot was as strong as ever."

Friday 9, I spent an hour with Dr. F——, a sensible, agreeable man. He said, "Six weeks ago, the —— informed the Lord L——, that he had express orders from his Majesty, to put this kingdom into a posture of defence, against the intended invasion. And he was empowered to raise what men he pleased. And nothing has ever

been done since. So that we conclude the whole to be a grimace, a mere trick of state."

Sunday 11, I met about a hundred children, who were catechised publicly twice a week. Thomas Walsh began this some months ago; and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity, that all our preachers in every place, have not the zeal and wisdom to follow his example!

Tuesday 13, I breakfasted with one of the most lovely old men I ever saw, John Garret, a Dutchman by birth, and a speaker among the Quakers.

Thence we went to a poor dying backslider. When we came in, he was crying to God out of the deep: but before we left him, his heaviness was gone, and he desired nothing but to be with Christ.

Wednesday 14, I looked over a celebrated book, "The Fable of the Bees." Till now I imagined there had never appeared in the world such a book as the works of Machiavel: but Dr. Mandeville goes far beyond it. The Italian only recommends *a few* vices, as useful *to some* particular *men*, and on *some* particular *occasions:* but the Englishman loves and cordially recommends vice of every kind; not only as useful now and then, but as absolutely *necessary*, at *all* times for *all* communities! Surely Voltaire would hardly have said so much! And even Mr. Sandiman could not have said more!

April 16, Being Good-friday, nearly four hundred of the Society met, to follow the example of their brethren in England, and renew their covenant with God. It was a solemn hour. Many mourned before God, and many were comforted.

In the following week all our preachers met. I never before found such unanimity among them. They appeared now to be not only of one heart, but likewise of one mind and judgment.

Sunday 25, One of the Germans stumbled in, while I was expounding, *Is Christ the minister of sin?* For a time she seemed greatly diverted. But the application spoiled her mirth. She soon hung down her head, and felt the difference between the chaff and the wheat.

Monday 26, I set out for Cork, purposing to see as many Societies as I could in the way. In the afternoon I came to Eden-derry, where the little Society have built a commodious preaching-house. I had designed to preach abroad; but the keen north wind drove us into the house. The congregation (though they had no previous notice) filled it from end to end: but some of them found it too hot, and hurried out, while I applied, *ye must be born again.*

About this time I received the following letter:

"REV. SIR,

"I ONCE, through the influence of those about me, was ready to join the common cry against you, not knowing what I did. But since, by hearing your discourses with some of Mr. Walsh's; and by reading your Sermons and Appeals, I have learned a better lesson. I have learned that true Christianity consists, not in a set of opinions, or of forms and ceremonies; but in holiness of heart and life, in a thorough imitation of our Divine Master. And this I take to be the

doctrine of the Church of England, nor do I apprehend you differ from her at all in doctrine. And I am grieved to know, you have too much cause to differ from many of her present Clergy. Why then should I cavil with you for feeding those sheep, that are starved by their own shepherds? For endeavouring to recover them from their stupid lethargy and open wickedness, which involve the generality of mankind? This is your happiness: would to God it could be mine! I have often had a strong desire for it; and would now gladly dedicate my life to it, if my poor abilities and mean education, together with the twenty-third Article of our Church, did not crush the thought. However, as I do not see you vary from the doctrine of the Church, I should not scruple to join with you. My chief motives (beside that strong desire) are, First; I reflect, there is scarcely a station in life, at least in the trading world, without its attendant frauds, or vices, which are now scarcely separable from it. Secondly; I am at present of no use in society: so that on account of any advantage which now accrues from me to the public, I need not scruple giving myself to my darling employment. Thirdly; I am convinced, a man may instruct and reform himself, by instructing and reforming others. But may I attempt this otherwise than by the *ordinary* method of admitting labourers into the Lord's vineyard? Your thoughts on this subject would be received as a singular favour: for which I shall impatiently wait, who am, Rev. Sir,

"Your affectionate and ready servant."

Wednesday 28, I rode to Tullamore; where one of the Society, Edward Wallis, gave me a very surprising account of himself. He said, "When I was about twenty years old, I went to Waterford for business. After a few weeks I resolved to leave it, and packed up my things, in order to set out the next morning. This was Sunday; but my Landlord pressed me much not to go till the next day. In the afternoon we walked out together, and went into the river. After a while, leaving him near the shore, I struck out into the deep. I soon heard a cry, and turning, saw him rising and sinking in the channel of the river. I swam back with all speed, and seeing him sink again, dived down after him. When I was near the bottom, he clasped his arm round my neck, and held me so fast that I could not rise. Seeing death before me, all my sins came into my mind, and I faintly called for mercy. In awhile my senses went, and I thought I was in a place full of light and glory, with abundance of people. While I was thus, he who held me died, and I floated up to the top of the water. I then immediately came to myself, and swam to the shore, where several stood who had seen us sink, and said, 'They never knew such a deliverance before; for I had been under the water full twenty minutes.' It made me more serious for two or three months. Then I returned to all my sins.

"But in the midst of all, I had a voice followed me every where, 'When an able minister of the Gospel comes, it will be well with thee?' Some years after, I entered into the army: our troop lay at Phillips-Town, when Mr. W. came. I was much affected by his preaching,

but not so as to leave my sins. The voice followed me still: and when Mr. J. W. came, before I saw him I had an unspeakable conviction, that he was the man I looked for: and, soon after, I found peace with God, and it was well with me indeed."

Thursday 29, I preached on one side the Market-place, to a numerous congregation. I was afterwards invited by some of the officers, to spend an hour with them at the Barracks. It, at least, freed them from prejudice against the present work of God, if it answered no farther end.

Friday 30, I was pressed to turn aside to Athlone, a gentlewoman of Barbadoes, who was obliged to return thither shortly, having a great desire to see me. So I went to Athlone, and spent one or two hours in close conversation with her and her husband. We had a comfortable meeting in the evening; and most of the gentry in the town were present; but who can warn them to flee from the wrath to come? They are *increased in goods and need nothing!*

Saturday, May 1, I rode to Birr, through rain, hail, and snow, such as is usual on the first of January. I had designed to preach abroad; but the wind was too sharp to be borne either by me or the people.

Sunday 2, We rode to Mountmellick. About five I preached in the Market-place. I was on the point of concluding when a violent storm came. Till then the bottles of heaven were stayed.

Tuesday 4, We rode to Portarlington: where, on Wednesday 5, at the desire of several who could not attend the early preaching, I preached in the Assembly-room at ten, on *Ye must be born again.* Many of the best in the town (so called) were present, and seemed not a little amazed. Many more came in the evening, among whom I found an unusual liberty of spirit. For the present, most of them seemed much affected: but how soon will the thorns grow up?

Thursday 6, I rode to Kilkenny. One of the dragoons, who were quartered here, soon found us out. A few both of the army and of the town, are joined, and constantly meet together. I preached in the Barracks, in one of the officer's rooms. Still, in Ireland, the first call is to the soldiery.

Friday 7, We rode to Waterford, where, after preaching, I earnestly exhorted the Society, to *love as brethren.* On the same subject I preached in the morning, and spent great part of the day, in striving to remove misunderstandings and offences. It was not lost labour. Six and twenty were left in the morning: before night seven and fifty were joined together.

T. Walsh preached at five: but the room being too small they were obliged to go into the yard. In the evening we had high and low, rich and poor, both in the yard and adjoining gardens. There seemed now to be a general call to this city. So I thought it best the next morning, Monday 10, to leave Mr Walsh there, while I went forward to Clonmel, the plesantest town beyond all comparison, which I have seen in Ireland. It has four broad, straight streets of well built houses, which cross each other in the centre of the town. Close to the walls, on the south side, runs a broad, clear river. Beyond this rises a green and fruitful mountain, and hangs over the

town. The vale runs many miles both east and west, and it is well cultivated throughout.

I preached at five in a large loft, capable of containing five or six hundred people: but it was not full; many being afraid of its falling, as another did some years before: by which several of the hearers were so much hurt, and one so bruised, that she died in a few days.

Tuesday 11, I was at a loss where to preach, the person who owned the loft refusing to let me preach there, or even in the yard below. And the Commanding officer being asked for the use of the Barrack-yard, answered, "It is not a proper place. Not (said he) that I have any objection to Mr. Wesley. I will hear him if he preach under the gallows." It remained, to preach in the street: and by this mean the congregation was more than doubled. Both the officers and soldiers gave great attention, till a poor man, special drunk, came marching down the street, attended by a popish mob, with a club in one hand, and a large cleaver in the other, grievously cursing and blaspheming; and swearing—he would cut off the preacher's head. It was with difficulty that I restrained the troopers, especially them that were not of the society. When he came nearer, the Mayor stept out of the congregation, and strove by good words to make him quiet; but he could not prevail: on which he went into his house, and returned with his white wand. At the same time he sent for two Constables, who presently came with their staves. He charged them not to strike the man, unless he struck first: but this he did immediately, as soon as they came within his reach, and wounded one of them in the wrist. On this he knocked him down, which he did three times, before he would submit. The Mayor then walked before, the Constables on either hand, and conducted him to gaol.

Wednesday 12, In the evening I preached in the new house at Cork, very near as large as that in Dublin; and far better finished in every respect, though at four hundred pounds less expense.

Monday 17, Walking up the Red-house Walk (which runs between two rows of meadows, with the river winding through them, and a chain of fruitful hills on the right hand and on the left) I saw the plain reason, why strangers usually complain of the unwholesomeness of the water in Cork. Many women were filling vessels with the river water, (which is that commonly used in the City, for tea, and most other purposes) when the tide was at the height. Now although this is not salt, yet it cannot but affect both the stomach and bowels of tender persons.

Wednesday 19, I preached in the evening on *Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness:* while I was speaking, a gentleman in the gallery, cried out with a loud voice, and swore to it, "I am of the Church: I stand up for the Church: I will shed my blood for the Church." But finding none to contradict him, he sat down, and I finished my discourse.

Thursday 20, One came in a great consternation, to inform us, Capt. F. (the gentleman who spoke) was raising a mob against the evening. This report spread up and down, and greatly increased the congregation. But no mob appeared, nor was there any disturbance,

but such a blessing as we have seldom found: I suppose in answer to the prayers of many, who had been earnestly crying unto God.

On Sunday last I was desired by one to call on her dying father, tho' she said he was speechless and senseless. But as soon as I spoke, he appeared sensible: while we prayed, he recovered his speech. The next day he was able to walk abroad, but continued deeply serious. On Friday 21, his illness returned, and he lay down and died in peace.

Monday 24, I preached in the Market-place at Kinsale.

Tuesday 25, I walked to the Fort. It commands the entrance of the harbour, and has three tier of guns, one over the other. It is built upon the firm rock; is of a large extent, and the upper part of a great height from the water. But all is out of repair: many of the cannon are dismounted; most of them unfit for service; so that many think a second rate man-of-war, might take it in a few hours time.

At one I preached in the Exchange. Abundance of soldiers, and the Colonel, with several officers, were present. So that I conceived some hopes that the seed sown even at Kinsale, will not all be lost.

At five I preached in the Market-house at Innishannon, to a very large and well-behaved congregation, and then went on to Bandon.

Friday 28, I rode out with Mrs. Jones, as I did every day, to save her life, if possible. From the hill we had a fair view of Castle Barnard, with the park adjoining; in which, a few years ago, Judge Barnard used to take such delight. Indeed it is a beautiful place in every respect. The house is one of the most elegant I have seen in the kingdom, both as to the structure and the situation, standing on the side of a fruitful hill, and having a full command of the vale, the river, and the opposite mountain. The ground near the house is laid out with the finest taste, in gardens of every kind, with a wilderness, canals, fish-ponds, water-works, and rows of trees in various forms. The park includes part of each hill, with the river between, running through the meadow and lawns, which are tufted over with trees of every kind, and every now and then a thicket or grove. The Judge finished his plan, *called the land after his name*, and dropped into the dust..

Sunday 30, I returned to Cork. About that time I received a letter from Mr. Gillies, part of which follows:

"The Lord hath been pleased to inflict a heavy stroke upon us, by calling home his faithful servant Mr. Wardrobe. Concerning his death, a Christian friend writes thus, 'May 7, four in the morning:

'I am just come from witnessing the last sighs of one dear to you, to me, and to all that knew him: Mr. Wardrobe died last night. He was seized on sabbath last, just as he was going to the Kirk, with a most violent cholic, which terminated in a mortification of his bowels. The circumstances of his death are worthy to be recorded. With what pleasure he received the message, and went off in all the triumph of a conqueror! Crying out, *My warfare is accomplished: I have fought the good fight: My victory is completed. Crowns of grace shall adorn this head* (taking off his cap) *and palms be put into these hands. Yet a little while and I shall sing for ever. I know that my Redeemer liveth.* When he was within a few moments of his

last, he gave me his hand, and a little after said, *Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.* Were I to repeat half what he spoke, I should write you three hours. It shall suffice at this time to say, that as he lived the life, so he died the death of a Christian. We weep not for him: we weep for ourselves. I wish we may know how to improve this awful judgment, so as to be also ready, not knowing when our Lord cometh.'

"Mr. Adams, minister of Falkirk, writes thus: 'On Friday night, about ten, I witnessed Mr. Wardrobe's (of Bathgate) entrance into the joy of his Lord. But, ah! who can help mourning the loss to the Church of Christ? His amiable character gave him a distinguished weight and influence; which his Lord had given him to value, only for its subserviency to his honour and glory. He was suddenly taken ill on the last Lord's-day, and from his first moment believed it was for death. I went to see him on Thursday evening, and heard some of the liveliest expressions of triumphant faith, zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls, mixed with the most amiable humility and modesty. *Yet a little while*, said he, *and this mortal shall put on immortality. Mortality shall be swallowed up of life: This vile body fashioned like to his glorious body! O for the victory! I shall get the victory. I know in whom I have believed.* Then with a remarkably audible voice, lifting up his hands he cried out, *O for a draught of the well of the water of life, that I may begin the song before I go off to the Church triumphant! I go forth in thy name, making mention of thy righteousness, even thine only. I die at the feet of mercy.* Then stretching out his arms, he put his hand upon his head, and with the most serene, steady, and majestic eye I ever saw, looking upwards, he said, *Crowns of grace, crowns of grace, and palms in their hands! O* Lord God *of truth, into thy hands I commend my spirit!* After an unexpected revival, he said, *O, I fear his tarrying, lest the prospect become more dark. I sometimes fear he may spare me to live, and be less faithful than he has helped me to be hitherto.* He said to me *You that are ministers, bear a proper testimony against the professors of this age, who have a form of godliness without the power.* Observing some of his people about his bed, he said, *May I have some seals among you! O where will the ungodly and sinners of* Bathgate *appear? Labour all to be in* Christ. Then he stretched out his hand to several, and said, *Farewell, farewell, farewell! And now, O* Lord, *what wait I for? My hope is in thee!* Once or twice, he said, *Let me be laid across the bed to expire, where I have sometimes prayed and sometimes meditated with pleasure.* He expressed his grateful sense of the assiduous care which Mr. Wardrobe of Cult had taken of him: and on his replying, 'Too much could not be done for so valuable a life,' said, *O speak not so, or you will provoke* God. *Glory be to* God, *that I have ever had any regard paid me, for* Christ's *sake. I am greatly sunk under the event. O help by your prayers, to get the proper submission and improvement.*"

Thursday, June 3, I received a remarkable letter from a Clergyman, with whom I had been a day or two before. Part of it ran thus:

'I had the following account from the gentlewoman herself, a person of piety and veracity. She is now the wife of Mr. J—— B——, silversmith at Cork.

"About thirty years ago I was addressed by way of marriage, by Mr. Richard Mercier, then a volunteer in the army. The young gentleman was quartered at that time in Charlesville, where my father lived, who approved of his addresses, and directed me to look upon him as my future husband. When the regiment left the town, he promised to return in two months, and marry me. From Charlesville he went to Dublin, thence to his father's, and from thence to England: Where, his father having bought him a cornetcy of horse, he purchased many ornaments for the wedding; and returning to Ireland, let us know that he would be at our house in Charlesville, in a few days: On this the family was busied to prepare for his reception, and the ensuing marriage; when, one night, my sister Molly and I being asleep in our bed, I was awakened by the sudden opening of the side curtain, and, starting up, saw Mr. Mercier, standing by the bed side. He was wrapped up in a loose sheet, and had a napkin folded like a night-cap on his head. He looked at me very earnestly, and lifting up the napkin, which much shaded his face, shewed me the left side of his head, all bloody and covered with his brains. The room, mean time, was quite light. My terror was excessive, which was still increased by his stooping over the bed, and embracing me in his arms. My cries alarmed the whole family, who came crowding into the room. Upon their entrance, he gently withdrew his arms, and ascended, as it were, through the ceiling. I continued for some time in strong fits. When I could speak, I told them what I had seen. One of them a day or two after, going to the postmaster for letters, found him reading the news-papers, in which was an account, that cornet Mercier, going into Christ-church belfry, in Dublin, just after the bells had been ringing, and standing under the bells, one of them, which was turned bottom upwards, suddenly turning again, struck on one side of his head, and killed him on the spot. On further inquiry, we found he was struck on the left side of his head."

Sunday 6, I gave my last exhortation to the Society in Cork, and setting out early on Monday 7, in the evening, came to Limerick.

Saturday 3, The account which one of our sisters gave of Ann Beauchamp was as follows:

"August 18, 1753, I went to see Ann Beauchamp, who had been ill for about a week. I asked her in what state she found her soul; she answered, 'I am quite happy. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he has taken away all my sins; and my heart is comforted with the presence of God: I long to die, that I may be with him.' I asked, 'But are you resigned, either to live or die, as he shall see fit?' She answered, 'I cannot say I am willing to live; it would go hard with me to live now. Pray that the Lord may perfect his work of sanctification in my soul!

"Being asked, if she could freely part with all her friends; she said, 'Yes: and as to my children, I have cast them upon the Lord. I know he will take care of them, and I give them freely up to him, without one anxious thought. She then prayed for her friends and acquaintance, one by one, and afterwards fervently and with tears, for each person in her Band: Then for Mr. John Wesley, desiring she might be found at his feet in the day of the Lord.

"Soon after, she called her mother, desired forgiveness for any thing wherein she had ignorantly offended her, and exhorted her not to grieve; adding, 'God will comfort you, and give you strength to bear your trial. It is your loss; but it is my everlasting gain; and I am going but a little before you.' She then prayed over her, and kissing her, took her leave. In the same manner she took leave of all about her, exhorting, praying for, and kissing them, one by one. Afterwards she called for, and took her leave of her servants.

"Seeing one of her neighbours in the room, she called her and said, 'O Mary, you are old in years, and old in sin. The Lord has borne long with you, and you know not the day or the hour when he will call you. I am young, and he is calling me away: and what should I do without an interest in Chirst? Were my work now to do, it would never be done: but blessed be God, it is not. I know the Lord hath washed me from my sins in his own blood, and is preparing me for himself. O flee from the wrath to come, and never rest, till you rest in the wounds of Jesus! I am almost spent: but had I strength, I could exhort you all till morning.'

"To another she said, 'Martha, Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and this one thing you have neglected: O seek God, and he will supply all your wants. It is time for you to begin: your glass is almost run, and what will all your toil profit, when you come to be as I am now? Find time for this, whatever goes undone. My neighbours used to wonder, how I could find time, and think me foolish for spending it so: but now I know it was not foolishness. Soon I shall receive an exceeding great reward.

'Perhaps some of you will say, you were never called. Then remember, I call you now. I exhort every one of you, to seek the Lord, while he may be found. Think not to make excuses in that day: God will have his witnesses. And I shall appear as a witness against you. If you repent not, these my dying words will rise up in judgment against you.'

"To her — she said, 'I forgive you all that you have done against me. And I have prayed the Lord to forgive you. Return to him now, and he will receive you: for he desires not the death of a sinner. I am a witness of this: for he has forgiven all my sins. O! I want strength to sing his praise! But I am going where I shall sing his praise for ever.'

"Then calling for her husband she said, 'My dear, God has given you many calls even in dreams. And when we will not hear his call, it is often his way to make us feel his rod by removing our darling from us. I was *your* darling. And seeing you refused the many

calls of God, he is now taking me away from you, if by any means he may bring you to himself.' She then prayed for, and took her leave of him.

"The next day when I came in, and asked, 'How do you find yourself now?' She answered, 'Blessed be God, very well. I know that my Redeemer lives. He is dear to me, and I am dear to him. I know he is preparing me for himself, and I shall soon be with him.

"She then prayed earnestly for entire sanctification; till a friend coming in, she said, 'The Lord has brought you and all my dear friends to my remembrance: I have not forgotten you in my prayers. You must come and pray my last prayer. When you see me near my deliverance, go all to prayer, and continue therein, till my spirit is gone. Let there be no crying over *me*, but all of you sing praises and rejoice over me.'

"She never once complained of her pain; but behaved from the beginning with that patience, sweetness, and love to all, that bespoke a soul which knew herself just entering into the joy of her Lord. This she did the next morning, August the 20th, after crying out as in an ecstacy:

'Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.'"

Wednesday 16, I rode over to New-Market, and preached to an earnest congregation of poor people. In the morning, at the request of some of the neighbouring gentry, I deferred preaching till ten o'clock. Many of them were then present, and seemed not a little astonished: perhaps they may remember it—a week.

In the afternoon I rode to Ballygarrane, a town of Palatines, which came over in Queen Ann's time. They retain much of the temper and manners of their own country, having no resemblance of those among whom they live. I found much life among this plain, artless, serious people. The whole town came together in the evening, and praised God for the consolation. Many of those who are not outwardly joined with us, walk in the light of God's countenance; yea, and have divided themselves into classes, in imitation of our brethren, with whom they live in perfect harmony.

Friday 18, In examining the Society, I was obliged to pause several times. The words of the plain, honest people, came with so much weight, as frequently to stop me for awhile, and raise a general cry among the hearers. I rode back through Adare, once a strong and flourishing town, well walled and full of people: now without walls, and almost without inhabitants: only a few poor huts remain. At a small distance from these are the ample ruins of three or four convents, delightfully situated by the river, which runs through a most fruitful vale.

Monday 21, I talked with one who was in deep distress. She had been represented to me, as in despair: but I soon found her disorder (natural or preternatural) had nothing to do with religion. She was greatly troubled, but knew not why: not for her sins, they scarcely came into her mind. I know not that prayer will avail for her, till

she is troubled in quite another manner: till she cries out from her inmost soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Tuesday 22, I called on Mrs. F., whom I saw some years since in despair of quite another kind. Between nine and ten years ago, her daughter married without her consent This was followed by other distressing circumstances, in the midst of which she cried out, "God has forsaken me." She was immediately seized with violent pain. She could not see the sun, or the light, only a dim twilight. She could not taste her meat or drink, any more than the white of an egg. She had a constant impulse to kill herself, which she believed she must do, and attempted several times. After having continued thus three years and a half, she resolved to endure it no longer. Accordingly she procured a knife to cut her throat, and did cut through the skin, but could get no farther. It seemed to her as if the flesh were iron. She threw down the knife, burst into tears, fell upon her knees, and began (what she had not done all that time) to pour out her soul before God. Fear and sorrow fled away. She rejoiced in God. She saw the light of the sun. Her natural taste returned, and she has been ever since in health of body and peace of mind.

Wednesday 23, I took my leave of Limerick, and rode to Six-mile-bridge. There I left T. Walsh to preach in Irish, and went on to Rathlahine.

Thursday 24, I went on to Ennis, a town consisting almost wholly of Papists, except a few Protestant gentlemen. One of these, (the chief person in the town) had invited me to his house, where I preached to a huge, wild, unawakened multitude, Protestants and Papists, many of whom would have been rude enough, if they durst.

Friday 25, Mr. Walsh preached at six, first in Irish, and then in English. The Popish Priest had contrived to have his service just at the same hour. And his man came again and again with his bell; but not one in ten of his people would stir. At eight I preached to a far more serious congregation; and the word seemed to sink into their hearts.

We took horse about ten, and rode through the fruitful, pleasant county of Galway. After having heard so much of the barrenness of this county, I was surprised to observe, in riding almost the whole length of it, from south-east to north-west, to find only four or five miles of rocky ground, like the west of Cornwall: all the rest exceeded most that I have seen in Ireland. We came to Galway pretty well tired, and would willingly have rested at the Inn, where we alighted from our horses: but the landlord informed us, he had no room; both his house and stables were full. Two regiments of soldiers passing through the town, had taken up all the Inns. However, we procured a private lodging which was full as agreeable.

The town is not ill built, most of the houses being of stone, and several stories high. It is encompassed with an old bad wall, and in no posture of defence, either toward the land, or toward the sea. Such is the supine negligence of both English and Irish!

Five or six persons, who seemed to fear God, came to us at our

lodgings. We spent a little time with them in prayer, and early in the morning set out for Castlebar.

This day, likewise, I was agreeably surprised at the pleasantness and fruitfulness of the country. About noon two or three friends met us, and begged us to turn aside to Hollymount, a town twelve miles from Castlebar, where the Minister readily consented to my preaching in the Church. Many Papists as well as Protestants were there, and my heart was much enlarged to them. Through a delightful mixture of vales and gently-rising hills, we then rode on to Castlebar.

Sunday 27, The Rector having left word, that I should have the use of the Church, I preached there morning and afternoon, to such a congregation as (they said) was never there before. And surely the word of God had free course: I saw not one light or inattentive hearer. Mr. Walsh afterwards preached in the Sessions'-house, to another large and serious congregation. And Tuesday 29, being St. Peter's day, I read prayers and preached to as large a congregation as on Sunday. In the afternoon I rode over to Newport, eleven miles from Castlebar. About thirty years ago, a little company of Protestants settled here, by a river-side, on the very extremity of the land, and built a small town. It has a fruitful hill on each side, and a large bay to the west, full of small fertile islands, containing from one to several thousand acres. Of these they compute above three hundred; and nearly a hundred are inhabited: but by Papists alone, there not being so much as a single Protestant among them! I went directly to the Rector's, who had before given me an invitation. Between seven and eight I preached to (I suppose) more than all the Protestants in the town. Deep attention sat on every face. Perhaps God touched some hearts.

Wednesday 30, At eleven Mr. H, read prayers, and I preached on Gal. vi. 14. The Church stands at a distance from the town, and it rained hard; but that could not stop the congregation. In the afternoon, I returned to Castlebar.

Thursday, July 1, There is just such a work here as was some years since at Athlone. The whole town is pleased, but few are convinced. The stream runs very wide, but very shallow.

Sunday 4, I read prayers and preached at Ballyhean, Mr. E——'s other Church. The congregation at Castlebar in the afternoon, was larger than ever before. In the morning, Monday 5, the greater half of them were present, and we had a solemn parting. In the afternoon we came to Hollymount, some years since one of the pleasantest places in Ireland. Dr. Vesey, then Archbishop of Tuam, fixed on this spot, nine miles from his See, built a neat, commodious house on a little eminence, laid out fruit and flower gardens round it, brought a river to run through them, and encompassed the whole with walks and groves of stately trees. When he had finished his plan, round a stone pillar which stands in a basin, surrounded by a small green plat of ground, he placed the following inscription:—

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, cum numerosa et speciosa prole.

Chara charæ matris sobole;
Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisam cupressum
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!

I was just going to preach in the Church-yard; when Mr. C. sent his son with the key of the Church. Almost half the congregation were Papists, whom all the threats of their Priests, could not keep away. Not expecting to see any of them again, I spoke very plainly once for all.

In the morning we rode through Tuam, a neat little town, scarcely half so large as Islington: nor is the Cathedral half so large as Islington Church. The old Church at Killconnell, two miles from Aughrim, is abundantly larger. If one may judge by the vast ruins that remain (over all which we walked in the afternoon) it was a far more stately pile of building than any that is now standing in Ireland. Adjoining it are the ruins of a large monastery; many of the cells and apartments are pretty entire. At the west end of the Church lie abundance of sculls, piled one upon another; with innumerable bones round about, scattered as dung upon the earth. O sin, what hast thou done?

Wednesday 7, I preached at Aughrim, morning and evening, and then rode over to Castlebar. Mr. M. has now lost both his brother and his two daughters, two of the most agreeable women in the kingdom, caught away in the full bloom of youth and beauty: if they can be termed *lost*, who all committed their souls unto him they loved, in the full triumph of faith.

Thursday 8, A coach full of us, with several horsemen, and others on foot, went to Ahaskra in the morning. The rest of the congregation were mostly Papists. But all heard with earnest attention. I preached in the evening at Athlone, where, on Friday 9, we had a solemn Watch-night.

Sunday 11, We had a blessed opportunity in the evening on the Connaught side of the river. Almost all the Protestants in the town were present, with abundance of Papists. And many of them acknowledged the doctrine of *Christ crucified* to be the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

Monday 12, After preaching at Abidarrig, about noon I went on to Longford. Many supposed the mob would be too violent there, to allow me a peaceable hearing. I began at five in the yard of the old barrack A huge crowd soon flocked in: but most of the Papists stood at the gate, or just without the wall. They were all still as night: nor did I hear an uncivil word while we afterwards walked from one end of the town to the other.

Tuesday 13, A large congregation was present at five, and stood unmoved, notwithstanding some heavy showers. At noon I preached at Cleg-hill; at five in the barrack-yard again, where the concourse of people was greater than before. Mr. P. the Minister of a neighbouring parish, and another Clergyman who came with him, received the truth in love; Mrs. P. (his wife) found rest to her soul.

But how is it, that almost in every place, even where there is no lasting fruit, there is so great an impression made at first, upon a con-

siderable number of people? The fact is this, every where the work of God rises higher and higher till it comes to a point. Here it seems for a short time to be at a stay; and then it gradually sinks again.

All this may easily be accounted for. At first curiosity brings many hearers; at the same time God draws many by his preventing grace to hear his word, and comforts them in hearing. One then tells another. By this mean, on the one hand, curiosity spreads and increases: and on the other, the drawings of God's Spirit touch more hearts; and many of them more powerfully than before. He now offers grace to all that hear; most of whom are in some measure affected, and more or less moved with approbation of what they hear. Desire to please God, and good-will to his messenger, these principles variously combined and increasing, raise the general work to its highest point. But it cannot stand here, for in the nature of things curiosity must soon decline. Again the drawings of God are not followed, and thereby the Spirit of God is grieved. The consequence is, he strives with this and this man, no more, and so his drawings end. Thus both the natural and supernatural power declining, most of the hearers will be less and less affected. Add to this, that in the process of the work, *it must be, that offences will come.* Some of the hearers, if not preachers also, will act contrary to their profession. Either their follies or faults will be told from one to another, and lose nothing in the telling. Men once curious to hear, will now draw back; men once drawn, having stifled their good desires, will disapprove what they approved before, and feel dislike instead of good-will, to the Preacher. Others who were more or less convinced, will be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that conviction. All these will catch at ill stories (true or false) in order to justify their change. When by this mean, all who do not savingly believe, have quenched the Spirit of God, the little flock goes on from faith to faith; the rest sleep on and take their rest. And thus the number of hearers in every place, may be expected, first to increase, and then decrease.

Wednesday 14, At noon I preached at Coolylough, where the Preachers and Stewards met.

Thursday 15, In the evening I preached at Tullamore, in Barrack-street. And many who never had so much curiosity, as to walk a hundred yards to hear the preaching, vouchsafed to hear it at their own doors. In the middle of the sermon came a Quarter-master very drunk, and rushed in among the people. In a short time he slipped off his hat, and gave all the attention of which he was capable. So did many of the soldiers and many officers. O let some lay it to heart.

Friday 16, We walked down to Lord Tullamore's (that was his title then) an old mile from the town. His gardens are extremely pleasant. They contain groves, little meadows, kitchen gardens, plats of flowers, and little orchards intermixed with fine canals, and pieces of water. And will not all these make their owner happy? Not if he has one unholy temper? Not unless he has in himself a fountain of water, springing up into everlasting life.

About this time I received a letter without a name, part of which I have subjoined :—

"SIR,

"Having observed your Christian condescension in those labours of love, so truly calculated for the use of *common people*, I presume to beg your pen in behalf of the *next class* of God's creatures. And I would ask, if nature, reason, and revelation, do not all plead in favour even of the *brute creation?* Is it not *unnatural* and inhuman, to put them to more pain than is necessary for the service of man? Can *reason* consent to the making sport with the life or misery of any creature? May not the great law of equity, *doing as we would be done to*, be extended even to them? May we not suppose ourselves, in *their* place, and thence determine, what they may fairly expect from us? Hath not the Supreme Being given injunctions against cruelty towards them, and commanded, that they should enjoy the rest of his day? Did he not rebuke the prophet, for smiting his beast without cause, and mention the *much cattle*, as one motive to the divine compassion, in sparing the *great City?* The Scripture saith, *a good man is merciful to his beast.* And can he be a good man that is not so, if goodness consists in imitating him, whose *mercy is over all his works?* For *he openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.*

"If tenderness, mercy and compassion to the brute creation were impressed on the infant breast, and conducted into action according to its little power, would it not be confirmed in the human heart? And might not this early prepossession be established there, and through a happy bias, extend its benevolence to the whole creation?

"Does not experience shew the sad effects of a contrary education? while children, instead of being taught benevolence to irrationals, are suffered to torment first poor, little insects, and then every helpless creature that comes in their way: Can it be expected that being thus inured to cruelty and oppression, even in their tender years, they should relent when they come to age, and be susceptible of compassion, even to rationals? It cannot. For is pity shewn to man, only because he has reason? If so, those would lose their claim to our compassion, who stand in the greatest need of it, namely children, idiots and lunatics. But if pity be shewn to all that are capable of pain, then may it justly be expected that we should sympathise with every thing that has life.

"I am persuaded you are not insensible of the pain given to every Christian, every human heart, by those savage diversions, bull-beating, cock-fighting, horse-racing, and hunting. Can any of these irrational and unnatural sports appear otherwise than cruel, unless through early prejudice, or entire want of consideration and reflection? And if man be void of these, does he deserve the name of man? Or is he fit for Society? And besides, how dreadful are the concomitant, and the consequent vices of these savage routs? Yet such cowards are we grown, that scarcely any man has courage to draw his pen against them!"

Sunday 17, I preached in Tyrrel's-pass at five, and T. Walsh at eight. Hence we rode to Ballybeg, near Drumeree, where we found a little company of earnest people, most of them rejoicing in the love of God. To these were added a few from the county of Cavan. Joseph Charles going thither, some time since, on temporal business, occasionally spoke of the things of God. Many believed his report; and some found his word *the power of God unto salvation.*

Sunday 18, A little before twelve (the usual hour in Ireland) the morning service began at Rosmead Church, where Mr. Booker preached an useful sermon. I preached at five to abundance of plain, country people, and two coaches full of gentry. O how hard is it for these to enter into the kingdom of heaven?

Monday 19, No sooner did we enter Ulster, than we observed the difference. The ground was cultivated just as in England, and the cottages not only neat, but with doors, chimnies, and windows. Newry, the first town we came to, (allowing for the size) is built much after the manner of Liverpool. I preached soon after seven to a large congregation, and to great part of them at five in the morning. Afterwards I spoke to the members of the Society, consisting of Churchmen, Dissenters, and Papists (that were). But there is no striving with them, unless to *enter in at the strait gate.*

Wednesday 21, In the morning there was such violent lightning, thunder, and rain, that the very beasts ran out of the fields, and the birds flew from their usual coverts, to take shelter in the houses. But before we took horse, the sky cleared up, and we had a pleasant ride to Terryhugan, near Scarva. The road lay on the edge of a smooth canal, with fruitful, gently-rising hills on either side. We were at a lone house, but the people found their way thither in the evening from all quarters. I preached in a meadow near the house, the congregation sitting on the grass. And surely they had ears to hear. God give them hearts to understand!

Thursday 22, We rode through heavy rain to Lisburn. I preached in the Market-house at seven. One man only gainsayed: but the by-standers used him so roughly, that he was soon glad to hold his peace.

Friday 23, The Rector, with his Curate, called upon me, candidly proposed their objections, and spent about two hours in free, serious, friendly conversation. How much evil might be prevented or removed, would other Clergymen follow their example!

I rode in the afternoon to Belfast, the largest town in Ulster. Some think it contains nearly as many people as Limerick; it is far cleaner and pleasanter. At seven I preached in the Market-house to as large a congregation as at Lisburn: and to nearly the same number in the morning: but some of them did not stay till I concluded. They went away in haste, when I shewed, how *Christ crucified is to the Greeks foolishness.*

Hence we rode along the shore to Carrickfergus, said to be the most ancient town in Ulster. The walls are still, as it were, standing; and the Castle built upon a rock. But it is little more than a heap of ruins, with eight or nine old, dismounted, rusty cannon. What it

was, in the reign of its founder, king Fergus, does not much concern us to know.

I preached in the Sessions'-house at seven, to most of the inhabitants of the town. But Satan had prepared one of his instruments when I had done, to catch the seed out of their hearts. A poor enthusiast began a dull, pointless harrangue, about hirelings and false prophets; but the door-keeper crying out, "I am going to lock the doors," cut his discourse short.

Sunday 25, I preached at nine in the upper Court-house, which was considerably larger than the other. James Reley began his bad work again, as soon as I had done speaking; but I walked quietly away; as did also the congregation.

At eleven I went to Church, to the surprise of many, and heard a lively, useful sermon. After dinner one of our brethren asked, if I were ready to go to the meeting; I told him, "I never go to meeting." He seemed as much astonished as the old Scot at Newcastle, who left us, "Because we were mere *Church-of-England* men." We are so; although we condemn none, *who have been brought up* in another way.

About five, even the large Court-house being too small to contain the congregation, I the more readily complied with the desire of the prisoners to preach in the street, near the prison door. I spoke as plainly, and homely, as ever I did in my life, on *Ye must be born again*. Poor James was now resolved to speak, and got on a little eminence on purpose. And what could hinder him? Why

Vox faucibus hæsit!

He cawed and cawed, but could utter nothing, hardly three words together. This also hath God wrought. He hath stopped the mouth of the gainsayer, and preserved the weak from being offended.

Monday 26, Mr. Walsh met me at Belfast, and informed me that the day before he was at Newton, intending to preach; but while he was at prayer, Mr. M——r came with a drunken mob, seized him by the throat, and dragged him along, till a stout man constrained him to quit his hold. Mr. W., having refreshed himself at a friend's house, began a second time: but in a quarter of an hour, Mr. M——, having rallied his mob, came again: on which Mr. W. gave him the ground, and walked away over the fields.

In the evening I spoke very plainly at Lisburn, both to the great vulgar, and the small. But between Seceders, old self-conceited Presbyterians, New-light men, *Moravians*, *Cameronians* and formal Churchmen, it is a miracle of miracles, if any here bring forth fruit to perfection.

The country between Lisburn and Moira, is much like Berkshire, having fruitful vales on each side the road, and well wooded hills running even with them, at a small distance. At seven I preached in the Market-house at Lurgan. Many of the gentry were met in the room over it, it being the time of the Assembly. The violins were just tuning: but they ceased till I had done; and the novelty (at least) drew and fixed the attention of the whole company.

Wednesday 28, I read Mr. Barton's ingenious Lectures on Lough

Neah, near Lurgan, which turns wood into stone, and cures the King's evil, and most cutaneous distempers. Under part of this lake, there is a stratum of firm clay, and under that a stratum of trees, four feet thick, all compacted into one mass, doubtless by the pressure of the incumbent earth (perhaps water too) which it has, probably, sustained ever since the general deluge.

In the evening we had the largest congregation which I have seen since we left Cork. It was almost as large at five in the morning. Why should we despair of doing good at Lurgan also?

Thursday 29, I preached at Newry, and the three following days: on Monday, August 2, I returned to Rosmead.

Tuesday 3, We rode to Tullamore through heavy rain, which a strong wind drove full in our faces. The only wild Irish whom I have seen yet, a knot of officers, were present at preaching in the evening, and behaved tolerably well.

Wednesday 4, I preached at Portarlington in the evening, and was going to take horse in the morning, when a gentleman came and said, he was just setting out for Dublin, and would be glad of my company in his chariot. I accompanied him to Johnstown where we dined; and then took horse and rode on to Dublin.

Friday 6, On this and the next day I finished my business in Ireland, so as to be ready to sail at an hour's warning.

Sunday 8, We were to sail, the wind being fair; but as we were going aboard, it turned full east. I find it of great use to be in suspense. It is an excellent mean of breaking our will. May we be ready either to stay longer on this shore, or to launch into eternity.

On Tuesday evening I preached my farewell sermon. Mr. Walsh did the same in the morning. We then walked to the Key. But it was still a doubt, whether we were to sail or not: Sir T. P., having sent word to the Captain of the Packet, that if the wind were fair, he would go over; and it being his custom *(Hominis Magnificentiam!)* to keep the whole ship to himself. But the wind coming to the east, he would not go: so about noon we went on board. In two or three hours we reached the mouth of the harbour. It then fell calm. We had five cabin passengers, beside Mr. Walsh, Haughton, Morgan, and me. They were all civil, and tolerably serious; the sailors likewise behaved uncommonly well.

Thursday 12, About eight, we began singing on the quarter-deck, which soon drew up all our fellow-passengers, as well as the Captain, with the greatest part of his men. I afterwards gave an exhortation. We then spent some time in prayer. They all kneeled down with us. Nor did their seriousness wear off all the day. About nine we landed at Holy-head, after a pleasant passage of twenty-three hours.

Friday 13, Having hired horses for Chester, we set out about seven. Before one we reached Bangor, the situation of which is delightful beyond expression. Here we saw a large and handsome cathedral but no trace of the good old Monks of Bangor, so many hundreds of whom fell a sacrifice at once to cruelty and revenge. The country from hence to Penmenmaur is far pleasanter than any garden. Moun-

tains of every shape and size, vales clothed with grass or corn, woods and smaller tufts of trees, were continually varying on the one hand, as was the sea prospect on the other. Penmenmaur itself rises almost perpendicular to an enormous height from the sea. The road runs along the side of it, so far above the beach, that one could not venture to look down, but that there is a wall built all along, about four feet high. Mean time the ragged cliff hangs over one's head, as if it would fall every moment. An hour after we had left this awful place, we came to the ancient town of Conway. It was walled round; and the walls are in tolerably good repair. The Castle is the noblest ruin I ever saw. It is four square, and has four large round towers, on each side, the inside of which have been stately apartments. One side of the Castle is a large Church, the windows and arches of which have been curiously wrought. An arm of the sea runs round two sides of the hill on which the Castle stands: once the delight of kings now overgrown with thorns, and inhabited by doleful birds only.

About eight we reached Place-bagh, where as soon as I named my name, William Roberts received us with all gladness. But neither he nor any of his family, could speak one sentence of English. Yet our guide helped us out pretty well: after supper we sung and went to prayers. Though they could not speak it, most of them understood English. And God spoke to their hearts.

Saturday 14, Several of the neighbours came early in the morning, and gladly received a few words of exhortation. We then rode on, through one of the pleasantest countries in the world, by Holywell, to Chester. Here we had a comfortable meeting in the evening; as well as the next day, both in the room, and in the square.

Monday 16, The rain was suspended, while I preached to a large and quiet congregation.

Tuesday 17, I rode to Bolton. Though I came unexpected, the house was well filled. After resting a day, on Thursday 19, I went on to Manchester, and preached in the evening to a large congregation, without the least disturbance. The tumults here are now at an end; chiefly through the courage and activityof a single Constable.

Friday 20, I rode to Chelmorton in the Peak. Although the poor people had no previous notice, they supplied the want of it, by sending quickly to the neighbouring villages. Between seven and eight the house was pretty well filled. And many of them were extremely thankful.

Saturday 21, We set out early, and after spending an hour at Ashbourn, hastened on to Litchfield: but it was not without difficulty, the waters being out, to a very uncommon degree, in many places. About eight we reached Wednesbury, tired enough. There we stayed the next day.

Monday 23, We rode forward to Redditch. It had rained all the way, so that Mr. Walsh was obliged to go to bed, as soon as we came in. Having dried some of our clothes, Mr. Bruce and I took horse again about two: having one with us who knew the by-roads, the common road being impassable through the floods. About five we came to a broad water, which our guide did not care to pass. Mr. Bruce

seeing a foot-bridge, walked over it, leading his horse by a long rein through the water: but in an instant the horse disappeared. However, he soon emerged and gained the bank. I rode through, at a small distance, very safely, and in the evening preached at Evesham.

Tuesday 24, Finding we could not ride the usual way, we procured another guide and rode by Andover-ford to Stroud. Mr. Jones and my brother met us here.

Wednesday 25, We rode on to Bristol.

Thursday 26, About fifty of us being met, the Rules of the Society were read over, and carefully considered one by one. But we did not find any that could be spared. So we all agreed to abide by them all, and to recommend them with our might.

We then largely considered the necessity of keeping in the Church, and using the Clergy with tenderness. And there was no dissenting voice. God gave us all to be of one mind and of one judgment.

Friday 27, The Rules of the Bands were read and considered, one by one: which, after some verbal alterations, we all agreed to observe and enforce.

Saturday 28, The Rules of Kingswood School were read and considered, one by one. And we were all convinced, they were agreeable to Scripture and Reason. In consequence of which it was agreed:

1, That a short account of the design and present state of the School, be read by every Assistant in every Society: and,

2, That a subscription for it be begun in every place, and (if need be) a collection made every year.

My brother and I closed the Conference by a solemn declaration of our purpose, never to separate from the Church. And all our brethren concurred therein.

For a few days I was laid up with a flux: but on Sunday, September 5, I crept out again and preached at Kingswood in the morning, and Stokes-croft in the afternoon.

Monday 6, I set out in the Machine, and on Tuesday evening came to London.

Wednesday and Thursday I settled my temporal business. It is now about eighteen years, since I began writing and printing books. And how much in that time have I gained by printing? Why, on summing up my accounts, I found that on March 1, 1756, (the day I left London last) I had gained by printing and preaching together, a debt of twelve hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Friday 10, I preached at a famous place, commonly called, The Bull-and-Mouth Meeting, which had belonged, I suppose, nearly a hundred years, to the people called Quakers. As much of real religion as was ever preached there, I trust, will be preached there still: and, perhaps, in a more rational, Scriptural, and intelligible manner.

Saturday 11, I read over Mr. Fry's "Case of Marriage between near Relations, Considered." And two points, I think, he has fully proved: 1, That many marriages commonly supposed to be unlawful, are neither contrary to the law of nature, nor the revealed law of God, nor the law of the land: 2, That Ecclesiastical Courts have no right to meddle with cases of this kind.

Thursday 16, I walked over to Bishop Bonner's, and preached to a large and serious congregation. I found some faintness, the sun being extremely hot; but more in walking from thence to Westminster, where I preached at seven. In the night my old disorder returned, and gradually increased, in spite of all medicines. However, on Sunday and Monday it was so far suspended, that I abated nothing of my usual employment.

Wednesday 22, I was considering I had not asked help of the Great Physician, and I resolved to delay no longer. In that hour I felt a change. I slept sound that night, and was well the next day.

Sunday, October 3, My disorder, returned as violently as ever. But I regarded it not, while I was performing the service at Snowsfields in the morning, or afterwards at Spital-fields, till I went to the Lord's table in order to administer. A thought then came into my mind, "Why do I not apply to God, in the beginning rather than the end of an illness?" I did so and found immediate relief, so that I needed no farther medicines.

Tuesday 5, I wrote a second letter to the authors of the Monthly Review; ingenious men, but no friends to the Godhead of Christ. Yet upon farther consideration, I judged it best to drop the controversy. It is enough that I have delivered my own soul: If they scorn, they alone shall bear it.

Sunday 10, I preached to a huge multitude in Moorfields, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* It is field-preaching which does the execution still. For usefulness there is none comparable to it.

Monday 11, I went to Leigh. Where we dined, a poor woman came to the door, with two little children. They seemed to behalf starved, as well as their mother, who was also shivering with an ague. She was extremely thankful for a little food, and still more so for a few pills, which seldom fail to cure that disorder.

In this little journey I read over a curiosity indeed, a French heroic poem, Voltaire's Henriade. He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the French Language: and by him I was more than ever convinced, that the French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe: that it is no more comparable to the German or Spanish, than a bag-pipe is to an organ: and that with regard to poetry in particular, considering the incorrigible uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay and frequent false rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine music upon a Jew's harp.

Saturday 16, I baptized Hannah C——, late a Quaker. God, as usual, bore witness to his ordinance. A solemn awe spread over the whole congregation, and many could not refrain from tears.

Wednesday 20, I received the following letter:

"REV. SIR,

"THE glory of God and the good of mankind are the motives that induce me to write the following.—As it is our duty to do all we can to make all around us happy, I think there is one thing which may

be done to promote so blessed an end, which will, at the same time, be very advantageous to them that practise it, namely, To efface all the obscene words which are written on houses, doors, or walls, by evil-minded men. This which I recommend to others I constantly practise myself: and if ever I omit doing it, I am severely checked, unless I can produce some good reason for that omission. I do it with a sponge, which for that purpose I carry in my pocket. The advantages I reap from hence are, 1, Peace of conscience in doing my duty: 2, It helps me to conquer the fear of man, which is one of my greatest trials: 3, It is matter of joy, that I can do any the least service to any one. And as all persons, especially the young, are liable to temptations to impurity, I cannot do too much to remove such temptations either from myself or others. Perhaps too, when the unhappy writers pass by, and see their bad labours soon effaced, they may be discouraged from pursuing so shameful a work, yea, and brought to a better mind.

"Perhaps in some places it might not be amiss, in the room of what is effaced, to write some serious sentence, or short text of Scripture. And wherever we do this, would it not be well to lift up our hearts to God, in behalf of those sinners, in this or the like manner, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge: Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

Monday 25, I began reading that excellent book, The Gospel-Glass, to the morning congregation: a method which I find more profitable for instruction in righteousness, than any other manner of preaching.

Tuesday 26, I began reading over with the preachers that were in town, Mr. Pike's Philosophia Sacra. It contains the marrow of Mr. Hutchinson's Philosophy clearly and modestly proposed: but upon a close examination, I found the proofs were greivously defective. I shall never receive Mr. Hu——'s creed, unless *ipse dixit* pass for evidence.

Saturday 30, I yielded to importunity, and spent an hour with poor Mr. V——, who was awakened and found peace in attending our preaching, and soon after turned Quaker. I did wonder at it once, but I do not now. One so full of himself might turn Papist or Mahometan.

Monday, November 1, was a day of triumphant joy, as All-saints day generally is. How superstitious are they who scruple giving God solemn thanks for the lives and deaths of his saints!

Tuesday 9, Having procured an apparatus on purpose, I ordered several persons to be electrified, who were ill of various disorders: some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual cure. From this time I appointed, first, some hours in every week, and afterwards an hour in every day, wherein any that desired it, might try the virtue of this surprising medicine. Two or three years after, our patients were so numerous, that we were obliged to divide them: so part were electrified in Southwark, part at the Foundery; others near St. Paul's, and the rest near the Seven-dials: the same method we have taken ever since. And to this day, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man,

woman, or child, who has received any hurt thereby. So that when I hear any talk of the danger of being electrified, (especially if they are medical men who talk so) I cannot but impute it to great want either of sense or honesty.

Friday 12, I read over Leusden's Dissertation, in defence of the Hebrew Points, and was fully convinced, there is, at least, as much to be said, on this as on the other side of the question. But how is it that men are so positive on both sides, while demonstration is to be had on neither? Certainly to be *peremptory* and *dogmatical* can never be so inexcusable, as in a point so doubtful as this!

Monday 22, I read with the preachers this week, the Glasgow Abridgement of Mr. Hutchinson's Works: wherein the Abridgers have expressed with surprising exactness, not only his sense, but his very spirit: but in truth I cannot admire either. Nay, I admire his hypothesis less and less: as I see the whole is unsupported by Scripture; very ingenious, but quite precarious.

Wednesday December 1, one or two remarkable letters were put into my hands. Part of the first ran thus:

"Blessed be God, who desireth not the death of a sinner! It pleased him, not to cut off my son in his sins. He gave him time to repent, and not only so, but a heart to repent. He shewed him his lost estate by nature, and that unless he was reconciled to God by his Son, and washed in his blood from all his sins, he could never be saved. After he was condemned at York, for a robbery on the highway, I attended him in the condemned room. And, blessed be God, he enabled me to preach the everlasting Gospel to him. It was on Saturday he was condemned. It was on the Saturday following the Lord touched his heart. He then began to wrestle with God in prayer, and left not off till Sunday in the afternoon, when God, who is rich in mercy, applied the blood of his Son, and convinced him, he had forgiven him all his sins. He felt his soul at peace with God, and longed to depart and to be with Christ. The following week his peace increased daily, till on Saturday, the day he was to die, he came out of the condemned room, clothed in his shroud, and went into the cart. As he went on, the cheerfulness and composure of his countenance were amazing to all the spectators. At the place of execution, after he had spent some time in prayer, he rose up, took a cheerful leave of his friends, and said, 'Glory be to God for free grace.' His last words were, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul.'

"Part of the other letter wrote by himself to his wife, was as follows:

"MY DEAR,

"Righteous is the Lord, and just are his judgments! His hand of justice cuts my life short, but his hand of mercy saves my soul. You, for one, are a witness of the course of life I led. Were it in my power I would gladly make amends to you and every one else that I have wronged. But seeing it is not, I hope that God and you, and every one else, will accept of my willing mind. In a few hours now I shall be delivered out of this miserable world. But glory be to God, he has given repentance and remission of sins to me, the worst of sin-

ners. He has taken away the sting of death, and I am prepared to meet my God. Let my example encourage every sinner, to forsake sin and come to God, through Jesus Christ. As a dying man I give you this advice. Give yourself wholly up to God. Pray to him and never rest, till you have secured an interest in the Blood of Christ. Live in his fear, and you, (as well as I) shall die in his favour. So no more from,

York Castle, "Your dying Husband,
Aug. 20, "RICHARD VARLEY."

Monday 6, I began reading to our preachers the late Bishop of Cork's excellent Treatise on Human Understanding: In most points far clearer and more judicious than Mr. Locke's, as well as designed to advance a better cause.

Friday 10, A person who was dying of a cancer in her breast, and deeply convinced of sin, sent a post-chaise, in which I went to her at Epsom. I left her on Saturday morning, in strong hope, she should not go hence, till her eyes had seen his salvation.

In my fragments of time, in the following week, I read Mr. Hanway's accurate history of Shah Nadir, commonly called Kouli Khan: A scourge of God indeed! A progidy of valour and conduct, but an unparalleled monster of rapine and cruelty. Alexander the Great, yea, Nero or Domitian, was an innocent in comparison of him.

Sunday 26, I buried the remains of Joseph Yarner, an Israelite indeed. The peace which filled his heart during his last hours, gave such a bloom to his very countenance, as remained after death, to the surprise of all, who remembered the cloud that used to hang upon it.

Monday, January 3, 1757, I visited a poor dying backslider, full of good resolutions. But who can tell, when these imply a real change of heart? And when they do not, when they spring from fear only, what will they avail before God?

Monday 10, I walked to Bishop Bonner's with Mr. D——, lately entered at Cambridge, full of good resolutions. May God continue him humble and simple of heart! Then his sense and learing will do him good. But how great are the odds against him?

Saturday 22, I called upon one, who did run well for several years; but for a considerable time he had cast off the very form of religion. Yet his heart was not utterly hardened. He determined to set out once more. And since that time, he has been more confirmed in walking suitably to the Gospel.

Friday 28, Mr. Meier, chaplain to one of the Hanoverian regiments, called and spent an hour with me. I am suprised at the seriousness of all the German ministers, with whom I have had occasion to converse: entirely different from that pertness and affectation of wit, which is too common in our own Country.

The following letter (which I received two or three months after) was dated on this day.

"Though you and I may differ in some little things, I have long loved you and your brother, and wished and prayed for your success, as zealous revivers of experimental Christianity. If I differ from you in temper and design, or in the essentials of religion, I am sure the er-

ror must lie on my side. Blessed be God for hearts to love one another.

"As I knew your correspondence must be very extensive, and your labours various and incessant, I intended to have kept my peculiar love for you secret, till we arrived where seas shall no more roll between us. But your late pious charity constrains me to give you the trouble of a letter. I am confident God will attend it with his blessing, and render you useful at the distance of nearly 4000 miles.

"How great is the honour God has conferred upon you, in making you a restorer of declining religion? And after struggling through so much opposition, and standing almost single, with what pleasure must you behold so many raised up, zealous in the same cause, though perhaps not ranked under the same name, nor openly connected with you!

"I am endeavouring in my poor manner, to promote the same cause in this part of our guilty globe. My success is not equal to my wishes; but it vastly surpasses both my deserts and my expectations. I have baptized nearly a hundred and fifty adult negroes, of whom about fifty are communicants. Unpolished as they are, I find some of them, have the art to dissemble: but, blessed be God, the generality of them, as far as I can learn, are real Christians: and I have no doubt, but sundry of them are genuine children of Abraham. Among them, in the first place, and then among the poor white people, I have distributed the books you sent me.

"I desire you to communicate this to your brother, as equally intended for him. And let me and my congregation, particularly my poor negro converts, be favoured with your prayers. In return for which, I hope neither you nor your cause will be forgotten by

"Reverend Sir,
"Your affectionate Fellow-labourer,
Hanover, in Virginia, "and obliged Servant,
Jan. 28, 1757. "SAMUEL DAVIS."

Sunday 30, Knowing God was able to strengthen me for his own work, I officiated at Snows-field's, as usual, before I went to West-street, where the service took me up between four and five hours. I preached in the evening and met the Society: and my strength was as my day. I felt no more weariness at night, than at eight in the morning.

Sunday, February 6, the number of communicants at Spital-fields, made this Lord's-day a little more laborious than the former: but God added proportionably to my strength; so I felt no difference.

Thursday 10. At the request of the author, I took some pains in correcting an ingenious book, shortly to be published. But the more I consider them, the more I doubt of all systems of astronomy. I doubt whether we can certainly know, either the distance or magnitude of any star in the firmament. Else why do astronomers so immensely differ, even with regard to the distance of the sun from the earth? Some affirming it to be only twelve, others ninety millions of miles!

About this time the following note was given into my hand at Wapping:

"John White, Master at Arms, aboard his Majesty's ship Tartar, now at Plymouth, desires to return Almighty God thanks, for himself and all the ship's company, for their preservation in four different engagements they have had with four privateers which they have taken: particularly the last, wherein the enemy first boarded them. They cleared the deck, boarded in their turn, and took the ship, thirty of the enemy being killed, and fifty more wounded. Only two of our crew were wounded, who, it is hoped, will recover."

Wednesday 16, Calling on a friend, I found him just seized, with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. I advised him to apply a brimstone-plaister, and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what end, should this patient have taken a heap of drugs, and lost twenty ounces of blood? To what end? Why, to oblige the doctor and apothecary. Enough! Reason good!

Tuesday 22, I preached at Deptford. Even this wilderness does at length *blossom and bud as the rose.* Never was there such life in this little flock before, nor such an increase in the number of hearers.

The following letter was written on Saturday 28.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"When I was at Freshford, on January 30, in the morning, I scrupled singing these words,

"Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his name,
And in your bodies bear
The tokens of the Lamb."

I thought I was not afflicted, or hated, for the name of Christ: but this scruple was soon removed. For at Bradford, in the evening, I was pressed for a soldier, and carried to an inn, where the gentlemen were. Mr. Pearse, hearing of it, came, and offered bail for my appearance the next day. They said, 'They would take his word for ten thousand pounds: but not for me: I must go to the Round-house;' the little Stone-Room on the side of the bridge. So thither I was conveyed by five soldiers. There I found nothing to sit on but a stone, and nothing to lie on but a little straw. But soon after, a friend sent me a chair, on which I sat all night. I had a double guard, twelve soldiers in all: two without, one at the door, and the rest within. I passed the night without sleep, but not without rest; for, blessed be God, my peace was not broken a moment. My body was in prison, but I was Christ's freeman: my soul was at liberty; and even there I found some work to do for God: I had a fair opportunity of speaking to them who durst not leave me. And I hope it was not in vain.

"In the morning I had leave to go to a private house, with only one soldier to guard me. About three in the afternoon I was carried before the Commissioners, and part of the act read, which empowered them to take, 'Such able bodied men, as followed no business, and had no lawful or sufficient maintenance.' Then, I said, 'If these are the men you are to take, I am not a proper person. For I do fol-

low a lawful calling in partnership with my brother, and have also an estate.' The Justice said, 'If you will make oath of that, I think we must let you go.' But the Commissioners said, 'No man could swear for himself.' I said, 'Gentlemen, give me time, and you shall have full proof.' After a long debate they took a fifty pound bond for my appearance on that day three weeks. All the time I could bless God that he counted me worthy to suffer for his name's sake.

"The next day I set out for Cornwall. I tarried at home four days, and then setting out with my brother James, came to Bradford last Saturday. On Monday, in the afternoon, I appeared before the Commissioners, with the writings of my estate. When the Justice had perused them, and my Brother had taken his oath, I was set at liberty. So the fiereeness of man turns to God's praise, and all this is for the furtherance of the Gospel. I hope you will return God thanks for my deliverance out of the hands of unreasonable and wicked men.

WILLIAM HITCHENS."

Sunday 27, After the service at Snows-fields, I found myself much weaker than usual, and feared I should not be able to go through the work of the day, which is equal to preaching eight times. I therefore prayed, that God would send me help: and as soon as I had done preaching at West-street, a Clergyman, who was come to town for a few days, came and offered me his service. So when I asked for strength, God gave me strength; when for help, he gave this also.

I had long desired to see the little flock at Norwich. But this I could not decently do, till I was able to rebuild part of the Foundery there, to which I was engaged by my lease. A sum sufficient for that end was now unexpectedly given me, by one of whom I had no personal knowledge. So I set out on Monday 28, and preached in Norwich on Tuesday evening. Mr. Walsh had been there twelve or fourteen days; and not without a blessing. After preaching I entered into contract with a Builder, and gave him part of the money in hand. On Wednesday and Thursday, I settled all our spiritual and temporal business, and on Friday and Saturday returned with Mr. Walsh to London.

Sunday 6, I had no help, and I wanted none; for God renewed my strength. But on Sunday 13, finding myself weak at Snows-fields, I prayed (if he saw good) that God would send me help at the Chapel: and I had it. A Clergyman whom I never saw before, came and offered me his assistance. And as soon as I had done preaching, Mr. Fletcher came, who had just then been ordained Priest, and hastened to the Chapel, on purpose to assist, as he supposed me to be alone.

Monday 14, I went with T. Walsh to Canterbury, where I preached in the evening with great enlargement of spirit: but with greater in the morning, being much refreshed at the sight of so large a number of soldiers. And is not God able to kindle the same fire in the fleet, which he has already begun to kindle in the army?

Wednesday 16, I had the satisfaction to find an old stout-hearted sinner, who had been defying God for nearly four-score years, now become as a little child, and complaining of his own ignorance and ingratitude to God.

Friday 18, I returned to London. Sunday 20, Mr. Fletcher helped me again. How wonderful are the ways of God! When my bodily strength failed, and none in England were able and willing to assist me, he sent me help from the mountains of Switzerland: And a help meet for me in every respect; where could I have found such another?

Friday 25, After I had read to a serious Clergyman, the conclusion of "The Doctrine of Original Sin," he moved, that we might spend some time in prayer. And I found great liberty of spirit, in praying for Dr. Taylor, and a strong hope, that God would shew him *the truth as it is in Jesus.*

About this time many of the children of God rested from their labours. On Sunday 13, I buried Elizabeth Langdon, who, after severe inward trials, was for several days in great pain, but in great peace. On Sunday 25, I buried Hannah Lee, a pattern of industry, meekness, and patience. And on Sunday 27, I buried Mary Naylor, who for several years was a most eminent pattern of truly Christian courage, plainness of speech, and plainness of apparel. A week before, I had an opportunity of telling her all that was in my heart, concerning her change, (not for the better) in all these particulars. In the beginning of her illness, she was in great darkness and distress of soul: but while prayer was made for her, her bodily pain ceased, and her soul received comfort. And on Monday 21, just at midnight, she quietly fell asleep.

Wednesday 30, I rode to a gentleman's near Beconsfield, and preached at six in the evening, in a large, convenient place, filled with serious hearers, several of whom had come five or six miles. Saturday 31, I was earnestly importuned, to go over to High Wycombe. I went and preached there at noon, on *the Parable of the Sower.* Perhaps some of the seed which has been sown here for many years, will, at length, bring forth fruit. At six it seemed as if the whole town of Beconsfield was assembled together. And I bear them witness, they gave earnest heed, high and low, to the things which were spoken. A large number of them were present in the morning. Fair beginnings these! But *he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.*

In returning to London, I read a Tract on "The Law of Nature," wrote by a Counsellor of Geneva. I am sorry to find Dr. Taylor's poison spread to the Alps also! and even printed and published at Genoa, without any hinderance or animadversion!

Sunday, April 3, I paid one more visit to Thomas Singleton, an amiable young man, called away at five and twenty, and in the dawn of a flourishing business. The next day his spirit returned to God.

On Good-friday, in the evening, at the meeting of the Society, God was eminently present with us. I read over and enlarged upon Joseph Alleyne's directions for a thorough conversion to God, and desired all, who were able, would meet me on Monday, that we might *perform our vows unto the Lord.*

Monday 11, At five in the evening, about twelve hundred of the Society met me at Spital-fields. I expected two to help me, but

none came. I held out till between seven and eight. I was then scarcely able to walk or speak: but I looked up and received strength. At half an hour after nine, God broke in mightily upon the congregation. *Great* indeed *was our glorying* in him: we were *filled with consolation.* And when I returned home between ten and eleven, I was no more tired than at ten in the morning.

Monday 12, I set out at five for Bedford. About seven the rain began. It did not intermit till noon, and was driven upon us by a most furious wind. In the afternoon we had some intervals of fair weather, and before five we reached Bedford. Mr. Parker, now Mayor, received us gladly. He hath not borne the sword in vain. There is no cursing, or swearing heard in these streets: no work done on the Lord's-day. Indeed there is no open wickedness of any kind now to be seen in Bedford. O what may not one Magistrate do, who has a single eye and a confidence in God! Both in the evening and in the morning, I preached the Law, as well as the Gospel. The next day I preached on *All things are ready: come ye to the marriage.* And God eminently confirmed his word. It seemed as if not one would be left behind.

Wednesday 14, We rode to Leicester, where John Brandon has gathered a small Society. I preached at seven. The house (supposed to contain a thousand people) was thoroughly filled. I believe there were forty or fifty soldiers; and all heard, as for life. Thursday 15, being informed the straight road to Birmingham was scarcely passable, we went round by Coventry. Before six we reached Birmingham.

Saturday 16, I spoke to each member of the Society. What havock have the two opposite extremes, Mysticism and Antinomianism made, among this once earnest and simple people! Had it not been good for those men not to have been born, by whom these little ones have been offended?

In the afternoon I rode to Dudley, where the work of God increases greatly, notwithstanding the immense scandal which has been given, by those who once rejoiced in the love of God. One of these has lately killed his own child, by a blow upon the head. After preaching I talked with M. B., who has been long *a mother in Israel.* "I was under strong convictions, (said she) when twelve or thirteen years old, and soon after found peace with God. But I lost it by degrees, and then contented myself with living a quiet, harmless life, till Mr. Charles Wesley came to Wednesbury, in the year 1742. Soon after this my convictions returned, though not with terror, as before, but with strong hope, and in a little time, I recovered peace and joy in believing. This I never lost since, but for 48 hours (by speaking angrily to my child.) Not long after Mr. Jones talked particularly with me, about the wickedness of my heart. I went home in great trouble, which did not cease, till one day, sitting in my house, I heard a voice say, in my inmost soul, 'Be ye holy; for I am holy.' From that hour, for a year and a quarter, (though I never lost my peace) I did nothing but long, and weep, and pray, for inward holiness. I was then sitting one day, Aug. 23, 1744,

about eight in the morning, musing and praying as usual, when I seemed to hear a loud voice, saying at once to my heart, and to my outward ears, 'This day shall salvation come to this house.' I ran up stairs, and presently the power of God came upon me, so that I shook all over like a leaf. Then a voice said, 'This day is salvation come to this house.' At the instant I felt an entire change. I was full of love, and full of God. I had the witness in myself, that he had made an end of sin, and taken my whole heart for ever. And from that moment, I have never lost the witness, nor felt any thing in my heart but pure love."

Sunday 17, The rain constrained me to preach within at eight, though the house would ill contain the congregation: but we prayed, that God, if he saw good, would *stay the bottles of heaven*, for the sake of that at Wednesbury. And before we came thither, the rain stayed, so that I proclaimed Christ crucified, in the open air, to such a congregation as no house could have contained. At five I preached to a still larger congregation, on *he that believeth shall be saved*. As soon as I had done, the rain returned, and continued great part of the night.

Monday 18, In the evening I preached at Bilbrook, to an earnest congregation, and joined twenty of them in a Society; one of whom had Christ clearly revealed to him, thirty years ago: but he could find none who understood what he said, till the *Methodists*, (so called) came. He clave to them immediately, rejoicing with them and over them, who were partakers of like precious faith.

Tuesday 19, Between Nantwich and Poole, a thick, black cloud came across us, out of which issued such a violent wind, as was ready to bear us off our horses; but in five minutes time, the wind fell, and the cloud bore clear away. Wednesday 20, the congregation at Chester in the evening was as quiet and serious as that at the Foundery: and the Society was nearly a third part larger than when I was here in Autumn. Thursday 21, I rode to Liverpool, where I found about half of those I left in the Society. James S—— had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told lies innumerable. But none who make lies their refuge will prosper. A little while and his building will moulder away. Sunday 24, we had two very useful sermons at St. Thomas's Church: the one, on *counting the cost*, before we *begin to build:* the other, on *Be ye angry, and sin not.* And both of them were exactly suitable to the present case of many in the congregation.

The upper part of the high spire of the Church was blown down in the late storm. The stones being bound together by strong iron-cramps, hung waving in the air for some time: then they broke through roof, pews, gallery, and pavement, and made a deep dint in the ground.

Monday 25, I walked to the Infirmary, standing on a hill, at the north end of the town. The Seamen's Hospital is joined to it, on each side, by semicircular piazzas. All is extremely clean and neat, at least equal to any thing in London. The old seamen have a smaller or larger allowance, according to their families. So that nothing

is wanting to make their lives easy and comfortable—but the love of God. I afterwards spent an hour with Mr. Peter Whitefield a man of strong understanding and various learning. His dissertation in defence of the Hebrew points, (which he sent me the next morning) is far more satisfactory than any thing which I ever heard or read upon the subject.

Thursday 28, I talked with one, who by the advice of his pastor, had very calmly and deliberately beat his wife with a large stick, till she was black and blue, almost from head to foot And he insisted, "It was his duty so to do, because she was surly and ill-natured. And that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!"

Saturday 30, I took a view of the Free-School, a truly noble benefaction. Here seventy boys and thirty girls are entirely provided for. The building forms three sides of a square, and is rather elegant than magnificent. The children are taught to work, in their several ways, as well as to read and write. The school, the dining-room, and, the lodgings are plain and clean. The whole was the gift of one man, Mr. Blundell, a merchant of Liverpool.

Monday, May 2, I preached at Warrington about noon, to a wild staring people, (very few excepted) who seemed just ripe for mischief. But the *bridle* was *in their jaws*. In the evening I preached at Manchester. Wednesday 4, I rode over to Hayfield, and preached at one in the Church, to a congregation, gathered from all parts.

Thursday 5, I inquired of John Johnson concerning Miss Beresford. The sum of his account was this: "She was always an innocent, sober young woman, having the form of godliness, till she was convinced of sin, and soon after justified. She was a pattern both of piety and industry. Notwithstanding her fortune and her sicklinesss, she was never unemployed: when she had no other work, working for the poor. And the whole tenor of her conversation was such, that it is still a common saying, 'If Miss Beresford be not gone to heaven, nobody ever will.' She had a vehement love to the word of God, and spared no pains in order to hear it. Frequently she would not go to bed all night, lest she should miss the morning preaching. She lost no opportunity of meeting with her brethren, to whom her heart was closely united: nor was she afraid or ashamed to own the poorest of them, wherever she met them, and whatever company she was in. The very sight of them occasioned a joy in her soul, which she neither could, nor desired to hide. When her weakness confined her to her room, she rejoiced with joy ununspeakable: more especially when she was delivered from all her doubts, concerning Christian perfection. Never was any one more athirst for this, for the whole mind that was in Christ. And she earnestly exhorted all her brethren, vehemently to press after it. The more her bodily strength decayed, the more she was strengthened in spirit. She called upon all that were with her, 'Help me to rejoice; help me to praise God.' Having no fear, but a jealousy over herself, lest she should exceed in her desire to be with Christ."

"As soon as I came to Ashbourn, she sent for me and broke out, 'I am just at my journey's end. What a mercy, that I, who have done so little for God, should be so soon taken up to him! O, I am full of the love of God: I dare not exercise my faith fully upon God: the glory of the Lord is so great, that I cannot bear it. I am overwhelmed. My natural life is almost gone, with the brightness of his presence. Sometimes I am even forced to cry out, Lord, stay thy hand, till I come into glory. I asked, 'Have you lately felt any remains of sin in you?' She said, 'I felt pride some weeks ago.' And it seems, this was the last time. She added, 'I have now no will; the will of God is mine. I can bring my dearest friends before the Lord; and while I am praying for them, the glory of the Lord so overpowers me, that I am lost, and adore in silence the God of heaven.' She cried out, 'Tell all from me, that perfection is attainable, and exhort all to press after it. What a blessing is it, that I have no weary hours! Though I am confined to my bed, night and day, and can take scarcely any thing but water to refresh me, yet I am like a giant refreshed with wine.'

"Afterwards she broke out, 'If I had lived in what the world calls pleasure, what a miserable creature should I have been now! What should I be, if I had no God on my side? When the fire has made me bright, then I shall go to my God.' She prayed largely for all states of mankind; but particularly for the prosperity of the Church; and for the Society at Ashbourn, that God would continue and increase his work among them. When she altered for death, she called for her mother and brothers, to each of whom she gave an earnest exhortation. Then she said, 'Now I have no more to do here. I am ready to die. Send to Mr. W., and tell him, I am sorry, I did not sooner believe the doctrine of perfect holiness. Blessed be God, I now know it to be the truth!' After greatly rejoicing in God for two days more, she said one morning, 'I dreamed last night, I heard a voice, Christ will come to-day for his bride. It is for me. He will come for me to-day.' And a few hours after, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan, she sweetly fell asleep."

One who was intimately acquainted with her writes thus: "Glory be to God for the blessed privilege I enjoyed of being with her, night and day, for a month before she died. When I went to her first, she had kept her bed some days, and was extremely weak: and yet, she spoke considerably plainer, than ever I heard her in my life. She called, as soon as I entered the room, 'My dear friend, give me your hand. Let us rejoice that my time is so near approaching. Do not mourn: You know it is what we expected.' I was soon brought to wish her safe on the happy shore. She said, 'This is true friendship: but how is it that I do not feel greater transports of love, now I am so near the time of seeing my Lord face to face? Indeed I am ashamed to approach him, before whom the angels veil their faces!' She often said, 'I take it as a fresh token of his love, that he sent *you* to me at this time.' Her pains were great: but she bore all with invincible patience and resignation, and often said, 'I find it good for me to be afflicted: in his time I shall come out thoroughly purified.'

Afterwards she said, 'I experience more upon this bed, of my own nothingness, and the free grace of God in Christ, than ever I did in all my life. The best of my performances would be damnable without Christ.'

"Several days before her death, her love was so great that she cried, 'I am overcome, I am overcome, I am overcome.' And when she had strength to speak, she praised God in a wonderful manner. Even when she was light-headed, her talk was wholly concerning the things of God. She called to Mr. Wesley, as if he had been by her, and said, 'O Sir, now hard it is for the rich to enter into the kingdom of heaven! I am saved: but I am but just saved.' When her fever abated, she told me, she had dreamed that she was with him. And sometimes I could scarcely persuade her but he had been there.

"She after asked, if I saw no more appearance of death in her face yet; when I told her, there was, she begged I would indulge her with a looking-glass; and looking earnestly into it, she said, with transport, 'I never saw myself with so much pleasure in my life:' On Saturday morning at six, she said, 'My Saviour will come to-day, and fetch his bride.' Yet about eight she said, 'If *you* had felt what I have felt this morning, it would have killed you. I had lost sight of God.' (Perhaps the last conflict *with principalities and powers.*) From this time she was filled with joy, but spoke little. Her eyes were lifted up to heaven, till her soul was released, with so much ease, that I did not know when she drew her last breath."

So died Judith Berresford, as it were a hundred years old, at the age of four and twenty. A little more of her life, and of her spirit, may be learned from one or two of her letters.

"How can you love me, since there is still such a mixture of evil in all I say or do? But why should I ask this question? The Lord himself loves me: and in the late dispensations of his providence, he has mercifully discovered to me some sins of a refined nature, which before I was almost ignorant of, and now wait and pray to be delivered from. And I can joyfully add, the Lord is nigh to all that call upon him. He will fulfil my desire, though not *as* I desired—His way and his will are best. But how long shall I acknowledge this, without implicitly submitting to it? My own will I am apt to think good in such cases, and to grieve when it is crossed. So that I easily discern how needful it is for me to be tried, and made to sacrifice to the Lord of that which costs me something. I need not say, for the above, alas, will tell you, that I cannot answer all your questions in the affirmative. For did I continually find God present with me, and always walk in the light of his countenance, most surely there could be no part dark in me. Yet this I can say, that I see his hand stretched out to save and to deliver. And my trust is, that before I go hence, I shall behold all his salvation: and if it can serve any good purpose, he will open my lips to declare his praise, and let a poor creature glorify him in her death. For this I pray, and rejoice in hope, knowing the God whom I serve is able to fulfil in me all the good pleasure of his will, and the work of faith with power.

"As to the shadows of this world, I think I may truly say, they are as nothing to me. The evil (for certainly it must be *some*) that at times interposes between God and my soul, is, I believe, of a mere spiritual nature. The stirrings of pride I sometimes feel, and I trust, shall bewail as long as one spark remains.

"My dear friend adieu! I trust we shall have a happy meeting at last. In the mean time I am persuaded, a few lines from you would add greatly to my peace and comfort. I am,

"Your very loving, and (I hope)

Sept. 7, 1756. "obedient child, *J. B.*"

In answer to a Letter wherein I desired some account of her Experience, she wrote as follows:

"How does it add to the glory of the almighty Saviour, that from my very infancy, this rebel heart has felt the drawings of his love! Therefore, since you desire to know, how I was first convinced that I was a poor guilty sinner, I must begin with saying, that goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. But I know not how to proceed, the workings of sin and grace that I have felt are beyond description. Yet out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord can perfect praise.

"My childhood was spent in much simplicity and peace. The Lord drew me to himself with the cords of love, and I found great joy in pouring out my soul before him. Original sin I was quite ignorant of; but actual sins I felt and bewailed, and after some time spent in weeping for them, I felt peace and renewed my resolutions: but they could not last long; for pride, envy, and all manner of evil, now sprung up in my heart. Yet at times I had strong convictions, and often resolved to be very serious when I was older.

"So I went on from eight or ten years old, till seventeen. Then I was indeed as bad as bad could be; desiring nothing but to be admired, and was filled with all that foolish vanity, which poor young women are most prone to. Christmas, 1750, I was advised to partake of the Lord's-Supper. I knew it was right, but was conscious of my ignorance and unfitness for it. However I endeavoured to prepare myself, and was pretty well satisfied, after I had made a formal confession of my sins, and shed some tears for them.

"About this time there was a great talk of *Methodism*, and a cousin of mine was brought to seek the Lord. I went to visit her in January, 1741, and told her before I came away, 'I knew I was not what I ought to be, and should be glad to be instructed.' From this time we carried on a correspondence, and, by degrees, light broke in upon my heart. But, alas! though I well knew, that in me was no good thing, and seemed to disclaim my own righteousness, yet the idol lurked within, and I really trusted in my own prayers and other duties. In this manner I went on that whole year, toward the end of which my corruptions were more violent. Sin took occasion by the commandment, and I was often ready to be carried away by the torrent.

"February, 1752, it pleased God to take my dear friend. This appeared to me a heavy judgment. Yet I afterwards saw how it was

tempered with mercy, as it taught me to trust in none but the everlasting Arm. Her death happily proved the occasion of her elder sister's conversion. The blessing of a Christian friend was restored to me, and we received each other as from the Lord.

"In 1753, and 1754, I had great outward afflictions, and at times strong inward conflicts, though blessed be God, I generally found comfort in pouring out my complaints before him. But towards the end of 1754, I began to feel my hope decline; and for several nights in secret prayer I was in strong agony of spirit. The Lord then, while I was upon my knees, stripped off my fig-leaves. At the same time he shewed me the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ to save sinners, to save *me*, the chief, and I was enabled to cry out: 'My Lord and my God, I have redemption in thy blood.' From this happy time I went on my way rejoicing; though I was, at times grievously assaulted both by the stirrings of my old corruptions, and temptations from the devil, blasphemous thoughts in particular. I always experienced something of this before the sacrament: but the Lord made a way for me to escape.

"In the beginning of the year 1755, we had preaching near Ashbourn. This I had wished for long. And now I was honoured with suffering a little for the name of Christ. At first I was rather ashamed; but the Lord strengthened me: and, so great a blessing did I find, by conversing with these dear people, that I feared none of those things, which I did, or might suffer. My acquaintance were now less fond of my company; and they that looked upon me, shaked their heads. This proved an unspeakable blessing; for often had I cause to fear the love of men.

"From the time of my becoming serious, or, rather, beginning to aim at it, my health visibly declined. This at first occasioned me some trouble: because all cried out, 'It was being too religious.' But afterwards I saw great mercy in this chastisement, and the consequences of it; one of which was, that I had a *just excuse*, even in the judgment of others, for refraining from many things, which, in my circumstances, could not otherwise have been avoided, without great opposition from those who were near and dear unto me. Not that I ever fasted: God knows I have been deficient in this as well as every other duty. But I had a happy liberty of using some little self-denial; for which the Lord be praised!

"O, how has he led me, and carried me in his bosom! Is it not wonderful! And yet I have not told you a tenth part. But the time fails; and my strength fails. Praise God with me; and let us magnify his name together."

Oct. 1, 1756.

I believe this was one of the last letters she wrote.—Shortly after, she was called hence,

> "So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
> So firm, yet soft: so strong, yet so refined;
> Heav'n, as its purest gold, with torture tried:—
> The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman died."

An account of a widely-different nature I received, about this time, from Ireland: "Thomas B., about three miles from Tyrrel's-

Pass, was at the point of death, by a violent rupture. While they were praying for him in the Society, he was at once restored to perfect health. He continued in health for several years, and in the knowledge and love of God: but no sooner did he return to folly, than his disorder returned; and, in some months, it put an end to his life. He died as stupid as an ox."

Monday 9, I rode over the mountains to Huddersfield. A wilder people I never saw in England. The men, women, and children, filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to devour us. They were, however, tolerably quiet while I preached: only, a few pieces of dirt were thrown: and the bell-man came in the middle of the sermon; but was stopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almost done, when they began to ring the bells: so that it did us small disservice. How intolerable a thing is the gospel of Christ to them who are resolved to serve the devil!

Wednesday 11, I preached, about one at Wakefield, in a small meadow near the town. When I began, the sun shone exceedingly hot: but, in a few minutes it was covered with clouds. The congregation was more quiet and serious than ever I saw there before. Almost as soon I had done speaking, the sun broke out again.

Thursday 12, I finished Dr. Rogers' "Essay on the Learning of the Ancients." I think he has clearly proved, that they had microscopes, and telescopes, and knew all that is valuable in the modern astronomy: but indeed he has fully shewn the whole frame of this to be quite uncertain, if not quite self-contradictory. The latter end of the week I spent at Bradford.

Sunday 15, At five the house contained the congregation: but at eight, they covered the plain adjoining to it. The sun was hot, till the clouds interposed: it was a solemn and comfortable season. As soon as the service of the Church was ended, I began at the end of the house again, and exhorted a willing multitude to *follow after charity*. A shower of rain and hail fell as I drew to a conclusion; but it did not disturb the congregation.

Soon after, I took horse for Birstal. The congregation here was treble to that at Bradford: but as they stood one above another, on the circular slope of the hill, my voice commanded them all. Though I spoke longer than I usually do, I found no wearisomeness or weakness. Shall not *they that trust in the Lord renew their strength?* Yea, as long as the sun and moon endure. On Monday and Tuesday I preached in the neighbouring towns.

Wednesday 18, I rode in the afternoon from Halifax, over the huge, but extremely pleasant and fruitful mountains to Heptonstal. A large congregation was waiting for us, not only on the ground, but on the side and tops of the neighbouring houses: but no scoffer or trifler was seen among them. It rained in the adjoining valley, all or most of the time that I was preaching: but it was fair with us on the top of the mountain. What an emblem of God's taking up his people into a place of safety, while the storm falls on all below!

Here I was informed of the Earthquake the day before. On Tuesday, May 17, many persons in several parts within five or six miles,

heard a strange noise under the ground, which some compared to thunder, others to the rumbling of carts: quickly after, they felt the earth rock under them, and wave to and fro. Many who were within doors, heard their pewter and glass clatter, many in the fields felt the ground shake under their feet: and all agreed as to the time, though they knew nothing of each other's account.

Thursday 19, I preached at Ewood about seven, not intending to preach again till the evening: but Mr. Grimshaw begged I would give them one sermon at Gawksham: after we climbed up the enormous mountain, I think equal to any I saw in Germany, on the brow of which we were saluted by a severe shower, which a high wind drove full in our faces, almost till we came to Haslenden. Here I learned, that the Earthquake observed near Heptonstal, had been sensibly felt by very many persons, from Bingley, three miles eastward of Keighley, to the neighbourhood of Preston. It was every where preceded by a hoarse rumbling, about three o'clock: so that in a few minutes, it had run from east to west, between fifty and sixty miles.

Friday 20, I preached near Paddiham at eight, to a large, wild congregation; about noon at Rough-Lee, where those who stood firm in the storm, had melted away in the calm. At Keighley I had neither voice nor strength left: but while I was preaching my strength returned.

Saturday 21, I had a little conference with our preachers: in the afternoon I preached at Bingley. I have not lately seen so genteel a congregation: yet the word of God fell heavily upon them. Sunday 22, after preaching at five, I took horse for Haworth. A December storm met us upon the mountain; but this did not hinder such a congregation, as the Church could not contain. I suppose we had nearly a thousand communicants, and scarcely a trifler among them. In the afternoon, the church not containing more than a third of the people, I was constrained to be in the Church-yard. The rain began as soon as I began to speak: but they regarded it not: For God sent into their hearts

> The former and the latter rain:
> The love of God, and love of man.

Monday 23, I took horse at four. It rained till noon without intermission: And we had heavy showers in the afternoon. However, we reached Ambleside in the evening.

Tuesday 24, We rode by Keswick to Whitehaven. Within a few miles of the town, I was so tired that I could scarcely either ride or walk. But all weariness was gone before I had preached a quarter of an hour.

Wednesday 25, I was surprised to see not only hedges and shrubs without a green leaf upon them, but abundance of trees likewise naked as in depth of winter. Upon inquiring, I found that on the 23d of October, a violent wind had gone through all these parts, which not only threw down chimnies, walls, and barns, and tore up trees by the roots, but scorched every green thing that it touched, as with fire, so that all the leaves immediately fell off, and not only bushes and fruit trees, but elms, oaks, and firs, withered away to the very roots.

Friday 27, I preached at Branthwait about noon. Many of the congregation came from far. The rain was suspended from ten till evening, so that they had opportunity both of coming and returning. This also was an answer to prayer. And is there any such too little to be remembered?

Whitsunday, May 29, After preaching at eight and at two, I hastened to Cockermouth. I began without delay, and cried to a listening multitude. *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* The word had free course. Even the gentry desired to drink of the *living water*. Monday 30, I rode to Wigton, a neat, well-built town, on the edge of Cumberland. I preached in the Market-place at twelve. The congregation was large and heavily attentive. Between four and five we crossed Solway firth, and before seven reached an ill-looking house, called, *The Brow*, which we came to by mistake, having passed the house we were directed to. I believe God directed us better than man. Two young women, we found, kept the house, who had lost both their parents; their mother very lately. I had great liberty in praying with them and for them. Who knows but God will fasten something upon them, which they will not easily shake off?

Tuesday 31, I breakfasted at Dumfries, and spent an hour with a poor backslider of London, who had been some years settled there. We then rode through an uncommonly pleasant country, (so widely distant is common report from truth!) to Thorny-hill, two or three miles from the Duke of Queensborough's seat, an ancient and noble pile of building, delightfully situated on the side of a pleasant and fruitful hill: but it gives no pleasure to its owner: for he does not even behold it with his eyes. Surely this is a sore evil under the Sun: A man *has* all things, and *enjoys* nothing. We rode afterwards partly over, and partly between some of the finest mountains, I believe, in Europe, higher than most, if not, than any in England, and clothed with grass to the very top. Soon after four we came to Leadhill, a little town at the foot of the mountains, wholly inhabited by Miners.

Wednesday, June 1, We rode on to Glasgow: a mile short of which, we met Mr. Gillies, riding out to meet us. In the evening the tent (so they call a covered pulpit) was placed in the yard of the Poor-house, a very large and commodious place. Fronting the pulpit was the Infirmary, with most of the patients at or near the windows. Adjoining to this was the Hospital for Lunatics: several of them gave deep attention. And cannot God give them also the spirit of a sound mind? After sermon, they brought four children to baptize. I was at the Kirk in the morning, while the minister baptized several, immediately after sermon: so that I was not at a loss, as to their *manner* of baptizing. I believe this removed much prejudice.

Friday 3, At seven the congregation was increased, and an earnest attention sat on every face. In the afternoon we walked to the College and saw the new Library, with the collection of pictures. Many of them are by Raphael, Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent hands:

but they have not room to place them to advantage, their whole building being very small.

Saturday 4, I walked through all parts of the old Cathedral, a very large and once beautiful structure; I think, more lofty than that at Canterbury, and of nearly the same length and breadth. We then went up the main steeple, which gave us a fine prospect, both of the City and the adjacent Country. A more fruitful and better cultivated plain, is scarcely to be seen in England. Indeed nothing is wanting but more trade (which would naturally bring more people) to make a great part of Scotland no way inferior to the best Counties in England. I was much pleased with the seriousness of the people in the evening: but still I prefer the English congregation. I cannot be reconciled to men sitting at prayer, or covering their heads while they are singing praise to God.

Sunday 5, At seven the congregation was just as large as my voice could reach: and I did not spare them at all. So if any *will* deceive himself, I am clear of his blood. In the afternoon, it was judged two thousand at least, went away, not being able to hear: but several thousands heard very distinctly, the evening being calm and still. After preaching I met as many as desired it, of the members of the praying Societies. I earnestly advised them to meet Mr. Gillies every week: and at their other meetings, not to talk loosely and in general (as their manner had been) on some head of religion, but to examine each other's hearts and lives.

Monday 6, We took horse early, and in three hours reached the Kirk of Shots: where the landlord seemed to be unusually affected, by a few minutes conversation: as did also the woman of the house where we dined. We came to Musselborough at five. I went to an inn, and sent for Mr. Bailiff Lindsey, whom I had seen several years ago. He came immediately, and desired me to make his house my home. At seven I preached in the Poor-house to a large and deeply attentive congregation. But the number of people making the room extremely hot, I preached in the morning before the door. Speaking afterwards to the members of the Society, I was agreeably surprised, to find more than two-thirds knew in whom they had believed, and the tree was known by its fruits. The national shyness and stubbornness were gone, and they were as open and teachable as little children. At seven, five or six and forty of the fifty dragoons, and multitudes of the towns-people attended. Is the time come, that even these wise Scots should become fools for Christ's sake?

Wednesday 8, I rode to Dunbar. Here also I found a little Society, most of them rejoicing in God their Saviour. At eleven I went into the main-street, and began speaking to a congregation of two men and two women. These were soon joined by above twenty little children, and not long after by a large number of young and old. On a sudden the sun broke out and shone full in my face: but, in a few moments, I felt it not. In the afternoon I rode to Berwick-upon-Tweed. They did not expect me till the next day: however, a congregation quickly assembled; and one as large, if not larger, at five in the morning.

Thursday 9, To-day, *Douglas*, the Play which has made so much noise, was put into my hands. I was astonished to find, it is one of the finest tragedies I ever read. What pity, that a few lines were not left out! and that it was ever acted at Edinburgh! Friday 10, I found myself much out of order, till the flux stopped at once, without any medicine. But being still weak, and the sun shining extremely hot, I was afraid I should not be able to go round by Kelso. Vain fear! God took care for this also. The wind which had been full east for several days, turned this morning full west: and blew just in our faces. And about ten the clouds arose, and kept us cool till we came to Kelso. At six William Coward and I went to the Market-house. We stayed some time, and neither man, woman, nor child came near us. At length I began singing a Scotch psalm, and fifteen or twenty people came within hearing, but with great circumspection, keeping their distance, as though they knew not what might follow: but while I prayed, their number increased, so that, in a few minutes, there was a pretty large congregation. I suppose the chief men of the town were there: and I spared neither rich nor poor. I almost wondered at myself, it not being usual with me to use keen and cutting expressions. And, I believe, many felt, that for all their form, they were but heathens still.

Saturday 11, Nearly as many were present at five, to whom I spoke full as plainly as before. Many looked as if they would look us through: but the shyness peculiar to this nation, prevented their saying any thing to me, good or bad, while I walked through them to our Inn. About noon I preached at Wooler, a pretty large town, eighteen miles from Kelso. I stood on one side of the main-street, near the middle of the town: and I might stand; for no creature came near me, till I had sung part of a psalm. Then a row of children stood before me, and in some time, about a hundred men and women. I spoke full as plainly as I did at Kelso. And pharisees themselves are not out of God's reach. In the afternoon we came to Alnwick, and at six I preached in the Court-house to a congregation of another spirit.

Sunday 12, At seven they were gathered from all parts, and I was greatly refreshed among them. At five the Court-house being too small, I was obliged to go out into the Market-place. O what a difference is there between these living stones, and the dead, unfeeling multitudes in Scotland!

Monday 13, I proclaimed the love of Christ to sinners, in the Market-place at Morpeth. Thence we rode to Placey. The Society of colliers here may be a pattern to all the Societies in England. No person ever misses his Band or Class: they have no jar of any kind among them, but with one heart and one mind provoke one another to love and to good works. After preaching I met the Society in a room as warm as any in Georgia: this, with the scorching heat of the sun, when we rode on, quite exhausted my strength. But after we came to Newcastle I soon recovered, and preached with as much ease as in the morning.

Thursday 16, In the evening, I preached at Sunderland. I then met the Society, and told them plainly, none could stay with us, unless he would part with all sin: particularly robbing the King, selling or buying run goods, which I could no more suffer than robbing on the highway. This I enforced on every member the next day. A few would not promise to refrain: so these I was forced to cut off. About two hundred and fifty were of a better mind.

Saturday 18, The desk was placed in the evening just opposite to the sun, which, when I begun, was covered with a cloud; but it broke out in a few minutes, and shone full in my face for three quarters of an hour: it was, however, no inconvenience at all: nor were my eyes any more dazzled, than if it had been under the earth.

Sunday 19, I preached at eight to the usual congregation, and hastened to Shields, lest I should be too late for the Church. Between twelve and one I preached in a kind of square: but here we had a new kind of inconvenience. Every four or five minutes, a strong wind covered us over with a shower of dust: so that it was not easy to look up, or keep one's eyes open. But not long after, the rain begun which constrained me to preach within, at Newcastle. I took the opportunity of making a collection for the poor, many of whom can very hardly support life, in the present scarcity.

Wednesday 22, In the evening and the following morning I preached at Chester-on-the-Street. Observing some very fine but not very modest pictures in the parlour where we supped, I desired my companion, when the company was gone, to put them where they could do no hurt He piled them on a heap in a corner of the room, and they have not appeared since.

Thursday 23, I preached at South-Biddick about noon, on *I will heal thy backsliding:* God was with us at Sunderland in the evening, in an uncommon manner. And the next day I left the people there more in earnest than they had been for some years. Saturday 25, we walked to Swalwell about noon. The sun was scorching hot, and there was no wind or cloud; but it did us no hurt, the congregation was such as I never saw there before: and I believe God blessed his word to them that were nigh, and them that had been far from him.

Sunday 26, I preached at Gateshead at eight, at Sheep-hill about noon, and at five in the evening at Newcastle, near Pandon-gate. The rain only threatened till I had done, but soon after poured down. How well does God *time* great and small events, for the furtherance of his kingdom! Monday 27, I preached at Horsley, and found some life even there. Thence we rode across the Tyne to Prudhoe, a little town on the top of a hill. I preached at the side of Mr. H.'s house, and, I suppose, all the town who could get out, were present, and most of them at five in the morning. At both times it pleased God to make bare his arm not only to wound but to heal. Tuesday 28, I returned to Newcastle, hoarse and weak: but who can be spent in a better cause?

Thursday 30, I read over Mr. Baxter's account of his own Life and Times. It seems to be the most impartial account of those times

which has ever appeared. And none that I have seen, so accurately points out the real springs of those public calamities.

Sunday, July 3, The high wind obliged me to stand on the western side of Gateshead. By this mean the sun was just in my face: but it was not long before the clouds covered it. As I began speaking in the afternoon near Pandon gate, the rain began, scattered the careless hearers, and ceased. An earnest attentive multitude remained, to whom I explained part of the Second Lesson for the day, concerning the *joy* which *is heaven, over one sinner that repenteth.*

Monday 4, I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon preached at Durham, in a pleasant meadow, near the river's side. The congregation was large and wild enough: yet, in a short time, they were deeply attentive. Only three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London, who was so gay and unconcerned, while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One asked, "Do you not hear what Dr. Sherlock says?" He answered, "Yes: but I am not of this parish!" Toward the close, I was constrained to mention the gross ignorance I had observed, in the rich and genteel people throughout the nation. On this they drew near, and shewed as serious an attention, as if they had been poor colliers. We took horse at two. The clouds and wind in our face, kept us cool, till we came to Hartlepool. Mr. Romaine has been an instrument of awakening several here: but for want of help, they soon slept again. I preached in the main street to nearly all the town; and they behaved with seriousness. Tuesday 5, at seven in the evening I preached in the main street at Stockton. None but two or three gentlemen seemed unconcerned. I went thence to meet the Society: but many others begged to stay with them; and so earnestly that I could not refuse. And indeed it was a day of God's power. I scarcely know when we have found the like.

Wednesday 6, At eleven I preached near the Market-place in Yarm. Many gentry were there, and all serious. I find in all these parts, a solid, serious people, quite simple of heart, strangers to various opinions, and seeking only the faith that worketh by love. And most of the believers are waiting and longing for the fulness of the promises. One young woman, late a Papist, I talked with at large, who last night took leave of her Priest. Instead of staying to be sent for, she sent for him, and after asking several questions, frankly told him, she had now found the true religion, and, by the grace of God, would continue therein. She has been concerned for her soul from thirteen years of age. About two years ago she began to hear our preachers. Soon after, she found the peace of God, and has never lost it since. About seven I preached at Osmotherly.

Thursday 7, I rode through one of the pleasantest parts of England to Hornby. Here the zealous Landlord turned all the Methodists out of their houses. This proved a singular kindness: For they built some little houses at the end of the town, in which forty or fifty of them live together. Hence, with much ado I found my way to Robinhood's-bay, and preached on the quay to the greatest part of the town. All, (except one or two, who were very wise in their own

eyes) seemed to receive *the truth in love.* This day, between Hemsley and Kirkby Moorside, we rode over a little river, which suddenly disappears, and after running a mile under ground, rises again and pursues its course.

Sunday 10, I preached at seven, on *Repent, and believe the Gospel.* At the Church, which stands on the hill, a mile from the town, we had a sound, useful sermon. Afterwards I preached at a little village called Normanby; and about five on the quay. In the evening, talking with the Society, I saw more than ever the care of God over them that fear him. What was it which stopped their growing in grace? Why, they had a well-meaning preacher among them, who was inflaming them more and more against the Clergy. Nor could he advise them to attend the public ordinances: for he never went either to Church or Sacrament himself. This I knew not; but God did: and by his wise providence prevented the consequences which would naturally have ensued. William Manuel was pressed for a soldier: so the people go to Church and Sacrament as before.

Monday 11, We set out early. This and the three next days were the hottest I ever knew in England. A gentleman who formerly traded to Guinea, assured me, that the spirits in his thermometer (the same he had when abroad) rose as high as they did within a few degrees of the line. About nine we should have been glad to bait: but there being no Inn to be found, we lay down for a quarter of an hour under some trees, and then rode on to Slingsby. The minister, an old acquaintance of my father's, having desired to see me, I called at his house before I preached. And I could gladly have stayed longer with him, but I knew the congregation waited. One poor drunkard made a little disturbance: but after he was silenced, all were still, and steadily attentive. It continued intensely hot. But having the wind in our faces, (as we generally had, all along from Newcastle; and that, which way soever we rode) we received no hurt, till we came to York. But the difficulty was, how to preach there, in a room which in winter used to be as hot as an oven? I cut the knot, by preaching in Black's-square, where (the mob not being aware of us,) I began and ended my discourse to a numerous congregation, without the least disturbance.

Tuesday 12, I set a subscription on foot for building a more commodious room. In the evening I preached at Acombe, to a calm solid congregation. The next evening I preached at Popleton, where the poor gladly received the Gospel. The rich heard it, and even seemed to approve. God give them to understand and practise it!

Thursday 14, I resolved to preach in the Square once more, knowing God has the hearts of all men in his hands. One egg was thrown, and some bits of dirt: but this did not hinder a large congregation from taking earnest heed to what was spoken, of Christ *the wisdom of God and the power of God.*

Friday 15, At three there were all the probable signs of a violently hot day. But about four, God sent a cooling rain: it ceased about seven; but the clouds continued and shaded us to Pocklington. Yet it was too hot to bear the house. So I stood in the main-street and

cried, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* A large mob soon gathered on the other side. And for fear they should not make noise enough, the Good Church-warden hired men to ring the bells; but it was lost labour: For still the bulk of the congregation heard, till I quietly finished my discourse. Before seven I reached Epworth, and preached in the market-place to a listening multitude.

Saturday 16, I rode on to Laseby, about thirty measured miles. After so many long journies which I hardly felt, this short one quite exhausted my strength. However, I quickly recovered, so as to preach at three in a meadow, to a large congregation. They all kneeled when I prayed, and shewed such a genuine simplicity as greatly revived my spirit. At seven I preached in the new room, which they have just finished at Grimsby.

Sunday 17, At seven in the morning, the house just contained the people. I designed to preach abroad in the afternoon: but the rain drove us into the house again; as many as could, crowded in. The rest stood without, though many, I fear, were wet to the skin.

Tuesday 19, Before I left Newcastle, I heard a strange relation, which I knew not what to think of. I then desired T. Lee, who was going to the place, to inquire particularly concerning it. He did so, and in consequence of that inquiry, wrote me the following account:—

"R—J—, lived about twelve miles from Newcastle. His son, some time since, married without his consent. At this he was so enraged, that he wished his 'Right arm might burn off, if ever he gave or left him sixpence.' However, in March last, being taken ill, he made his will, and left him all his estate. The same evening he died. On Thursday 10, his widow laying her hand on his back, found it warm. In the evening, those who were with him, went into the next room, to take a little refreshment. As they were eating they observed a disagreeable smell, but could find nothing in the room to cause it. Returning into the room where the corpse lay, they found it full of smoke. Removing the sheet which covered the corpse, they saw (to their no small amazement) the body so burnt, that the entrails were bare, and might be seen through the ribs. His right arm was nearly burnt off, his head so burnt, that the brains appeared; and a smoke came out of the crown of his head, like the steam of boiling water. When they cast water upon his body, it hissed, just as if cast upon red-hot iron. Yet the sheet which was upon him was not singed; but that under him, with the pillow-bere and pillow, and the plank on which he lay, were all burned, and looked as black as charcoal.

"They hastened to put what was left of him into the coffin, leaving some to watch by it: but after it was nailed up, a noise of burning and crackling was heard therein. None was permitted to look into it, till it was carried to Abchester Church-yard. It was buried near the steeple. As soon as it was brought to the grave, the steeple was observed to shake. The people hastened away; and it was well they did: for presently, part of the steeple fell. So that had they stayed two minutes longer, they must have been crushed in pieces. All those circumstances were related to me and my wife, by those who were eye and ear-witnesses."

I preached in a ground adjoining to the house. Toward the conclusion of my sermon, the person with whom I lodged was much offended at one, who sunk down and cried aloud for mercy. Herself dropped down next and cried as loud as she: So did several others quickly after. When prayer was made for them, one was presently filled with peace and joy in believing. In the morning I left the rest refusing to be comforted, till Christ should be revealed in their hearts.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Ferry in my way, and in Epworth-market-place about seven. The rain began just as I began speaking but God heard the prayer and it was stayed.

Saturday 23, I preached at Westwood-side, where the breach of fifteen years is now healed: all the wanderers being returned to the fold, with him who led them astray.

Sunday 24, As we rode over Maxey-car towards Misterton, one was relating a surprising thing that happened lately. A woman of Stockwith told her sister who lived with her, "I do not think to go to market to day, for I dreamed, that I was drowned in riding across one of the drains on Haxey-car." But she was soon laughed out of it and went. She rode over the Car with many other market-folks, and in crossing one of the drains, where the water was scarcely a yard deep, slipped off her horse. Several looked on, but none once thought of pulling her out, till she was past recovery.

At one I preached to the largest congregation I have seen since I left Newcastle. All behaved with deep seriousness but one man, whom I afterwards learned to be a Baptist-preacher. Just as I was taking horse he came again, and laboured hard to begin a dispute. But having neither time nor strength to spare, I gave him the ground and rode away. The congregation at Epworth was full as large, if not larger, than that at Misterton. Among them was a poor grey-headed sinner, a mocker at all religion: but his mocking is past. He was in tears most of the time, and is now *seeking after God.*

Monday 25, I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none was unmoved, but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-stack. From thence we rode to Rotheram. When I came in, I had no strength and no voice left. However, in an hour I was able to preach to the largest congregation that, I suppose, was ever seen there. Wednesday 27, I preached about noon at Barley-hall, and in the evening at Sheffield. After spending a short time with the Society, I lay down as soon as possible: but I could not sleep before twelve o'clock; and not long together after. Yet I felt no faintness in the morning, but rose lively and well, and had my voice more clear and strong in preaching, than it had been for several days.

Thursday 28, I received a strange account from Edward Bennet's eldest daughter. "On Tuesday, the 19th of this month, I told my husband in the morning, 'I desire you will not go into the water to-day; at least, not into the deep water, on the far side of the town. For I dreamed I saw you there out of your depth, and only your head came up just above the water.' He promised me, he would not, and went to work. Soon after four in the afternoon, being at John Han-

son's, his partner's house, I was on a sudden extremely sick, so that for some minutes I seemed just ready to expire. Then I was well in a moment. Just at that time, John Hanson, who was an excellent swimmer, persuaded my husband to go into the water on the far side of the town. He objected, the water was deep, and he could not swim; and being much importuned to go in, stood some time after he was undressed, and then kneeling down prayed with an earnest and loud voice. When he arose from his knees, John, who was swimming, called him again, and treading the water, said, 'See, it is only breast high.' He stepped in and sunk. A man who was near, cutting fern, and had observed him for some time, ran to the bank, and saw his head come up just above the water. The second or third time he rose, he clasped his hands, and cried aloud, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Immediately he sunk and rose no more." One might naturally inquire, what became of John Hanson? As soon as he saw his partner sink, he swam from him to the other side, put on his clothes, and went straight home.

About noon I preached at Woodseats: in the evening at Sheffield. I do indeed *live* by preaching! How quiet is this country now, since the chief persecutors are no more seen! How many of them have been snatched away, in an hour, when they looked not for it! Some time since, a woman of Thorpe often swore she would wash her hands in the heart's blood of the next preacher that came: but before the next preacher came, she was carried to her long home. A little before John Johnson settled at Wentworth, a stout. hearty man who lived there, told his neighbours, "After May-day, we shall have nothing but praying and preaching: but I will make noise enough to stop it:" but before May-day he was silent in his grave. A servant of Lord R—— was as bitter as he, and told many lies, purposely to make mischief: but before this was done, his mouth was stopped. He was drowned in one of the fish-ponds.

Friday 29, I preached at Nottingham. We want nothing here but a larger house. Saturday 30, I preached in the evening at Leicester, to a large congregation.

Sunday 31, I rode over to Markfield. The Church contained us tolerably well in the morning: but in the afternoon, though many stayed without, it was much crowded and sultry hot. I was quite faint and weary while I read prayers; but in preaching my strength was restored. At six I preached once more at Leicester, and delivered my own soul.

Monday, August 1, I had much conversation, with Mr. —(whom, against a thousand appearances, I *will* believe to be a honest, though irresolute man) "While I was very uneasy (said he) in the year 1741, my brother brought me to Mr. Spangenberg, and then to others of the German Brethren, to whom I was more and more attached, till in the year 1743, I went over to Marienborn. There I saw many things which I could not approve; and was more and more uneasy till I returned to England. I was afterwards much employed by the Brethren. I was ordained Deacon: but still I had a sore and burdened conscience, and gained no ground in my spiritual warfare: ra-

ther, having laid aside prayer, and searching the Scripture, I was more dead to God. But in 1750, I awoke again, and was under great agonies of mind: and from this time I wrote to the Count again and again, and to most of the labourers; but to no purpose. Andrew Frey's account is true. The spirit of levity and frolicsomeness, which he justly describes, broke in about 1746, and is not purged out yet. In May last I wrote and delivered a declaration to the Brethren met in Conference, at Linsey-House, That I did not dare to remain in their connexion any longer. The same declaration I made to them here, a few days ago. What farther I am to do, I know not: but, I trust God will direct me."

Tuesday 2, On his expressing a desire to be present at our Conference, I invited him to it: and on Wednesday 3, in the evening, he came to the Foundery. Our Conference began the next morning, and continued till the Thursday following. From the first hour to the last, there was no jarring string, but all was harmony and love.

Monday 8, I took a walk in the Charter-house. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, and especially the school-boys, looked so little: but this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly the upper boys, being then bigger than myself, seemed to be very big and tall: quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than they. I question if this be not the real ground of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now: an imagination current in the world eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes his warrior to throw a stone, that could scarcely be wielded by twelve men:

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

So Homer, long before: Οιοι νυν βροτοι εισι.

Whereas in reality men have been, at least, ever since the Deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding.

Monday 22, I set out in the Machine, and the next evening reached Bristol. Friday 26, I preached at nine to a small congregation of earnest people at Clutton: and in the evening at Middlesea. On Saturday 27, we rode on to Tiverton. Sunday 28, I preached in the Market-house to as large a congregation as ever I saw here; and all were quiet. So can God make, when it is best, all our enemies to be at peace with us.

Monday 29, We rode through vehement wind, and many hard showers to Launceston. This gave me a violent fit of the tooth-ache, which, however, did not hinder my preaching. Such a night I never remember to have passed before: but all is good, which lies in the way to glory. Tuesday 30, we rode to Camelford, where my tooth-ache was cured, by rubbing treacle upon my cheek. At six I preached in the Market-place. How are the lions in this town also become lambs!

Wednesday 31, I preached about noon at Trewalder, and in the evening at Port-Isaac. This was long a barren soil: but is, at length, likely to bring forth much fruit. Friday, September 2, I rode to St.

Agnes. We found the great man, Mr. Donythorne, was dead. His mother and sister sent, to invite me to their house. After preaching, I went thither, and was received into a comfortable lodging, with the most free and cordial affection. So in this place the knowledge of God has already travelled *from the least to the greatest*

Saturday 3, Some who live here, gave me an account of the Earthquake on July 15. There was first a rumbling noise under the ground, hoarser and deeper than common thunder. Then followed a trembling of the earth, which afterwards waved once or twice to and fro: so violently, that one said, he was obliged to take a back step, or he should have fallen down: and another, that the wall against which he was leaning, seemed to be shrinking from him.

This morning I talked at large with old Mrs. Donythorne, who has her understanding entire, reads without spectacles, walks without a staff, and has scarcely a wrinkle, at ninety years of age. But what is more than all this, she is teachable as a child, and groaning for salvation. In the afternoon I spent an hour with Mr. Vowler, Curate of the Parish, who rejoices in the love of God, and both preaches and lives the Gospel.

Sunday 4, I. T. preached at five: I could scarcely have believed, if I had not heard it, that few men of learning write so correctly, as an unlearned Tinner speaks extempore. Mr. V. preached two such thundering sermons, at Church, as I have scarcely heard these twenty years. O how gracious is God to the poor sinners of St. Agnes! In the Church and out of the Church, they hear the same great truths of the wrath of God against sin, and his love to those that are in Christ Jesus!

Monday 5, I rode on to Illuggan: but not to the house where I used to preach. Indeed, his wife promised Mr. P. before he died, that she would always receive the preachers: but she soon changed her mind. God had just taken her only son, suddenly killed by a pit falling upon him: and, on Tuesday last, a young, strong man, riding to his burial, dropped off his horse, stone dead. The concurrence of these awful providences, added considerably to our congregation.

Tuesday 6, I went on to Cambourn, and rejoiced to hear that the gentleman who pressed Mr. Maxfield, no longer persecutes the Methodists, nor will suffer any one else to do it: and in the late dearth he relieved great numbers of the poor, and saved many families from perishing. I preached at six, on *I will heal their backsliding;* and God applied his word. Several who had left the Society for some years, came after sermon and desired to be re-admitted. O, how should our bowels yearn over all who did once run well! This is the very thing we want: otherwise, how many souls do we yet pluck out of the jaws of the lion!

Wednesday 7, I observed more and more the effects of that burning wind, which was in these parts on Sunday the 28th of last month. It not only scorched all the trees, so as to bring mid-winter upon them in two hours, but burned up all the leaves of potatoes and cabbage, and every green thing which it touched. What a mercy that

it did not come a month sooner! Then it would have left little work for the reapers.

Thursday 8. As we rode through Gwithian parish, Mr. Harris pointed out the place, where his father and many of his ancestors lived. It is now only a mountain of sand. Within a few years this so increased, as to bury both the Church and the whole town. I preached at six to a numerous congregation in Ligeon. Some years since when there was a flourishing Society in Gulval, (the parish adjoining) there was none at all here: but how is the scene changed! In Gulval not one member remains: in Ligeon there is a lively Society!

Friday 9, I preached in the new house at St. Just, the largest and most commodious in the County. Saturday 10, we rode to the Lands'-end. I know no natural curiosity like this. The vast ragged stones rise on every side, when you are near the point of land, with green turf between, as level and smooth as if it were the effect of art. And the rocks which terminate the land, are so torn by the sea, that they appear like great heaps of ruins.

Sunday 11, I preached at St. Just at nine. At one, the congregation in Morva stood on a sloping ground, rank above rank, as in a theatre. Many of them bewailed their want of God; and many tasted how gracious he is. At five I preached in Newlin to a huge multitude, and one only seemed to be offended; a very *good sort of woman*, who took great pains to get away, crying aloud, "Nay, if going to Church and Sacrament will not *put us to heaven*, I know not what will."

Monday 12, I preached in Lelant at one. Many from St. Ives were present, from whom I learned, that Mr. Swindells would have preached abroad the day before, but was hindered. It is well he was: for this occasioned the offer of a meadow near the town, far more convenient than the street. At six I stood at the bottom of it, the people rising higher and higher before me. I believe, not many were left in the town: and all behaved as in the presence of God. The next evening the congregation was enlarged, by the addition of many from the Country: and Wednesday 14, their number was larger still. We did not open the door of the room, till just half an hour past eight: by which mean the heat was not intolerable till I had done preaching. I then retired, and left the other preachers to perform the rest of the service.

Thursday 15, As we rode toward Helston, I think the sun was nearly as hot as it was at Midsummer. Yet all along, the trees looked as in the depth of winter, that scorching wind having destroyed all it touched. Friday 16, I looked over Mr. Borlase's *Antiquities of Cornwall*. He is a fine writer, and quite master of his subject, who has distinguished with amazing accuracy, the ancient Saxon monuments from the more ancient Roman, and from those of the Druids, the most ancient of all. Saturday 17, I preached at Portkellis at one, and at Redruth in the evening.

Sunday 18, At eight, many of the French prisoners were mixed with the usual congregation. This was doubled at one; but still came

nothing near to that which assembled at Gwenap in the evening. It rained all the time I preached; but not one went away. A shower of rain will not frighten experienced soldiers. Here I learned a remarkable occurrence. A few days ago, some hundreds of English, who had been prisoners in France, were landed at Penzance, by a Cartel ship. Many of these passed through Redruth, going home; but in a most forlorn condition. None shewed more compassion to them than the French. They gave them food, clothes, or money, and told them, "We wish we could do more: but we have little for ourselves here." Several who had only two shirts, gave a naked Englishman one. A French boy, meeting an English boy who was half naked, took hold of him, and stopped him; cried over him awhile, and then pulled off his own coat, and put it upon him!

Monday 19, In the evening both the house and court at Penryn were more than filled. So that I willingly embraced the offer of Mr. H., and preached before his door at twelve on Tuesday. It was an extremely pleasant place, on the side of a hill, commanding a fruitful vale, the opposite hills, and Falmouth harbour. Tall trees hung over me, and surrounded a bowling green which was behind me. A wide door is now open at Penryn also. O that none may shut it!

At six in the evening I reached Bezore, and began preaching immediately. It was a season of uncommon refreshment; particularly to some of Truro. Afterwards I met the Society in the house. A young man was cut to the heart, and cried aloud: then another and another, till my voice was quite lost. But I continued crying to God, and he heard, and gave an answer of peace. Many were filled with consolation: and four, who had wandered for some years, resolved to set out anew. Yet I was not quite reconciled to my lodging. Not but the grotto itself was very venerable; but I did not like the circumstance of having a man and his wife in the same room. I therefore willingly accepted an invitation from Mr. Painter, and walked over with him to Truro.

Wednesday 21, I walked to Bezore and preached at five. Afterwards I spoke to each member of the Society. They surprised me much. So lively and tender-hearted a people I have not lately seen! After spending an hour with a few friends in Truro, I rode forward to Grampond, a mean, inconsiderable, dirty village. However, it is a borough town! Between twelve and one I began preaching in a meadow, to a numerous congregation. While we were singing, I observed a person in black on the far side of the meadow, who said, "Come down: You have no business there." Some boys who were on a wall, taking it for granted, that he spoke to them, got down in all haste. I went on, and he walked away. I afterwards understood, that he was the Minister and the Mayor of Grampond. Soon after, two Constables came and said, "Sir, the Mayor says, you shall not preach within this borough." I answered, "The Mayor has no authority to hinder me: but it is a point not worth contesting." So I went about a musket-shot farther, and left the borough to Mr. Mayor's disposal.

A large congregation was at St. Ewe's in the evening, many of whom were in Mr. Walker's Societies. Some of them came from

St. Columb's, twelve miles off: and they did not come in vain. The flame of love ran from heart to heart: and scarcely any remained unmoved.

Thursday 22, I rode to Mevagizzy, which lies on the South-sea, just opposite to Port-Isaac on the north. When I was here last, we had no place in the town: I could only preach about half a mile from it: but things are altered now. I preached just over the town, to almost all the inhabitants; and all were still as night. The next evening a drunken man made some noise behind me: but after a few words were spoken to him, he quietly listened to the rest of the discourse. On the south side of the town, there is an extremely fine walk, broad and smooth, over the top of high rocks, from whence is a view of the main sea at a vast distance below, and all the coast, east and west.

Saturday 24, At half an hour after twelve, I preached once more, and took my leave of them. All the time I stayed, the wind blew from the sea, so that no boat could stir out. By this means all the fishermen (who are the chief part of the town) had opportunity of hearing. At six I preached at St. Awstle, a neat little town, on the side of a fruitful hill

Sunday 25, The whole Church service was performed by a Clergyman, above ninety years of age. His name is Stephen Hugo. He has been Vicar of St. Awstle between sixty and seventy years. O what might a man full of faith and zeal have done for God in such a course of time! At two I preached in St. Stephen's, near a lone house, on the side of a barren mountain. But neither the house nor the court could contain the people: so we went into a meadow, where all might kneel, (which they generally do in Cornwall) as well as stand and hear. And they did hear, and sing, and pray as for life. I saw none careless or inattentive among them. About five, I preached at St. Awstle to an exceedingly civil people: but when will they be wounded, that they may be healed?

Monday 26, I rode to Medros, in Luxillian parish. I have not seen so stately a room in Cornwall, as either this hall, or the chamber over it. The place likewise where the gardens were, the remains of the terrace walk, the stately trees still left, with many other tokens, shewed that grand men lived here once: but they are vanished like smoke, their estates torn in pieces, and well nigh their memory perished.

Tuesday 27, We rode to Leskeard, I think one of the largest and pleasantest towns in Cornwall. I preached about the middle of the town, in a broad, convenient place. No person made any noise at all. At six in the morning I had nearly the same congregation. Afterwards I examined the Society, and was agreeably surprised to hear, that every one of them had found peace with God: and (what was still more remarkable) that none of them has left their first love: that at this day, not one is in darkness!

Wednesday 28, We rode on to the Dock, which gave us a very different prospect. Of those whom I joined several years ago, hardly one half remained. Such is the fruit of disputing! And yet the con-

gregations are more numerous than ever, and as deeply attentive as any in the Kingdom. So there is hope God will yet revive his work.

Saturday, October 1, I preached at Launceston. Sunday 2, I rode to Mary-Week. A large congregation was gathered there, many of whom came seven or eight miles. The house stands in the midst of orchards and meadows, surrounded by gently-rising hills. I preached on the side of a meadow newly mown, to a deeply attentive people. Monday 3, I rode to Biddeford; but did not reach it till after five, the hour appointed for my preaching. So I began without delay, in an open part of the street where we alighted. One man made a little noise at first: but he was easily silenced. All the rest (a large number) quietly attended, though the wind was piercingly cold, while I opened and applied, *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Tuesday 4, Between twelve and one I reached North-Moulton, and finding the congregation ready, began immediately. There have been great tumults here since I saw them before: But God has now rebuked the storm. When the gentry would neither head nor pay the mob any more, the poor rabble were quiet as lambs. We rode on to Tiverton in the afternoon. On the three following days I saw as many of the Societies as I could.

Saturday 8, We had heavy rain for some miles: then it cleared up, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol. Monday 10, I rose at my usual hour: but the soreness and swelling of my face, occasioned by my taking cold on Saturday, made it impossible for me to preach. In the afternoon I applied boiled nettles. They took away the pain in a moment, and the swelling in a few hours.

Sunday 16, I began visiting the Classes at Kingswood, steady, but not zealous. It is impossible they should stand here long: they must go on or go back. Monday 17, about two I preached at Paulton: but no house could contain us; so that I was forced to stand in the open air, though the wind was very high and very cold. Thence we rode to the honest colliers at Coleford. These have the zeal which their brethren at Kingswood want: in consequence of which they are the most numerous, as well as the most lively Society in Somersetshire.

Tuesday 18, I preached to a very different congregation at Bradford, well-dressed and well-bred; and yet of the very same spirit, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Wednesday 19, after preaching at Freshford, I rode on to Kingswood.

Friday 21, Being at dinner, in a moment I felt as if a small bone had stuck in the palate of my mouth. Nothing was to be seen, but the swelling and inflammation increased till toward evening (notwithstanding all means that could be used) and then spread to both the tonsils. In the morning I was rather worse than better, till about half an hour after eight. Then as the disorder came in a moment, it went in a moment, and I was as well as ever. Monday 24, I preached about noon at Bath, and in the evening at Escot, near Lavington.

Tuesday 25, In my return, a man met me near Hannam, and told me the School-house at Kingswood was burned down. I felt not one moment's pain, knowing that God does all things well. When I came thither, I received a fuller account. About eight on Monday evening, two or three boys went into the gallery, up two pair of stairs. One of them heard a strange crackling in the room above. Opening the stair-case door, he was beat back by smoke, on which he cried out, "Fire! Murder! Fire!" Mr. Baynes hearing this, ran immediately down, and brought up a pail of water: but when he went into the room and saw the blaze, he had not presence of mind to go up to it. But threw the water upon the floor. Meantime one of the boys rung the bell; another called John Maddern from the next house, who ran up, as did James Burges quickly after, and found the room all in a flame. The deal-partitions took fire immediately, which spread to the roof of the house. Plenty of water was now brought; but they could not come nigh the place where it was wanted, the room being so filled with flame and smoke, that none could go into it. At last a long ladder which lay in the garden, was reared up against the wall of the house. But it was then observed, that one of the sides of it was broken in two, and the other quite rotten. However, John How (a young man who lived next door) ran up it, with an axe in his hand. But he then found the ladder was so short, that as he stood on the top of it, he could but just lay one hand over the battlements. How he got over to the leads none can tell: but he did so, and quickly broke through the roof, on which a vent being made, the smoke and flame issued out as from a furnace: those who were at the foot of the stairs with water, being able to go no further, then went through the smoke to the door of the leads, and poured it down through the tiling. By this means the fire was quickly quenched, having only consumed a part of the partition, with a box of clothes, and a little damaged the roof and floor beneath.

It is amazing that so little hurt was done. For the fire, which began in the middle of the long room (none can imagine how; for no person had been there for several hours before) was so violent, that it broke every pane of glass, but two, in the window, both at the east and west end. What was more amazing still, was, that it did not hurt either the beds, (which when James Burgess came in, seemed all covered with flame) nor the deal partitions on the other side of the room, though it beat against them for a considerable time. What can we say to these things, but that God had fixed the bounds, which it could not pass.

We observed Friday the 28th as a solemn fast; and from this time the work of God revived in Bristol. We were indeed brought very low. A Society of nine hundred members was shrunk to little more than half the number. But God now began to turn our captivity, and put a new song in our mouth.

Thursday, November 3, I preached in the new preaching-house at Pill. How is the face of things changed here! Such a sink of sin was scarcely to be found! And now how many are rejoicing in God their Saviour! Monday 7, leaving the flame just kindling in Bris-

tol, I rode to Newbury, and on Thursday to London. I found the same fire kindled here also, and increasing more and more.

Monday 14, I rode to Bedford, and talked largely with Mr.——, whom God had well nigh set at liberty: but his feet are again in the net. He did not indeed deny, nor much extenuate any of the things he had often related. But at length he told me in terms, "There are such things among *the Brethren*, that I can never join them more. Yet I dare not speak against them, and join any other people, for fear of grieving the Saviour!" O Lord, when shall this witchcraft come to an end?—When wilt thou maintain thine own cause?

Wednesday 16, We rode to Newmarket, and the next day to Norwich, where I now found a prospect of doing good. The congregation daily increased and grew more and more serious. I spoke to many who were deeply convinced of sin, and some who were rejoicing in God, and walking in the light of his countenance.

Wednesday 23, I was shewn Dr. Taylor's new Meeting house, perhaps the most elegant one in Europe. It is eight square, built of the finest brick, with sixteen sash-windows below, as many above, and eight sky-lights in the dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The inside is finished in the highest taste, and is as clean as any nobleman's saloon. The communion-table is fine mahogany; the very latches of the pew-doors are polished brass. How can it be thought that the old, coarse Gospel should find admission here?

Thursday 24, A man had spoken to me the last week, as I was going through Thetford, and desired me to preach at Lakenheath, near Mildenhall in Suffolk: I now purposed so to do, and rode thither from Thetford. One Mr. Evans had lately built a large and convenient preaching-house there, at his own expense. It was more than filled at six o'clock, many standing at the door. At five in the morning (as uncommon a thing as this was in those parts) the house was nearly filled again, with earnest, loving, simple people. Several of them came into Mr. E.'s house afterwards, stood a while, and then burst into tears. I promised to call upon them again, and left them much comforted.

Saturday 26, I returned to London. Much confusion had been in my absence, occasioned by some imprudent words, spoken by one who seemed to be strong in the faith. Monday 28, I heard all who were concerned, face to face, but was utterly unable to judge, whether there was wilful sin, lying, on either side, or only, human infirmity. For the present I leave it to the Searcher of hearts, who will bring all things to light in due season. Wednesday 30, I had another long hearing of the same intricate cause. But with no more success: one side flatly affirmed, the other flatly denied. This is strange! but it is more strange, that those who *seem* so strong in faith, should have no union of spirit with each other.

Monday, December 5, I baptized Henriquez Judah Seniore, a Portuguese Jew, more than sixty years of age: he seemed to have no confidence in himself, but to be waiting for *the consolation of Israel.* Sunday 11, in the evening I retired to Lewisham, and spent the following days in finishing, "A Preservative against unsettled Notions

in Religion:" designed for the use of all those who are under my care, but chiefly of the Young Preachers. Sunday 18, I had an opportunity (which I had long desired) of spending an hour or two with the Rev. Mr. ——. I would have appointed a time for our meeting weekly: but he declined it. Why? I cannot tell.

Friday 23, John Nelson wrote me a letter, part of which I have subjoined:

"We had four triumphant deaths lately, of three men and one woman. The woman was Hannah Richardson, of Brestfield. When Enoch Williams preached there, she was the bitterest persecutor in the town, and vowed if ever he preached there again, she would help to stone him to death: but he never went to try. The only one of this way in the town was Ruth Blacker. Against her she was violently enraged, till Ruth went to her house, reasoned the case, and at length persuaded her to go to Dewsbury, to hear Mr. Charles Wesley. That day God begot her by his word, so that she could never rest till she found Christ in her own heart. And for two years she has been a steady follower of him. By her zeal and circumspect walking, many have been since stirred up to seek the Lord. As soon as she was taken ill, she began to praise God more than ever, for the work he had wrought in her soul. She said, 'At first I thought I had no will, and that God's love was all that was in my heart. But when my little child gave a sudden shriek, I found my heart was not free: and it damped the love of God in my soul for two hours. But the Lord is come again, and now I am fully assured, he does take up all the room in my heart. He has sanctified me throughout, body, soul, and spirit. I am a witness for Jesus Christ, that he is a greater Saviour than *Adam* was a sinner, O watch and pray, and ye shall not be overcome in the hour of temptation. Keep close to your meetings, and the Lord will meet you. If you neglect these or private prayer, you will become barren in your own souls, and the God of this world will get an advantage over you. But if you keep close to God and one another, you will find Jesus a Saviour to the uttermost, as I, the most unworthy of mankind, do.' For some time before she died, her prayer was turned into praise. All her prayer then was, 'Thy will be done!' We have one by us that we think will hardly live till to-morrow, who is above seventy, and is as a shock of corn fully ripe, crying out, 'Come, Lord Jesus!'

In the Christmas week I rode down to Bristol: where, Sunday, January 1, 1758, we began the year with the great congregation at four, rejoicing and praising God.

Tuesday 3, At the request of several of my friends, I wrote "A Letter to a Gentleman at Bristol," in order to guard them from seeking salvation by works on the one hand, and Antinomianism on the other. From those who lean to either extreme I shall have no thanks. But *Wisdom is justified of her children.*

Wednesday 4, I rode to Kingswood, and rejoiced over the School, which is at length what I have so long wished it to be, a blessing to all that are therein, and a honour to the whole body of *Methodists.*

Monday 9, I began a letter to Mr. Toogood, author of "The Dis

senting Gentleman's Reasons." I think, the most saucy and virulent satire on the Church of England, that ever my eyes beheld. How much rather would I write practically than controversially. But even this talent I dare not bury in the earth. Friday 13, having ended my business at Bristol, I rode on to Newbury, and the next day to London. Now, if it be the will of God, I should be glad of a little rest. If not, let me rejoice to be without it.

Tuesday 17, I preached at Wandsworth. A gentleman come from America, has again opened a door in this desolate place. In the morning I preached in Mr. Gilbert's house. Two Negro servants of his, and a Mulatto, appear to be much awakened. Shall not his saving health be made known to all nations? Saturday 28, I was inquiring of William Hurd, who discharged him from the army? And he might fairly say, God discharged him; his officers being determined not to do it. Nevertheless, he stood among the men whom they had picked out for that purpose. And when he came in his turn, his discharge was written, and no man gainsayed.

Sunday 29, We had an uncommon blessing at West-street, and a still greater at Spital-fields. Some could not refrain from crying aloud to God. And he did not cast out their prayers. Many thanksgivings have since been offered to God, for the blessings of that hour. Wednesday, February 1, I talked with a gentlewoman who had been a mighty good Christian for nearly seventy years: but she now found herself out, and began to cry with many tears to the friend of sinners for pardoning mercy.

Friday 3, Mr. Parker (last year Mayor of Bedford) preached at the Foundery. A more artless preacher I never heard; but not destitute of pathos. I doubt not, he may be of much use among honest, simple-hearted people.

Sunday 12, At the request of the Vicar, Mr. J., I rode over to Uxbridge. I preached for him both morning and afternoon, to a large and serious congregation. How uncommon a providence is this! The Gospel was preached in the Church at Hayes. Several of the parishioners ran from it, and took pews at Hillington. It followed them into Hillington Church, where I preached twice in one day. Some of them went to Uxbridge. And now it is come to torment them at Uxbridge also!

Wednesday 15, I read over the "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg." *Quanta de spe decidi!* It is hard to determine from his writing, whether the author be a Mahometan or a Christian. I suppose he is as near one as the other.

On Friday 17, The public fast, I preached at West-street in the morning, at Spital-fields in the afternoon, and Bull-and-Mouth in the evening; every where to a crowded audience. Indeed every place of worship throughout the City was extremely crowded all the day long. Surely all the prayers which have been offered up this day, will not fall to the ground!

Monday 20, I rode, through much rain, to Maldon in Essex. Their new preaching house is large; but it would in no wise contain the congregation, which flocked together in the evening. For a time

there was much persecution here; but all is now calm and quiet. And, probably, good will be done, if those who now run well, do not draw back to perdition. We had a large congregation at five in the morning, and more than we had room for in the evening. Fair blossoms! But which of these will bring forth fruit? O Lord, thou knowest! Wednesday 22, it rained without ceasing, till we came to a small inn, nineteen miles from Maldon. Here we dried our clothes. Soon after, the rain ceased, and we had a pleasant ride to London.

Monday 27, Having a sermon to write against the Assizes at Bedford, I retired for a few days to Lewisham. Friday, March 3, I returned to London. Monday 6, I took horse about seven o'clock. The wind being East, I was pleasing myself, that we should have it on our backs. But in a quarter of an hour, it shifted to the North-west, and blew the rain full in our faces: and both increased, so that when we came to Finchley-common, it was hard work to sit our horses. The rain continued all the way to Dunstable, where we exchanged the main road for the fields, which having been just ploughed were deep enough. However, before three we came to Sundon. Hence, on Thursday 9, I rode to Bedford, and found the sermon was not to be preached till Friday. Had I known this in time, I should never have thought of preaching it, having engaged to be at Epworth on Saturday. Mr. ———— came to me in the evening, and said, "He could not remain as he was any longer; that he had no rest in his spirit, while he was thus halting between two; and therefore desired to go with me, without delay." I answered, "If he was so resolved, he was welcome to set out with me for Epworth the next day." He said, "He would." We spent some time in prayer, and parted for the present.

Friday 12, The congregation at St. Paul's was very large and very attentive. The Judge, immediately after sermon, sent me an invitation to dine with him: but having no time, I was obliged to send my excuse, and set out between one and two. The North-east wind was piercingly cold, and blowing exactly in our faces, soon brought a heavy shower of snow, then of sleet, and afterwards of hail. However, we reached Stilton at seven, about thirty miles from Bedford. Rest was now the more sweet, because both our horses were lame. However resolving to reach Epworth at the time appointed, I set out in a post chaise between four and five in the morning: but the frost made it so bad driving, that my companion came with the lame horses into Stamford, as soon as I. The next stage I went on horseback; but I was then obliged to leave my mare, and take another post-chaise. I came to Bawtry about six. Some from Epworth had come to meet me; but were gone half an hour before I came. I knew no chaise could go the rest of the road: so it remained only to hire horses and a guide. We set out about seven; but I found my guide knew no more of the way than myself. However, we got pretty well to Idle-stop, about four miles from Bawtry, where we had just light to discern the river at our side, and the Country covered with water. I had heard that one Richard Wright lived thereabouts, who knew the road over the Moor perfectly well. Hearing

one speak, (for we could not see him,) I called, "Who is there?" He answered, "Richard Wright." I soon agreed with him, and he quickly mounted his horse and rode boldly forward. The North-east wind blew full in our faces: and I heard them say it was very cold! But neither my face nor hands, nor feet were cold, till between nine and ten we came to Epworth. After travelling more than ninety miles, I was little more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Sunday 12, I was much comforted at Church, both morning and afternoon, by the serious behaviour of the whole congregation, so different from what it was formerly. After evening service I took my stand in the Market-place, with a multitude of people from all parts. Toward the end of the sermon the rain was heavy; but it neither lessened nor disturbed the congregation. Monday 13, I preached in the shell of the new house, and then set out for York. The banks over which we crept along, were ready to swallow up man and beast. However, we came safe to York in the afternoon. After settling the little affairs, on Wednesday 15, I came to Leeds, where, in the evening, a multitude of people were present. I never before saw things in so good order here, and took knowledge, the assistant had not been idle. I was apprehensive, having been at an uncommon expense, of being a little straitened for money: but after preaching, one with whom I had never exchanged a word, put a letter into my hand, in which was a bill for ten pounds. Is not *the earth the Lord's, and the fulness thereof?*

Thursday 16, I rode through heavy rain to Manchester. I was scarcely set down, when Mr. ———— came from Bedford. If he come sincerely, (as I believe,) God will bless him: but if not, *Ego in portu navigo.* He can find out nothing with regard to me, I have no secrets. Friday 17, in riding from Manchester to Bolton, I read the Life of Theodore, King of Corsica: a great man, both as a General and as a Prince: and one who, if he had not been sacrificed to the French, might have made a shining figure in history. Saturday 18, We rode to Liverpool.

Thursday 23, I walked over to Mr. E.'s, a gentleman who had little thought of God, till his favourite child lay at the point of death. It then came into his mind to pray for his life. He did so, and the child recovered. This struck him to the heart, and he rested no more till his own soul was healed. I never saw the house so crowded as it was on Easter-day, March 26; especially with rich and genteel people, whom I did not at all spare. They are now warned to flee from the wrath to come. God grant they may remember the warning.

Tuesday 28, We went on board and set sail for Dublin. The wind was fair, and the day extremely fine. Seven or eight miles from the town, a small boat overtook us, which brought me letters from London. Some of these earnestly pressed me to return to London, or however, "Not to go to Ireland." I consulted my friends, and just as we began our debate, the wind, which till then was fair and small, turned from East to West, and blew harder and harder. But the

point was soon decided; for, upon inquiry, we found the boat was gone back, and no other was to be had. Presently after, the wind returned to the East, and we saw the hand of God. The Liverpool boat went away in such haste, that it left a young man, James Glazebrook, behind: so we were five in all. We had seven more cabin passengers, and many common ones. So good-natured a company I never met in a ship before. The sea was as smooth as glass, the sun shone without a cloud, and the wind was quite fair, so we glided on, till about nine, I went to prayers with them, and then quietly lay down.

Wednesday 29, We were even with the great Welsh mountain, Penmenmaur, at five in the morning. But it then fell calm, so that we were scarcely abreast of Holyhead in the evening. This gave us much time to speak to all our fellow-passengers; and some fruit quickly appeared. For no oath, no immodest, or passionate word, was any more heard in the ship while we were on board.

Thursday 30, Having no wind still, I desired our brethren to come on the quarter-deck; where we no sooner began singing a hymn, than both passengers and people gladly assembled. The wind sprung up almost as soon as I began, and about nine the next day we entered Dublin Bay, after so pleasant a passage as the Captain declared he had not had, at that time of the year, for forty years. Considering the shortness of the warning, we had a large congregation in the evening; but a very small one in the morning, April 1. At this I did not wonder when I was informed, that the preaching at five had been discontinued for nearly a year and a half. At eight, likewise, Sunday 2, the congregation was small. I took knowledge that the people of Dublin, had neither seen nor heard any thing of self-denial, since T. Walsh left the kingdom.

All the evenings of the following week we had numerous congregations. Nothing is wanting here but rigorous discipline; which is more needful in this than in any other nation: The people, in general, being so soft and delicate, that the least slackness utterly destroys them. Thursday 6, we walked round the College, and saw what was accounted most worthy of observation. The new front is exceedingly grand; and the whole square (about as large as Peckwater in Christ-Church) would be beautiful, were not the windows too small, as every one will see, when the present fashion is out of date. Friday 7, I preached in the evening on Reuben's character, *Unstable as water*, so applicable to most of this nation. Some were deeply convinced and resolved not to rest, till they were established in grace.

Sunday 9, I exhorted the Society to follow the example of their English brethern, by jointly renewing their covenant with God. On Tuesday evening I read the letters; by one of which a poor backslider, who had been wandering nearly eleven years, was cut to the heart, and determined to return to him from whom he had so deeply revolted. Thursday 13, I explained at large the nature and manner of entering into covenant with God, and desired all who were purposed so to do, to set Friday apart, for solemn fasting and prayer. Many

did so, and met both at five in the morning, at noon, and in the evening.

Sunday 16, I was much grieved, at St. Peter's Church, at such a sight as I never saw in England: communicants as well as others, behaving in a manner that shocked common sense, as well as religion. O, who has the courage to speak plainly to these rich and honourable sinners? If they perish in their iniquity, will not their blood be on the watchman's head?

Monday 17, We met in the evening to renew our covenant with God. It was a glorious season. I believe all that were present found that God was there.

Tuesday 18, Among the letters I read in public last week, was one from Mr. Gillies, giving an account of a Society lately formed at Glasgow, for promoting Christian Knowledge among the poor, chiefly by distributing Bibles among them, and other religious books. I could not then help expressing my amazement, that nothing of this kind had been attempted in Ireland: and inquiring, if it were not high time, that such a Society should be formed in Dublin. This morning Dr. Tisdale shewed me a paper, which the Archbishop had just sent to each of his Clergy: Exhorting them to "Erect a Society, for the distribution of Books among the poor." Thanks be to God for this! Whether we or they, it is all one, so God be known, loved, and obeyed.

Thursday 20, In the evening I met all the married men and women of the Society. I believe it was high time. For many of them seemed to know very little of relative duties. So that I brought strange things to their ears, when I enlarged on the duties of husbands, and wives, and parents. Friday 21, I dined at Lady ——. We need great grace to converse with great people! From which, therefore, (unless in some rare instances) I am glad to be excused. *Horæ fugiunt & imputantur!* Of these two hours I can give no good account.

Sunday 23, I was much concerned to see two gentlemen, who were close to me at St. Patrick's Church, fall a talking together, in the most trifling manner, immediately after they had received the Lord's-Supper. Indeed one who sat by could not but reprove them, whom I seconded in strong terms. And so far (at least) we gained: They talked no more, till the service was ended.

Monday 24, I left Dublin: but our chaise-horse tired, before we had drove eight miles. So I went into another chaise, and reached Killcock between eleven and twelve. We were greatly surprised to hear the maid of the inn singing one of our hymns, and to find, that her mistress had the evening before been at the preaching in Dublin. This accounted for the profound civility with which all the servants behaved. About one I took horse and rode on with Robert Swindells to Eden-derry. On the road, I read Mr. Walker's account of the siege of Londonderry, and the relation of that of Drogheda, by Dr. Barnard, a vain, childish, affected writer. Sir Henry Titchburn's account of that siege, is written in a strong and masculine manner, and is worthy

to be joined with Mr. Walker's plain and clear account of that other amazing scene of providence.

Tuesday 15, I read an account of the Irish Rebellion, wrote by Dr. Curry, a Papist of Dublin, who labours to wash the Ethiop white, by numberless falsehoods and prevarications: but he is treated according to his merit by Mr. Harris, in a tract entitled, "Fiction unmasked." In the evening I preached under the Castle wall, to a very numerous congregation, though some of the Quakers (so called) had laboured much, to dissuade their people from coming. And one poor man, lately reclaimed by hearing our preachers, from a course of open, scandalous sin, they did persuade to stay at home. When he turns back to his vomit, who shall answer for *his* blood.

Wednesday 26, I walked round the poor remains of the Castle. The situation is extremely fine. It stands on the top of a gently-rising hill, commanding the prospect all four ways, and having rows of tall trees reaching down to the vale on three sides, with a grove covering it on the north east. But the house, as well as the gardens round about it, are now utterly run to ruin. I wonder none has rebuilt it: unless there is a curse on the place, for the sins of its former inhabitants!

Thursday 26, I finished Mr. Spearman's inquiry, an ingenious, sensible book. But I cannot at all agree with his scheme; I still think Mr. Hutchinson's whole system, is not only quite unsupported by Scripture, but loaded with insuperable difficulties. I cannot yet see the possibility of any motion, without so much as a *Vaccum Disseminatum.* Is it not flatly impossible, if all be full, and all matter be impenetrable? Much less can I concieve, how the streams of light and air can move continually in opposite directions, and that in space absolutely full, without jostling with each other!

In the evening I preached at Portarlington. Both this day and the next I was much concerned for my rich, gay hearers, and God gave me such a word for them, as I scarcely ever had before. Hence at his earnest request, I rode over to Mr. L——, who said, "He could not die in peace till he had seen me." For some time he had been quite distracted: but he spoke quite sensibly yesterday, while Mr. Swindells was there, saying, with many tears, "He had never prospered in any thing, since he used Mr. W—— so ill." That night he had sound and refreshing sleep, which he had not had for many weeks before: and when we called, most of what he said was reasonable and connected. Perhaps God may put an end to the troubles, which have lately encompassed him on every side.

Saturday 29, I preached in the Market-place at Mountmellick in the evening, and at eight in the morning. At eleven I went to Church. Soon after, seven or eight troopers came into the same pew. Several were in the next pew, and others scattered up and down the Church. In the middle of the service a person came in, and whispered to one of them in our pew. Soon after, another person came in, and whispered to the Corporal. Several of them whispered together; after which four went out, but quickly returned, with many swords and pistols. After whispering together again,

they all rose up from all parts, and went out of the Church in a body. This put the whole congregation in an uproar, and many ran out in all haste. Afterwards the secret appeared to be this. Three weeks ago, a man of the town grossly abused a trooper, whose patience at length being worn out, he gave him a cut across the head. A report now came, that the man was dead. On this the mob gathered, to seize the trooper: but the others resolved, not to give him up to a mob, but to the Peace-officer. I suppose most of the protestants in the town were present at the evening sermon. Many Papists also stood in the skirts of the congregation, though liable to heavy penance for it. I preached much longer than I am accustomed, finding it an acceptable time. Well might Kempis say, "He rides easily, whom the grace of God carries."

Monday, May 1, I strove to put an end to the bitter contentions which had well nigh torn the Society in pieces. I heard the contending parties face to face, and desired them to speak at large. God gave his blessing therewith: the snare was broken, and they were cordially reconciled. Only one person was out of all patince, and formally renounced us all: but within an hour God broke her heart also, and she asked pardon with many tears. So there is reason to hope, they will for the time to come, *bear one another's burdens.*

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, not only to a large number of Protestants, but to Papists, and almost all the troopers in the town. Tuesday 2, I wrote a short answer to Dr. Free's weak, bitter, scurrilous invective, against the people called *Methodists.* But I doubt, whether I shall meddle with *him* any more. He is too *dirty* a writer for *me* to touch.

Wednesday 3, I preached at four in the afternoon at Coolylough, and at eight in the morning: after which I rode on to Tyrrel's-pass. The letters which I received here, were seasonable as rain in the time of drought. I had before found much weariness; but God thereby gave a check to my faintness of spirit, and enabled me to *gird up the loins of my mind.*

In the evening, the weather being calm and mild, I preached on the side of a meadow, the people standing before me, one above another, on the side of a gently-rising hill: and many did indeed, at that hour, *taste and see that the Lord is gracious.*

Friday 5, In the evening I preached at Drumcree, in the new room, built in the taste of the Country. The roof is thatch, and the walls mud; on which a ladder was suspended by ropes of straw. Hence we rode to Rosmead. The congregation here was not large, but deeply serious. Sunday 7, I preached at eight and at five. Afterwards I was desired to make a collection for a distressed family. Mr. Booker, the Minister of the Parish, willingly stood at the door to receive it: and encouraged all that went by, to be *merciful after their power.* Monday 8, I rode to Newry, and preached at seven to a large and serious congregation.

Tuesday 9, We rode by the side of the canal, through a pleasant vale, to Terry-hugan. The room built on purpose for us here, is three yards long, two and a quarter broad, and six feet high. The

walls, floor, and ceiling are mud: and we had a clean, chaff bed. At seven I preached in a neighbouring ground, having a rock behind me and a large congregation sitting on the grass before me. Thence we retired to our hut, and found it true:

Licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vita præcurrere amicos.

Wednesday 10, I suppose all the inhabitants of the village with many others, were present at five in the morning. Among these was a poor woman, brought to bed ten days before, who had walked four Irish miles, (seven English) with her child in her arms, to have it baptized by *me*. Another, who lived at Terry-hugan, had earnestly desired the same thing, if she were delivered before I left the Country. She was delivered two or three hours before the preaching. So God gave her what she asked of him.

In riding to Lisburn, I read Mr. Rollin's Ancient History. Could so masterly a writer make such palpable blunders? Or are they owing to the Translator? I have observed many as gross as that in the Fourth Volume. "A revered old age was the fruit of Gelon's wisdom—He was succeeded by Hiero, his eldest brother. This young prince"——How? if Gelon enjoyed revered *old age*, could his *eldest brother* be *young* after his death?

Abundance of people attended the preaching in the evening, as well as in the morning. Friday 12, I preached about noon at Comber, and then rode on to Newtown. This seems to have been a place of strength, large fragments of walls still remaining. I preached at seven on the Green, to the largest congregation I have seen since I came into the kingdom. All were quietly attentive, and when I had done, went away in deep silence.

Saturday 13, We went into the Church, the Burial-place of Mr Colvin's father and ancestors. The quire, turned into a Chapel many years ago, is grand, and finely finished: but as no man cares for it, since the estate was sold, it is swiftly running to ruin. In the evening we had a larger congregation than before. I was afraid my voice would not reach them all. But God gave me strength, so that I believe every one present might hear distinctly. Sunday 14, I preached in the Market-house at Belfast about one, and in the Courthouse at Carrickfergus in the evening.

Monday 15, I rode over the mountains to Larn, a small sea-port, ten miles North of Carrickfergus. The sun shone bright and exceedingly hot, and the wind was pretty high. They fixed the table just fronting the mid-day sun, and where an eddy of wind poured in continually. And it is well they did; for the sun tempered the wind, so that I could bear both better than either. I suppose most of the town were present, rich and poor: and I believe the word of God did not return empty. In the evening I preached at Carrick again. The old earl of Donnegal, one of the richest peers in Ireland, took much pleasure here in his stately house, surrounded by large and elegant gardens: but his only son proved an idiot. And the present heir regards them not. So the roof of the house is fallen in; and the horses and sheep which feed in the gardens, make wild work with

the parterres and curious trees, which the old Lord so carefully planted.

Tuesday 16, We rode to Lurgan. In the morning I walked to Lough-Neagh, the most beautiful lake I ever saw. On the South-east shore stands a small mount, supposed to be raised by the Danes: on the top of which is a kind of arbour, benched round with turf, which might contain twenty or thirty people. This was the hottest day I ever felt in Ireland: nearly as hot as any I remember in Georgia. The next morning I was desired to see the house of an eminent scholar near the town. The door into the yard we found nailed up; but we got in at a gap which was stopped with thorns. I took the house at first for a very old barn, but was assured he had built it within five years: not indeed by any old, vulgar model, but purely to his own taste. The walls were part mud, part brick, part stone, and part bones and wood. There were four windows, but no glass in any, lest the pure air should be kept out. The house had two stories, but no staircase, and no door: into the upper floor, we went by a ladder through one of the windows: through one of the lower windows, into the lower floor, which was about four feet high. This floor had three rooms, one three square, the second had five sides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular description of this wonderful edifice, to illustrate that great truth; There is no folly too great, even for a man of sense, if he resolve to follow his own imagination!

I spent Friday and Saturday at Newry, a town risen out of its ashes within these twenty years. Sunday 21, I was much pleased with the seriousness and decency of the congregation at Church: but they were a little hurried in the middle of the service. A young man dropped down as dead. In a little time however he came to himself, and was led out of Church.

Monday 22, I rode through a barren, dreary Country, and by a miserable road, to Castle-Blaney. The morning was extremely hot; but we had a cooler ride in the afternoon to Coot-hill. I preached at seven in an open place near the street, to a tolerably serious congregation. At six in the morning there were more rather than fewer, who then seemed to *feel* as well as *hear*. I walked afterwards to the German house, about as large as the Chapel in Snows-fields. They have pitched upon a delightful situation, laid out a garden by it, planted trees round the ground, and every way proved themselves *wise in their generation*. They often put me in mind of the monks of old, who had picked out the pleasantest spots in our nation: but when their time was come, God swept them away, in an hour they looked not for it. In the evening I preached at Dingins, in the County of Cavan, on the very edge of Ulster. Many came from far, a few of whom have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

Wednesday 24, I preached in the morning at Granard, in the Barrack-yard. I have rarely seen a congregation in a new place so much affected. About one I preached at Edgeworthtown, to a very genteel congregation; extremely different from that which gathered at Longford, in the yard of the great Inn: the rudest, surliest, wildest

people that I have found since I came into the kingdom: however, they stood pretty quiet, till some pieces of turf were thrown among them over the houses. And when they had recovered from the hurry it put them into, they behaved decently till I concluded.

Thursday 25, I preached at Cleg-hill about one, and then rode on to Drumersnave. Wood, water, fruitful land, and gently-rising hills, contribute to make this place a little paradise. Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of the whole, resolved to make it such. So he planted groves, laid out walks, formed the plan of a new town, with a barrack at one end, and his own seat at the other. But, alas! death stepped in between, and all his plan fell to the ground. I lodged at the only gentleman's house in the town, whose wife adorns the Gospel.

Saturday 27, I rode through James's-Town, once a strong place, now a heap of ruins, and through Carrick and Boyle, both inclosed by a pleasant and fruitful Country. Soon after, we entered the County of Sligo, the best peopled that I have seen in the kingdom. Eight villages we counted within seven miles: the town itself I think is little less than Limerick. The Country round it is fertile and well-improved; even the mountains, to the very top. It lies two miles from the sea, having a large harbour, covered by mountains on each side. The mob had been in motion all the day: but their business was only with the forestallers of the market, who had bought up all the corn far and near, to starve the poor, and load a Dutch ship, which lay at the quay. But the mob brought it all out into the market, and sold it for the owners at the common price. And this they did, with all the calmness and composure imaginable, and without striking or hurting any one.

I preached in the evening near the main-street, to a small quiet, serious company: at nine, Sunday 28, in the Market-house, to a numerous congregation: but they were doubled at five in the afternoon; and God made his word quick and powerful. Even the rich and genteel part of the audience appeared to be deeply affected. O for labourers! for a few γνησια τεκνα, * desirous only to spend and be spent for their brethren. Monday 29, I rode to Castlebar.

Thursday, June 1, I went to Newport. I believe all the Protestants in the town gladly attended the evening preaching: and few of them were wanting at five in the morning. How white are these fields to the harvest! Friday 2, I rode to Hollymount, and preached in the Church-yard. I then visited my antagonist, Mr. Clark, who was lying extremely ill. Saturday 3, I preached at Minulla, a village four miles from Castlebar. I was surprised to find, how little the Irish Papists are changed in a hundred years. Most of them retain the same bitterness, yea, and thirst for blood as ever: and would as freely now cut the throats of all the Protestants, as they did in the last century.

Sunday 4, As they have the Lord's-supper here but four times a year, I administered it in the evening to about sixty persons. Scarcely one of them went empty away. Many were filled with consolation.

* Genuine Sons.

Tuesday 6, I set out at four (the hour I had appointed) on foot, the horse brought for me having neither bridle nor saddle. After a time one galloped after me full speed, till just as he overtook me, horse and man came down together. The horse's knee spouted out blood, as if an artery had been cut: but on a sudden the blood stopped, nor did he bleed any more all the way to Aughrim. I found a few here, and left more, *striving to enter in at the strait gate.*

Friday 9, About eight I preached at Ahaser, to a congregation, of whom four-fifths were Papists. Would to God the Government would insure to all the Papists in the land, so much liberty of conscience, that none might *hinder them from hearing* the true word of God! Then, as they hear, so let them judge. In the evening I preached at Athlone.

Sunday 11, We had an excellent sermon at Church, on the intercession of Christ. In the afternoon abundance of Papists, as well as Protestants, were present on the Connaught side of the river, while I explained the *joy* that is *in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.* Toward the close two or three eggs were thrown, and not long after, two stones. One of them fell on a gentleman's servant, the other on a drummer, which so enraged the dragoons (many of whom were in the congregation) that as soon as I concluded, they run all ways to find the man that threw. The spirit they shewed did much good, by striking a terror into the rabble. But I was glad they did not discover the offender. I believe his fright was punishment enough.

Tuesday 13, I met the Preachers and Stewards at Cooly-lough. The congregation at noon was the largest I ever saw there. In the afternoon the perplexed case of J. C. and J. A. was referred to Mr. S. and Mr. H.: who, after a long hearing, judged (as did all present) "That J. C. had acted wrong, in seizing and selling J. A.'s goods for rent, when no rent was due." After preaching in the evening, I talked with Kath. Shea of Athlone, concerning a strange account, which I had heard: there are many now living, who attest, on their personal knowledge, most of the particulars of it, She said, "When I was ten years old, the preaching began at Athlone. I liked, and often heard it, though my parents were zealous Papists, till they removed into the Country. I then grew as zealous as they, and was diligent in reading the Popish prayers, till I was about thirteen; when taking the Mass-book one day, to read my prayers, I could not see one word. I continued blind, just able to discern light from darkness, but not to read or do any work: till after three months, casting my eye on a New Testament, I could read clearly. I said to myself, 'I will not read this Protestant book, I will read my own book.' Accordingly I opened the Mass-book, but could not see one word: it appeared all dark and black. I made the trial thrice over, holding the Mass-book in one hand, and the Testament in the other. I could not see any thing in the Mass-book, but could read the Testament as well as ever. On this I threw away the Mass-book, fully resolved to meddle with it no more. Afterwards my parents returned to Athlone. Then I heard the preaching at all opportunities. For this they beat me many times, and at last turned me out of doors.

Yet after this, my father brought me to the Priest, who disputed with me very warmly. At length my father said, 'I think the girl is in the right.' And he opposed me no more to the day of his death."

Wednesday 14, I preached at Tullamore about eleven, and at Birr in the evening. Friday 16, I set out for Limerick. I was wet through from head to foot, before I came thither, but received no hurt. Here I had a particular account of the melancholy affair, which was in the mouths of all men. On Sunday evening last, two officers were playing at dice, when they quarrelled about a lewd woman. This occasioned a challenge from Mr. I., which the other whould fain have declined; but he would not be denied, and was so bent upon it, that he would not go to bed. About three in the morning they went out, with their seconds, to the Island. Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards distance; but Mr. I. said, 'No, no, six is enough.' So they kissed one another, (poor farce!) and before they were five paces asunder, both fired at the same instant. The ball went into Mr. I.'s breast, who turned round twice or thrice, and fell. He was carried home, made his will, and about three in the afternoon died like a man of honour!

How are *the judgments of the Lord abroad in the earth!* About Easter last, Mr. Beauchamp was at a gentleman's house in the county of Clare, when a gentleman who was occasionally there, finding they were going to family prayers, ran away in all haste, swearing, "He would have none of their swaddling prayers." Two or three weeks after, he imagined himself to be not very well. A Physician was called, who for three or four days successively, affirmed, there was no danger at all. On the fifth day a second Physician was called: who feeling his pulse, said, "Why do you send for me? I can do nothing. He is a dead man." Hearing this, he cried out, "Doctor you have deceived me. I leave money enough; but my soul is lost." He catched hold of one and another, crying, "Save me, save me." He endeavoured to throw himself into the fire. Being hindered from doing this, he seized upon his own arm, and tore it with his teeth. And after a short time, in all the agony of rage, despair, and horror, expired.

AN

EXTRACT

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No. XI.

FROM JUNE 17, 1758, TO MAY 5, 1760.

SATURDAY, June 17, I met Thomas Walsh once more, in Limerick, alive, and but just alive. Three of the best Physicians in these parts have attended him, and all agree, that it is a lost case; that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stage, and consequently beyond the reach of any human help. O, what a man, to be snatched away in the strength of his years! Surely thy judgments are a great deep!

Wednesday 21, Our little Conference began, at which fourteen Preachers were present. We settled all things here, which we judged would be of use to the Preachers or the Societies, and consulted how to remove whatever might be a hindrance to the Work of God.

Friday, 23, I rode over to Court-Mattress, a colony of Germans, whose parents came out of the Palatinate, about fifty years ago. Twenty families of them settled here, twenty more at Killikeen, a mile off; fifty at Balligarane, about two miles Eastward; and twenty at Pallas, four miles farther. Each family had a few acres of ground, on which they built as many little houses. They are since considerably increased in number of souls, though decreased in number of families. Having no minister, they were become eminent for drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and an utter neglect of religion. But they are washed; since they heard and received the truth, which is able to save their souls. An oath is now rarely heard among them, or a drunkard seen in their borders. Court-Mattress is built in the form of a square, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large preaching-house: but it would not contain one half of the congregation; so I stood in a large yard. The wind kept off the rain while I was preaching: as soon as I ended, it began.

Sunday 25, About six I preached in the island near Limerick, in

a square, green inclosure, which was formerly Oliver Cromwell's camp. I have not seen such a congregation since we left London. To how much better purpose is this ground employed, than it was in the last century!

Thursday 29, I rode to Clare, and at six preached in the street to many poor Papists and rich Protestants, almost all the gentry in the Country being assembled together. Thence I went to Ennis; and at ten the next morning, had another genteel congregation in the Court-house. In Ennis many suppose, there are not less than fifty Papists to one Protestant. They would have been very ready to shew their good will; but the sight of Mr. B— kept them in awe. A report however, was spread of some terrible things they were to do in the evening; and many were surprised to observe, that nine in ten of the congregation were Papists; but none spoke an unkind or uncivil word, either while I preached or after I had done. How unspeakable is the advantage, in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully to justify the remark made seventeen hundred years ago: *Sensus communis in illa Fortuna rarus.*

Sunday, July 2, I preached in the island near Limerick, both morning and evening, standing on the side of a large hollow, adjoining to the old camp. The ground on the sides of it sloped upward, so that the people sat on the grass, row above row. Such an amphitheatre I never saw before, in which thousands were so commodiously placed. And they seemed earnestly to attend to our Lord's invitation: *Come, for all things are now ready!* I did not then observe, that I strained myself; but in the morning I was extremely hoarse. This increased all day, together with a load and stoppage in my breast. On Tuesday morning I began spitting of blood, found a pain in my left side, a sensible decay of strength, and a deep wheezing cough; just the symptoms which I had some years since. I immediately applied a brimstone plaister to my side, and used a linctus of roasted lemon and honey. Wednesday 5, my side was quite easy, and my hoarseness much abated: so in the evening I made shift to preach again, though not without difficulty. I had purposed preaching the next day at Shronill, about twenty-four English miles from Limerick; and at Clonmell, about the same distance from Shronill: but perceiving my strength would not suffice, and yielding to the advice of my friends, I rested another day.

Thursday 6, The news of Prince Ferdinand's victory, had half turned the heads of most of the Protestants, till they were brought to themselves by news of another kind, which ran through the city as in an instant. One who was well known therein, a great curser and blasphemer, and eminently without God in the world, went a fishing a little way from his own door, and stood with his angling-rod on the edge of the water. Many were looking on, when his foot slipping, he fell forward and sunk. As help was at hand, he was soon drawn out: but it was too late. There were no remains of life. His soul was gone to give its account.

Friday 7, I rode in a chaise to Charleville, and thence on an easy horse to Cork. James Massiot died in peace the morning before: so I was just in time to perform the last offices for him. Saturday 8, the congregation was large; but my voice was so weak that many could not hear. Sunday 9, After the burial of James Massiot, I preached to a multitude of people, on *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:* and the longer I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened.

Tuesday 11, I rode with James Morgan to Bandon, and preached in the Market-house to a listening multitude.

Wednesday 12, I read over the Analysis of Lord Bolingbroke's Works. Surely never did any man so flatly contradict, and so fully answer himself! Thursday 13, about noon, I preached in the Exchange at Kingsale. The towns-folk care for none of these things; but we had a large congregation of soldiers, many of whom are good soldiers of Jesus Christ. In the evening I preached in the main street at Bandon. Having now need of all my voice, it was given me again; only with a little pain in my side, which ceased while I was speaking.

Saturday 15, I preached about noon at Innishannon, and returned to Bandon. A fortnight since they laid the foundation of their preaching-house: this evening I preached in the shell of it: but it would not contain the congregation. Truly these are swift to hear, though not slow to speak. Sunday 16, I preached again in the shell of the house, at eight, and in the main street at six in the evening. Observing many of the French officers there, I could not but pray for them in particular. Some of them were deeply attentive. Perhaps it was not for nothing, that God brought them into a strange land.

Monday 17, I returned to Cork. Tuesday 18, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to God. Old misunderstandings were removed. And I had the satisfaction of seeing them so united together, as they had not been for many years. Friday 21, I met with a Tract which utterly confounded all my philosophy: I had long believed, that Microscopic animals were generated, like all other animals, by parents of the same species. But Mr. Needham makes it highly probable, that they constitute a peculiar class of animals, differing from all others in this: that they neither are generated, nor generate, nor subsist by food in the ordinary way. Tuesday 25, in the evening I assisted the Society in renewing their Covenant with God. It was to many a season of great refreshment, and the fear of God was upon all.

Sunday 30, I began meeting the children in the afternoon, though with little hope of doing them good; but I had not spoken long on our natural state, before many of them were in tears, and five or six so affected, that they could not refrain from crying aloud to God. When I began praying, their cries increased, so that my voice was soon lost. I have seen no such work among children for eighteen or nineteen years

Monday 31, I finished the Glasgow Abridgment of Mr. Hutchinson's Works. He was doubtless a man of uncommon understanding,

and indefatigable application. Yet the more I consider it, the less can I subscribe to his system either of Divinity or Philosophy: as I am more and more convinced, that they have no foundation in Scripture or sound reason.

Tuesday, August 1, The Captain with whom we we were to sail, was in great haste to have our things on board: but I would not send them while the wind was against us. On Wednesday he sent message after message: so in the evening we went down to the ship, near Passage: but there was nothing ready or near ready for sailing. Hence I learned two or three rules, very needful for those who sail between England and Ireland. 1, Never pay till you set sail. 2, Go not on board, till the Captain goes on board. 3, Send not your baggage on board, till you go yourself.

Thursday 3, I returned to Cork. On Saturday 5, we were called on board in all haste: but the Captain being in no haste to sail, I preached at Cork again on Sunday at five, and then returned to Passage. He now said, He would fall down to Cove directly: so we took boat and went down thither: but no Captain appeared either this day or the next. So, that I might not lie idle, I went down to the Beach, and began preaching to as wild, unpromising a congregation, as ever I saw in this kingdom. However they performed more than they promised: for they grew more and more quiet and attentive; and some of them appeared to be deeply affected. Monday 7, hearing nothing of our Captain yet, in the afternoon I went to the middle of the town. Abundance of people ran together; but they were far too wild and noisy, to admit of my giving out a psalm, or naming a text, in the usual way; so I fell abruptly upon as many as could hear, in a free and familiar manner. In a few minutes the whole body were quiet, and tolerably attentive. They were more and more serious, till I concluded with a hymn and a short prayer. Immediately after preaching, I was sent for to a gentleman, who was struck with the palsy. I found the house full of his friends and relations, to whom I spoke freely and largely. They seemed to be more than ordinarily affected. Perhaps for this also we were detained at Cove. Tuesday 8, I preached not far from the Beach, to a very decent and serious congregation. Presently after, a vessel sailed by, bound for Wales. We went on board without delay, got out of the harbour by eleven, and, by Wednesday noon, were a-breast of the Isle of Lundy: but we had not yet done our work; for the wind fell, and we did not get into the river till nearly sun-set. Observing three or four sailors standing together, I began explaining to them the nature of religion. In a few minutes all within the ship came together; and without the ceremony of naming a text, I enlarged on *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* About eleven we landed at Penlawr, and in the morning rode to Swansey.

Thursday 10, We rode through a pleasant country to Pile. We were setting out from thence, when a violent shower drove us into the house again, and constrained us to talk with two or three travellers. I believe our labour was not lost; for they appeared to be greatly

affected. I preached at Cardiff in the evening and the next morning. We reached the New Passage about noon: but they did not tell us till half an hour after five, that the boat would not pass that night. With much difficulty I procured a small boat to carry us over, leaving our horses behind. Landing soon after six, we walked on, and between nine and ten came to Bristol. On the following days was our yearly Conference, begun and ended in perfect harmony. Thursday 17, I went to the Cathedral, to hear Mr. Handel's Messiah. I doubt, if that congregation was ever so serious at a sermon, as they were during this performance. In many parts, especially some of the chorus's, it exceeded my expectation.

Having promised to take a little journey into Wales, on Monday 21, I set out with Joseph Jones. We were in the boat before nine, but did not land our horses till a quarter before three: however I reached Cardiff, time enough to preach in the Room, though not in the Castle. Tuesday 22, I gathered up, as well as I could, the fragments of the Society. At six in the evening I preached in the Castle. Wednesday 23, we rode to Fonmon. The behaviour of Mr. Jones surprised me: It seemed as if he inherited the spirit of his father. I preached at seven to a deeply serious congregation, and to a good part of them at five in the morning. Thursday 22, I wrote a second letter to Dr. Free, the warmest opponent I have had for many years. I leave him now to scold, and laugh, and witticise, and call names, just as he pleases, for I have done. Friday 25, I rode to Cowbridge, and preached at three in the afternoon, in the New Assembly-Room. I observed no trifler there, though there were several of the better rank. About six I preached in a Green Court at Lanmais, to a company of right old, simple Christians. I could not get from them so soon as I designed, so that we did not reach Fonmon till nearly nine.

Saturday 26, One undertook to guide me the nearest way into the main road: but in five or six miles he lost his way, so that for some time we wandered upon the mountains. About noon, however, we got into the road, and in an hour and an half after, to Pile. Before we left it, I spoke a few words to the woman of the house. She seemed quite struck. How few words suffice, when God applies them to the heart! I knew not where to go at Neath: but as we entered the town, a man fixed his eyes upon me, (though he had never seen me before) and said, "Sir, that is the house where the Preachers put up their horses." I had been there only a few minutes, when another came in and said, "Sir, Mrs. Morgan expects you. I will shew you the way." To Mrs. Morgan's we went, and were as cordially received as if she had known us for twenty years. It was market-day, so I preached about five in the Room, a large, commodious place. I believe most that were present, (several of whom were backsliders) felt that God was there.

Sunday 27, We reached Swansey at seven, and were met by one who conducted us to his house, and thence to a kind of Castle, in which was a great court, surrounded by high, old walls. A large congregation assembled soon, and behaved with the utmost decency. A very uncommon blessing was among them, as uses to be among

them that are simple of heart. The congregation was considerably more than doubled, at five in the afternoon. Many gay and well dressed persons were among them; but they were as serious as the poorest. Peter Jaco, who was driven to us by contrary winds, was agreeably surprised at them.

Monday 28, I scarcely ever saw such a rain in Europe, as we had for a considerable part of this morning. In one of the main streets, the water ran with a stream capable of turning a mill. However, having appointed to preach at noon, in Newton, about six miles from Swansey, I was determined, not to break my word, though I supposed but few would attend: but I was mistaken. Such a number of people came together, as no house in the town could contain. A barn was soon prepared: and it pleased God to send a gracious rain upon their hearts. After preaching at Swansey in the evening, I met those who desired to join in a Society, and explained to them the nature and design of it, with which they were quite unacquainted. Tuesday 29, I rode back to Neath, in order to put the Society there (an unlicked mass) into some form. This on Saturday they had begged me to do: but they seemed now to have quite forgotten it. Mr. Evans, the Presbyterian Minister, had turned them upside down. They looked as if they had never seen me before, all but five or six, who were much ashamed of their brethren.

Wednesday 20, I rode on to Margum. There used to be preaching here, till Lord Mansel, dying without children, left the estate to Mr. Talbot. He forbad all his tenants to receive the Preachers, and so, effectually put a stop to it: but he did not glory in it long. A few months after, God called him home. At noon I preached again in the Assembly-room at Cowbridge: in the Castle at Cardiff, in the evening. Thursday 31, I talked with several of the people, and found the old spirit swiftly reviving. In the evening I preached in the Town-hall. Several eminent sinners were present. And God was present in an uncommon manner; as also at the meeting of the Society.

Friday, September 1, After a busy and comfortable day, I preached once more in the Castle. The word seemed to sink deep into the hearers, though many of them were of the genteel sort. In the Society we were much refreshed. Many followed me to Thomas Gl——'s house: where two or three were cut to the heart, particularly both his daughters, and cried to God with strong cries and tears. Saturday 2, we rode to the New Passage, crossed over in half an hour, and about five came to Bristol.

Saturday 9, I wrote the account of an extraordinary monument of divine mercy, Nathaniel Othen, who was shot for desertion at Dover-Castle, in October 1757. In the following week I met Mr. Fletcher, and the other Preachers that were in the house, and spent a considerable time in close conversation, on the head of Christian Perfection. I afterwards wrote down the general propositions wherein we all agreed. Thursday 14, I rode to Coleford, and was much refreshed among the simple, zealous colliers. Saturday 16, in the evening I preached at Bradford, as also at five and eight on Sunday morning. At two, as

soon as we were in the house at Freshford, it poured down with rain: so that after as many as could had crowded in, the rest were constrained to go away. But the rain ceased as soon as we took horse, and we had a pleasant ride to Bristol.

Wednesday 20, I rode over to Bath; but the room would ill contain the congregation. So I encouraged them in their design of taking a piece of ground, and building without delay. In the evening I preached at Shepton, and several of the rich and honourable took it into their minds to come: but they came too late; for the house was already filled with the poor. Thursday 21, as we rode homeward, we saw a sight indeed: a woman in the extremity of pain, rotting away piece-meal by the King's-evil, full of sores from head to foot, with several of her bones appearing through the skin: and continually praising God with tears of joy, for "dealing so mercifully with her."

Sunday 24, The famous Roger Balls had planted himself in Stoke's-Croft before I came. However, as there was a large congregation, I did not think it right to leave them to him, but began as usual, and preached till nearly six o'clock, without paying any regard to him.

Sunday, October 1, I took my leave of the congregation, and of the Children in Kingswood. And God gave us a parting blessing. Monday 2, I preached at Bradford, (noon and night) and met the Stewards of the Wiltshire and Somersetshire Societies. In the evening I baptized a young woman, deeply convinced of sin. We all found the power of God was present to heal, and she herself felt what she had not words to express.

Tuesday 3, One of Warminster, who was at Bristol last week, had desired me to call at his house. I did so this morning, and preached in his yard to a numerous congregation, of saints and sinners, rich and poor, Church-men, Quakers, and Presbyterians, both of the old and new way. Some disturbance was expected; but there was none. The whole assembly behaved well: and instead of curses or stones, we had many blessings, as we rode through the town for Salisbury. Wednesday 4, I rested there. Thursday 5, I rode by Redbridge and Fareham to Portsmouth: where at seven I preached in Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, to a small, serious congregation.

Friday 6, I designed to go in a wherry to the Isle of Wight: but the watermen were so extravagant in their demands, that I changed my mind and went in the hoy. And it was well I did: for the sea was so high, it would not have been easy, for a small boat to keep above water. We landed at two, and walked on, five little miles, to Newport. The neighbouring camp had filled the town with soldiers, the most abandoned wretches whom I ever yet saw. Their whole glorying was in cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and lewdness. How gracious is God, that he does not yet send these monsters to their *own place!*

At five I preached in the Corn-market, and at six in the morning. A few even of the soldiers attended. One of these, Benjamin Lawrence, walked with us to Wottonbridge, where we intended to take boat. He was in St. Phillip's Fort, during the whole siege, con-

cerning which I asked him many questions. He said, "1, Abundance of cattle was left in the fields, till the French (long expected) came and took them. 2, Abundance of wine was left in the town, even more than the French could use. And there was not enough in the Castle, even for the sick men. 3, A large, strong stone house was left standing, within a small distance of the Fort. Behind this the French often formed themselves, particularly before the last assault. 4, This might easily be accounted for. We had few officers of any experience: and the Governor never came out of his house. 5, The French made two general assaults, and were repulsed, and many blown up by our mines. But the mines having never been looked after, till just when we wanted them, most of them were utterly useless; so that only two, out of threescore, did any execution. 6, In their third assault (which they were very hardly persuaded to make) Captain ——, who commanded the guard of a hundred men, at the Sally-port, ran away before he was attacked, and his men having none to command them, went after. I was left alone, till I retired also: and the French, having none to oppose them, came in. 7, In the morning, our men were mad to drive them out: and would have done it in an hour, but that they were told, the Fort was given up, and ordered to cease firing. 8, We had at the approach of the enemy, three thousand, eight hundred and thirty-three effective men. And we had very nearly as many when we surrendered, with plenty of provision and ammunition." O human justice! One great man is shot! and another is made a lord!

We hired a small fishing-boat at Wotten-bridge, there being scarcely any wind; but it increased more and more, when we were on the sea, which was seven miles over. Our cock-boat danced on the waves, and must have sunk, if one large wave had come over her: but God suffered it not. We landed in two hours, and walked away to Gosport. Sunday 8, the wind and rain drove us into the Tabernacle. In the afternoon I preached in the main-street at Fareham. A wild multitude was present: yet a few only mocked; the greater part were soon deeply attentive. Monday 9, I set out for Sussex, and in the evening reached Rottingdean, a village four miles east of Bright-helmstone. The next day we rode over the Downs to Rye, lying on the top of a round, fruitful hill. I preached at seven to a crowded audience, with great enlargement of spirit.

Wednesday 11, I rode to Rolvenden, about ten miles from Rye, and preached at five to a large, serious congregation. A few drunkards stood in the road at some distance, and took some pains to divert their attention: but it was labour lost. Thursday 12, it was a rainy morning, so that the house contained the congregation. Many of them were in tears, being deeply convinced, that they were as yet *without God in the world.* About one I preached at Northjam. The house was stowed as full as possible, but still many were constrained to stand without, though it rained much. About five in the evening I preached again at Rye.

Friday 13, In the evening, we had a solemn season. After I had concluded my sermon, I read over the Rules of the Society, in the

open congregation. The number of those who came at five in the morning, shewed that God had touched many hearts. On Saturday evening, many were obliged to stand without, though the wind was high and extremely cold.

Sunday 15, After preaching at eight, I rode again to Northjam, and preached in Mr. Stonestreet's orchard, to far the largest congregation I had seen in Sussex. One of Rye, in our return thither, gave us a remarkable account: "Mr. ——, one most eminent for profaneness, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness, when you met the Society on Thursday evening at your lodgings, was curious to listen at the window. The next day he surprised his company, by crying out, 'I am the greatest sinner on the whole earth.' On Friday evening he was wounded more deeply still, and was at the preaching at five in the morning." Surely, thus far God has helped him: but, a thousand to one, he will *return as a dog to his vomit.*

Monday 16, I rode to Canterbury: as we came into the City, a stone flew out of the pavement, and struck my mare upon the leg with such violence, that she dropped down at once. I kept my seat, till, in struggling to arise, she fell again, and rolled over me. When she arose, I endeavoured to arise too, but found I had no use of my right leg or thigh. But an honest barber came out, lifted me up, and helped me into his shop. Feeling myself very sick, I desired a glass of cold water, which instantly gave me ease. Tuesday 17, I found reason to rejoice over this little flock, now free from all divisions and offences. And on Saturday I cheerfully returned to London, after an absence of nearly eight months.

Here I rested four days: and on Wednesday 25, went partly by coach, partly on horseback, to Malden. Friday 27, I rode on, thro' an extremely pleasant and fruitful Country to Colchester. I have seen very few such towns in England. It lies on the ridge of a hill, with other hills on each side which run parallel with it, at a small distance. The two main streets, one running East and West, the other North and South, are quite straight, the whole length of the town, and full as broad as Cheapside. I preached at four in St. John's Green, at the side of a high, old wall, (a place that seemed to be made on purpose) to an extremely attentive audience: and again at eight in the morning on Saturday 28, and at four in the afternoon. In the hours between, I took the opportunity of speaking to the members of the Society. In three months here are joined together, a hundred and twenty persons. A few of these know in whom they have believed: and many are sensible of their wants.

Sunday 29, At eight the congregation was very large: and I believe God made his word *quick and powerful.* At four in the afternoon we had a Moorfields congregation. Many of the baser sort stood at distance: but they made no disturbance, knowing the magistrates are determined to suffer no riot at Colchester.

Monday 30. Though I was not quite recovered from the lameness, occasioned by the fall of my horse, I made shift to ride to Norwich; where, on the following days, I had the satisfaction to observe, that the society was not lessened, as I had feared, but rather increased

since I left them: and there is a probability they will increase still, as they are far more established in grace.

Friday, November 3, James Wheatley called upon me, and offered me the Tabernacle: but whether to accept the offer or not, I cannot tell. This must be maturely considered. I found all this week great liberty of spirit; and the congregations were large and attentive. It seems the time is come when our labour, even at Norwich, will not be in vain.

Sunday 5, We went to St. Peter's Church, The Lord's-Supper being administered there: I scarcely ever remember to have seen a more beautiful Parish Church; the more so, because its beauty results not from foreign ornaments, but from the very form and structure of it. It is very large and of an uncommon height: and the sides are almost all window: so that it has an awful and venerable look, and, at the same time, surprisingly cheerful.

Monday 6, A large congregation attended, between four and five in the morning. I set out at six with much comfort, leaving a settled and well-united Society. I preached at Kenninghall about ten, and at Lakenheath in the evening. After resting a day, on Wednesday 8, I went on, a hard day's journey, to Bedford. I had designed to spend two evenings here; but Mr. Parker informing me, that Mr. Berridge desired I would come to him as soon as possible; I set out for Everton on Thursday 9. I found Mr. B. just taking horse, with whom I rode on, and in the evening preached at Wrestling-worth, in a large Church, well filled with serious hearers. We lodged at Mr. Hickes', the Vicar, a witness of the faith which once he persecuted. The next morning I preached in his Church again. In the middle of the sermon, a woman before me dropped down as dead, as one had done the night before. In a short time she came to herself, and remained deeply sensible of her want of Christ.

Hence we rode to Mr. B.'s, at Everton. For many years he was seeking to be justified by his works: but a few months ago, he was thoroughly convinced, that *By grace we are saved, through faith.* Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Jesus: and God confirmed his own word, exactly as he did at Bristol in the beginning, by working repentance and faith in the hearers, and with the same violent outward symptoms. I preached at six in the evening and five in the morning, and some were struck just as at Wrestling-worth. One of these was brought into the house, with whom we spent a considerable time in prayer. I then hastened forward, and a little before it was dark, reached the Foundery.

Sunday 26, I was well pleased to have some conversation with Mrs. A——t, lately come from Barbadoes. She gave me an account of her poor husband; (First, a red hot Predestinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole worlds to hell," then a Quaker, now a Deist,) as also of the narrow escape which Mr. H. lately had.—"Ten Negroes broke into his house; one of whom was upon the point of cutting his throat, when E. R. knocked him down with a pewter pot, which put the rest into such confusion, that she had time to secure herself and her children, and Mr. H. to leap out of a balcony."

Wednesday 29, I rode to Wandsworth, and baptized two Negroes belonging to Mr. Gilbert, a gentleman lately come from Antigua. One of these is deeply convinced of sin: the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the first African Christian I have known: but shall not our Lord, in due time, have these Heathens also for his inheritance?

Monday, December 4, I was desired to step into the little Church behind the Mansion-house, commonly called St. Stephen's, Wallbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression: so that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian architect, who met lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London. We have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome."

Friday 8, Poor Mr. Goudicheau, called upon me, formerly a Romish Priest, now ready to perish for want of bread, though of an unblemished character. Can any one wonder, that we have not many converts from the Church of Rome! Monday 11. Most of this week I spent in preparing materials for "A Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation;" or, A Full, Plain, and Correct System of Natural Philosophy.

Monday 18, I rode to Everton. The Church was well filled soon after six in the evening. God gave me great liberty of speech, and applied his Word to the hearts of the hearers: many of whom were not able to contain themselves, but cried aloud for mercy.

Tuesday 19, I rode on to Lakenheath. How surprising a Providence has been over this little village! Forty years ago a poor man lived here who walked with God, and was the mean of awakening a few others. When these were nearly extinct, Charles Skelton came, awakened a few more, and forsook them. A year ago, one of Lakenheath, seeing me passing through Thetford, desired me to come and preach there. I did so, and occasionally mentioned to them Mr. Madan, then at Thetford. They went over, and invited him to Lakenheath, where, soon after, he preached in the Church. The Rector desired he would help him to a Curate: so now they have one that both preaches and lives the Gospel.

Wednesday 20, I rode to Norwich. James Wheatley now repeated his offer of the Tabernacle: but I was in no haste. I wanted to consult my friends, and consider the thing thoroughly. One glaring objection to it was, "The congregation there, *will not* hear me." He replied, "Sir, you cannot tell that, unless you will make the trial." I consented so to do, on Saturday 21: but many declared, 'No! he shall never come into that pulpit;" and planted themselves in the way to prevent it. Hitherto only could they go. I went up and preached to a large congregation, without any let or hindrance. I preached there again on Saturday evening; and again God stopped the mouths of the lions. Sunday 24, I preached in the Tabernacle at eight, to a very serious congregation, and at the Foundery between four and five. About six the Tabernacle was thoroughly filled, and mostly with quiet hearers. I saw none who behaved amiss, but two soldiers who struck some that desired them to be

silent: but they were seized and carried to the Commanding Officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped.

Monday 25, Our service began in the Foundery at four, and in the Tabernacle at eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare his arm. There was a great cry among the people. Stony hearts were broken; many mourners comforted: many believers strengthened: prejudice vanished away: a few only kept their fierceness till the afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me: but before I concluded, he cried out, "I am overcome, I am overcome." Having now weighed the matter thoroughly, I yielded to the importunity of our brethren: so in the evening the Copy of the Lease was perfected, which was executed the next morning: a whole train of providences so plainly concurring thereto, that all might clearly see the hand of God.

Tuesday 26, I took my leave of Norwich for the present; about noon preached at Kenninghall, and in the evening came to Lakenheath. Being informed some of the gentry in the town were very desirous to hear me preach, if I would preach in the Church: I sent them word, "I had designed to be at Colchester the next day; but as they desired it, I would delay my journey, and preach at ten the next morning."

Wednesday 27, I was so much out of order, that I knew not how I should get to Church. Between nine and ten I was informed, that some hot men in the Parish would not consent to my preaching there. I saw the hand of God, and was thankful, having now a little more time to rest. In the afternoon the sun broke out through the fog, and we had a pleasant ride to Bury: but I was so extremely sick, soon after I came in, that I knew not how I should be able to preach. An hour's sleep, however, refreshed me much, so that I found no want of strength in preaching. Indeed my disorder increased during the night: but while I was preaching in the morning, I felt myself well, and I found no more sickness or complaint of any kind. In the evening I reached Colchester.

Friday 29, I found the Society had decreased, since L— C— went away; and yet they had had full as good preachers: but that is not sufficient. By repeated experiments we learn, that though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect, nor preserve a Society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house. To-day I walked all over the famous Castle, perhaps the most ancient building in England. A considerable part of it is, without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of ancient kings! British and Roman! Once dreaded far and near: but what are they now? Is not *a living dog better than a dead lion?* And what is it wherein they pride themselves, as do the present great ones of the earth!

> "A little pomp, a little sway,
> A sun-beam in a winter's-day,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Between the cradle and the grave!"

Saturday 30, I returned to London, and received a pressing letter from Bristol: in consequence of which I took horse on Monday morning, January 1, 1759, and came thither the next evening. After resting two days, (only preaching morning and evening) I examined, severally, the members of the Society. This was one great end of my coming down. Another was, to provide for the poor. Accordingly on Sunday 7, I preached a sermon for them, to which God was pleased to give his blessing; so that the collection was a great deal more than double of what it used to be.

Wednesday 10, Having finished my work at Bristol, I rode to Salisbury, and advised our brethren, concerning the Preaching-house, which they are about to build. On Friday 12, I went on to Whitechurch, and preached at one to a large and serious congregation. In the afternoon we rode to Basingstoke, where the people put me in mind of the *wild beasts at Ephesus:* yet they were unusually attentive in the evening, although many of them could not hear. Saturday 13, after preaching to a small, serious company, I went on to London.

Saturday 27, I began reading with great expectation, a Tract written by a son-in-law of the great Bengelius, Mr. Oetinger, *De Sensu Communi & Ratione.* But how was I disappointed! So obscure a writer I scarcely ever saw before: I think he goes beyond Persius himself. When I had with huge labour read fifty or sixty pages, finding the sense did by no means make amends for the time and pains bestowed in searching it out, I took my leave of him for ever.

Saturday, February 3, I spent an hour with one, who by the loss of his sight, his fortune, and his liberty, (for he has been a prisoner some time) is likely to gain more than all the world can give. Tuesday 6, I took much pains to convince Mr. S——, that he was not the wisest man in the world: but I could not *change the Ethiopian's skin.* Yet even this is not too hard for God.

Friday 9, I felt suddenly, as if a needle had been run into the side of my face. I supposed, it would be well by the morning: but found it abundantly worse: the tonsil being come down, (as they term it,) and the side of my face much swelled. It grew worse all day, so that it was with great difficulty I preached at Snows-fields in the evening: but on Sunday 11, it went away as unaccountably as it came. In the afternoon I called on E. H. in St. George's hospital. Many there had been greatly prejudiced against me: but it was now vanished away. Her behaviour had reconciled them quite; and all in the ward, (sixty or seventy persons) seemed hardly to breathe, all the time I was speaking and praying by her bed-side.

Tuesday 13, I preached at Deptford and Welling, and in the morning rode to Wandsworth. I preached on Wednesday and Thursday evening in the town; in the mornings at Mr. Gilbert's. Will this barren tree bear fruit at last? How long has God had patience with it!

Friday 16, Being the Public Fast, I preached at five in Wandsworth, at nine and three in the Church at Spital-fields, and at half past eight in the Foundery. Every place of public worship was crowd-

ed, on this, as on the two preceding Fast-days; and it is plain, even *outward* humiliation has been a mean of *outward* blessings.

Friday 23, I saw a surprising spectacle: One, who by a blow, first lost her nose, then one eye, and then the other, with most of the roof of her mouth: and yet instead of murmuring, acknowledged the love of God in all, and praises him continually.

Tuesday 27, I walked with my brother and Mr. Maxfield to Lady Huntingdon's. After breakfast came in Mr. Whitefield, Madan, Romaine, Jones, Downing, and Venn, with some persons of quality, and a few others. Mr. Whitefield, I found was to have administered the Sacrament: But he insisted upon my doing it: after which, at the request of L— H—, I preached on 1 Cor, xiii, 13, O what are the greatest of men, to the great God! as the small dust of the balance.

Thursday, March 1, I reached Everton, about four in the afternoon: but Mr. Berridge did not expect me till the next day: so he thought it best I should preach in his house. The next evening the Church was well filled; and my mouth was filled with arguments; which, I trust, God applied, for the conviction of some, and the consolation of others.

Saturday 3, We had a mild, delightful day, and a pleasant ride to Colchester. In the evening and on the Sunday morning, the house contained the congregation tolerably well: but in the afternoon I was obliged to go out: and I suppose we had on St. Johns's Green, five or six times as many as the room would contain. Such is the advantage of field-preaching. Monday 5, on examining the Society I found, that out of the hundred and twenty-six members I had left in October, we had lost only twelve; in the place of whom we had gained forty: and many of these whom we left in sorrow and heaviness, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Tuesday 6, I rode to Norwich. Wednesday 7, I inquired into the state of affairs at the Tabernacle; and found the Society, once consisting of many hundred members, was mouldered into nothing. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred Subscribers, not twenty, not one was left; but every one that pleased went into the galleries, without any questions asked: so that every thing was to be wrought out of the ore, or rather out of the cinder! Surely whatever help is done here, God must do it himself. In the evening I desired that those who were willing to join a Society, would speak with me the next evening. About twenty did so: but the greater part of these appeared like frighted sheep: and no marvel, when they had been so long accustomed to hear all manner of evil of me.

Friday 9, I preached morning and evening at the Foundery. How pleasing would it be to flesh and blood, to remain in this little, quiet place, where we have at length weathered the storm! Nay, I am not to consult my own ease, but the advancing the kingdom of God. On Saturday and Sunday, about forty more gave in their names. On Sunday, in the afternoon, I met the Society, after ordering the doors to be shut, which they had not been for two years before. Thirty or forty more spoke to me on Monday. I think, two-thirds of those

I have yet seen, have had a clear sense of God's pardoning love. Doth he not *send by whom he will send?*

Sunday 18, I administered the Lord's supper to nearly two hundred communicants. So solemn a season I never remember to have known in the city of Norwich. As a considerable part of them were Dissenters, I desired every one to use what posture he judged best. Had I *required* them to kneel, probably half would have sat. Now, all but one kneeled down.

Finding it was needful to see them once more at Colchester, I took horse between four and five in the morning. The frost was extremely sharp for some hours. It was then a fair, mild day. About two in the afternoon it began to rain; but we reached Colchester before we were wet through. The room was more than filled in the evening, so that many were obliged to go away. Wednesday 21, I baptized seven adults, two of them by immersion: and in the evening, (their own ministers having cast them out, "for going to hear the Methodists,") I administered the Lord's-Supper to them and many others, whom their several teachers had repelled for the same reason. Thursday 22, before we set out, the rough north-wind fell, and we had a calm, sun-shiny day. I preached in the Tabernacle at Norwich in the evening.

Sunday 25, I rode to Forncet, twelve miles from Norwich, where also was a building of James Wheatley's, which, without my desire, he had included in the lease. We found Wm. Cudworth had preached there in the morning. It was exceedingly good for my sense of honour, to come just after him. The people looked as direful upon me, as if it had been Satan in person. However, they flocked from all parts, so that the Tabernacle would not nearly contain them. I preached about two; God bore witness to his truth, and many were cut to the heart. After preaching I found Mr. Cudworth sitting on the pulpit behind me, whom I quietly and silently passed by. About six I preached at the Tabernacle in Norwich, crowded with attentive hearers. Perhaps these too will be brought into order by and by. Hitherto there has been *no king in Israel.* Monday and Tuesday I spoke to as many of both Societies, now united together, as had leisure and inclination to come. The whole number is about four hundred and twenty: of whom I do not think it improbable, two hundred may continue together.

Tuesday 27, I had an interview with Mr. Cudworth. I observed, upon the whole, 1, That his opinions are *all his own*, quite new; and his phrases as new as his opinions: 2, That all these opinions, yea, and phrases too, he affirms to be *necessary to salvation;* maintaining that all who do not receive them, *worship another God:* and, 3, That he is as incapable as a brute beast, of being convinced even in the smallest point.

Wednesday 28, I rode over to Forncet again, and preached to a large congregation. Great part of them were now exceedingly softened: but some were still bitter as wormwood. In the evening we had another kind of congregation at the Foundery, by whom I was much comforted: but much more in meeting the Bands, when all our

hearts were melted down by the power of God. Thursday 29, I divided the Norwich Society into classes, without any distinction between them who had belonged to the Foundery, and those who had belonged to the Tabernacle. Sunday, April 1, I met them all at six, requiring every one to shew his ticket when he came in, a thing they had never heard of before. I likewise insisted on another strange regulation, That the men and women should sit apart. A third was made the same day. It had been a custom ever since the Tabernacle was built to have the galleries full of spectators, while the Lord's-Supper was administered. This I judged highly improper, and therefore ordered none to be admitted, but those who desired to communicate: and I found far less difficulty than I expected, in bringing them to submit to this also.

The Society now contained about five hundred and seventy members: a hundred and three of whom were in no society before, altho' many of them had found peace with God. I believe they would have increased to a thousand, if I could have stayed a fortnight longer. Which of these will hold fast their profession? The fowls of the air will devour some. The sun will scorch more; and others will be choked by the thorns springing up. I wonder we should ever expect, that half of those who *hear the word with joy*, will bring forth *fruit unto perfection.*

Monday 2, I left Norwich, and about seven o'clock came to Cross-keys Wash. They would fain have persuaded us, we could not pass: but finding we were resolved to try, our guide put forward, and brought us over in half an hour: so that about eight we reached Sutton, and found a quiet, civil house, with every thing we wanted. Tuesday 3, We came to Foss-dyke Wash, just time enough to pass. At three in the afternoon I preached at Boston: a rude multitude quickly ran together, to a paddock adjoining to the town: a more unawakened congregation I have not seen for some years: however, the far greater part were attentive: nor did any interrupt, or offer the least rudeness.

At seven I met the little Society in the house: but they were the least part of the company. People crowded in from all sides; and, I believe, God touched most of their hearts. Wednesday 4, at six, finding the house would not contain one fourth of the congregation, I was constrained to stand in the street. Abundance of people assembled together, whom I exhorted, To *repent and believe the Gospel.* The word of God fell heavily on them, and I trust, broke some of the stony hearts. Hence we rode over the Fens, fifteen miles broad, and nearly thirty long, to Coningsby, where we found a numerous congregation, of a far different spirit. Scarcely one of these but had *tasted*, more or less, *of the powers of the world to come.* After a comfortable opportunity here, we rode on to Horncastle. We were but roughly saluted at our entrance. And the mob increased more and more till six. I then began to preach in a yard near the Market-place, to a large concourse of people. But their behaviour quite disappointed us; for there was no tumult, no noise, but an earnest attention through the whole congregation.

Thursday 5, I preached again at seven, to nearly the same congregation, and was again refreshed, by the remarkable decency and seriousness of their behaviour. At four in the afternoon I preached at Marum in the Hill, two miles from Horncastle. The number of people constrained me to preach without, and the rain, to shorten my sermon: though none went away. Indeed I believe none were present, who had not known some of the work of grace in their hearts.

Friday 6, We rode over The Wolds (a chain of hills) to North-Elkington, three miles from Lowth. The congregation was large, notwithstanding the rain, which drove full in our faces, till we came to Grimsby.

Sunday 8, The house was pretty well filled at eight. At two I was obliged to go into the Old Church-yard: where was such a concourse of people, as had hardly ever, they said, been seen in Grimsby before. As many as the room would well contain, were present at the Watch-night: and at seven in the morning. I then commended them to the grace of God. Monday 9, I preached in the evening at Laseby: the next afternoon at Ferry, (after riding through much water and continued rain) and in the evening in the new house at Epworth.

Friday 13, Having appointed to preach at Awkborough at one, I set out between seven and eight. I was in hopes of coming thither before Church began; but I did not consider the Lincolnshire roads. With some difficulty we reached it before noon, and found there was no service at the Church, I preached in the Church-yard at one, to a listening multitude: most of whom, I suppose, had never heard this kind of preaching before. Many of them were in tears, and pressed after me into the house where we met the Society. I could not but hope, that some of these will press into the kingdom of heaven. Returning thence, I called on Mr. Romley, of Burton, one of my former parishioners, a lively, sensible man, eighty-three years old, by whom I was much comforted. An hour or two after, we took boat, but could not cross over. The violence of the stream, swollen by the late rains, bore us down in spite of all we could do. Having striven against it a considerable time, we were obliged to cast anchor. After waiting some time, we got near the shore, and were towed up to the place of landing. A toilsome day was followed by a comfortable night. At half an hour after eight the house at Epworth was well filled: and most of the congregation stayed, till the whole service was concluded.

It was on this day, that after the battle of Bergen in Germany, "Among the many wounded who were brought into Frankfort-upon-the-Mayne, there was the Right Hon. George Charles Dykern, Baron, Lieutenant-General of the Saxon troops, in the service of the King of France. He was born of an ancient and noble family in Silesia, on April 10, 1710, so that it was just on his birth-day, he received his wound. He was of equal abilities as a Minister in the closet, and a General in the field. In his younger years, he had gone through a regular course of study in the University, and made great proficiency

in Philosophy, especially in Mathematics. Afterwards he studied Polemical Divinity, till he reasoned himself into an infidel. During his illness he shewed not the least desire of pious company or serious discourse, till the Surgeon let his valet de chambre know, that he could not live long. The man then asked his master, whether he did not choose to be visited by a Clergyman: He answered with warmth, 'I shall not trouble those gentlemen. I know well myself what to believe and do.' His man not discouraged, continued thus, 'My Lord, have you ever found me wanting in my duty, all the time I have been in your service?' He answered, 'No.' Then, replied he, 'I will not be wanting now.' The Surgeons count you past hopes of recovery; but every one is afraid to tell you so. You stand upon the brink of eternity. Pray, Sir, order a Clergyman to be called.' He paused a little, but soon gave his hand to his servant, thanked him for his honesty, and ordered to send for me.* When I came, the man told me plainly, the General was a professed infidel. I went in, and after a short compliment, said, 'I am told, my Lord, your life is near an end. Therefore, I presume, without any ceremony, to ask one plain question: Is the state of your soul such, that you can entertain a solid hope of salvation?' He answered, 'Yes.' 'On what do you ground this hope?' He replied, 'I never committed any wilful sin. I have been liable to frailties; but I trust in God's mercy, and the merits of his Son, that he will have mercy upon me.' These words he uttered very slowly, especially, *the merits of his Son*. I made the following reply. 'I am apt to believe, you are not tainted with the grossest vices: but I fear, you a little too presumptuously boast of never having committed wilful sin. If you would be saved, you must acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by sin, and consequently deserving the curse of God and eternal damnation. As to your hoping for God's mercy, *through the merits of his Son*, I beg leave to ask, 'Do you believe God has a Son? That his Son assumed our nature, in order to be our Saviour? That, in the execution of his office, he was humbled unto death, even the death upon the cross, and that hereby he has given an ample satisfaction for us, and recovered our title to heaven?' He answered, 'I cannot now avoid a more minute description of the true state of my soul. Let me tell you, Doctor, I have some knowledge of Philosophy, by which I have chosen for myself a way of salvation. I have always endeavoured to live a sober life, to the uttermost of my power: not doubting but the Being of all beings would then graciously accept me. In this way I stood in no need of Christ, and therefore did not believe on him. But if I take the Scriptures to be a Divine Revelation, this way of mine I perceive is not the right one. I must believe in Christ, and through him, come to God.' I replied, 'You say, *if* you take the Scriptures to be a Divine Revelation!' He fetched a deep sigh, and said, 'O God, thou wilt make me say, *Because* I take the Scriptures to be thy word.' I said, 'There are grounds and reasons enow to demonstrate the Divine Origin of Christianity, as I could shew from its most essential principles,

* Dr. Fresenius, Senior of the Clergy at Frankfort.

were not the period of your life so short. But we need not now that diffusive method, faith being the gift of God. A poor sinner tottering on the brink of eternity, has not time to inquire about grounds and reasons. Rather betake yourself to earnest prayer for faith, which if you do, I doubt not but God will give it you.' I had no sooner spoken these words, but pulling off his cap, and lifting up his eyes and hands, he cried out, 'Almighty God, I am a poor, cursed sinner, worthy of damnation. But, Lord Jesus, eternal Son of God, thou diedst for my sins also. It is through thee alone I can be saved. O give me faith, and strengthen that faith.' Being extremely weak, he was obliged to stop here. A little after, he asked, 'Is faith enough for salvation?' 'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'if it be living faith.' 'Methinks,' said he, 'it is so already; and it will be more so by and by: let us pray for it.' Perceiving he was very weak, to give him some rest, I retired into the next room; but he soon sent to call me. I found him praying, and Jesus was all he prayed for. I reminded him of some scriptures treating of faith in Christ, and he was much delighted with them. Indeed he was quite swallowed up by the grace of Jesus, and would hear of nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. He cried out, 'I do not know how it is with me. I never in my life felt such a change. I have power to love Jesus, and to believe in him, whom I so long rejected. O my Jesus, how merciful art thou to me!'

"About noon I stepped home; but he sent for me directly, so that I could scarcely eat my dinner. We were both filled with joy, as partakers of the same grace which is in Jesus Christ; and that in such a manner, as if we had been acquainted together for many years. Many Officers of the army came to see him continually, to all of whom he talked freely of Jesus, of the grace of the Father in him, and of the power of the Holy Ghost through Him: wondering without ceasing, at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change, by which all things on this side eternity, were become indifferent to him.

"In the afternoon he desired to partake of the Lord's-Supper, which he received with a melting, praising, rejoicing heart. All the rest of the day he continued in the same state of soul. Towards evening he desired, That if his end should approach, I would come to him; which I promised. But he did not send for me till the next morning. I was told by his valet, that he slept well for some hours, and then awaking, prayed for a considerable time, continually mentioning the name of our Lord, and his precious blood, and that he had desired several of the Officers to make his conversion known at his Court, (that of the King of Poland.) After some discourse, I asked, 'Has your view of Christ and his redemption, been neither altered nor obscured since yesterday?' He answered, 'Neither altered nor obscured. I have no doubt, not even a remote one. It is just the same with me, as if I had always thus believed, and never doubted. So gracious is the Lord Jesus to me a sinner.'

"This second day he was unwearied in prayer and exercises of faith. Toward evening he sent for me in haste. When I came, I found him dying, and in a kind of delirium; so I could do no more than give him now and then a word of comfort. I prayed afterwards for him,

and those that were present, some of whom were of high birth and rank. I then, by imposition of hands, gave him a blessing, which being done, he expired immediately. A royal Prince who was there, (Prince Xavier of Saxony) could not forbear weeping. The rest of the Officers bewailed the loss of their General, yet praised God for having shewn such mercy to him.

"I wrote an account of it, without delay, to his mother, and had an immediate answer: she was a lady of seventy-two, of exemplary piety. She praised God for his mercy, adding, That he had now answered the prayers which she had never ceased to offer on his behalf for eleven years."

Sunday 15, (Easter-day) I preached at Epworth at eight, and then rode to Haxey Church, where I was much refreshed by the seriousness of the congregation. Between one and two I began preaching: so large a congregation was never seen here before. About five I preached at the Market-place in Epworth. I was drawing to a conclusion when the rain began: but it drove away only a few careless hearers: the bulk of the people did not stir till I concluded.

Wednesday 18, I set out for Selby. We were in hopes the roads would now be passable: and they were tolerable, till we came near the town; but here the late flood had carried away the bank over which we ride, and left a great hole in its place. However, we made shift to lead our horses over a narrow path, where the water was fordable. The congregation at Selby obliged me to stand in the garden, though the North wind was exceedingly high. At seven in the evening I preached at York. Thursday 19, I visited two prisoners in the Castle, which is, I suppose, the most commodious prison in Europe. Both of them seemed to be much convinced, and not far from the kingdom of God. At six I preached in the shell of the new house, to a numerous and serious audience.

Friday 20, The master of the Inn at Tadcaster, offering us the use of his garden, I preached to a well-behaved congregation, and about five found Mr. Grimshaw, and many of our brethren at Leeds. Saturday 21, at half an hour past ten, we reached Stainland Chapel, near Elland. It is a handsome building, near the top of a mountain, and surrounded with mountains on all sides. It was filled from end to end. Mr. Grimshaw read Prayers, and I preached on part of the Second Lesson. In the room where I dressed myself were a young man and his sister, both ill of a fever. I know not that they ever heard the preaching; however, I desired we might go to prayers. They presently melted into tears. O may God preach his Gospel to their hearts! I preached at Manchester in the evening, where we had, at length, a quiet audience. Wretched Magistrates, who, by refusing to suppress, encouraged the rioters, had long occasioned continual tumults here; but some are now of a better spirit: and wherever Magistrates desire to preserve the peace, they have sufficient power to do it.

Tuesday 24, I rode over to Macclesfield. Abundance of people ran together, but wild as colts untamed. Their noise quite drowned my voice at first; but, in a while, they were tolerably quiet: and be-

fore I had done, all but four or five lubberly men, seemed almost persuaded to be Christians.

Sunday 29, I rode to Stockport, designing to preach at one o'clock: but we were at a loss for a place. We fixed at length on a green near the town's end: and we had a quiet and solemn opportunity.

In my return, I called to see a girl, about thirteen years of age. She had been in violent pain all over, with little intermission, for nearly twenty months. After I had spoken a few words, she said, "When I saw you before, I did not know the Lord: but now I know him, and am known of him. I am his, and he is mine." I asked, "Do you never repine at your pain?" She said, ": I have not a murmuring thought: I am happy—always happy. I would not change this bed of affliction for the palace of King George." I asked, "Are you not proud of this? Is pride taken out of your heart!" She answered, "I do not know: but I *feel* no pride. I feel that God is all." But do you feel no fretfulness or peevishness?" "I cannot tell that I do. Pain sometimes makes me cry out when they stir me: but I do not fret at any thing." "Do you find no self-will?" "Not that I know: I desire nothing but that the will of God be done." "Do you not desire life or death?" "No; I leave all to him: but, if it were his will, I should be glad to die. The world is full of danger. I should be glad to leave it, and to be with Christ."

Monday 30, We had a numerous congregation at Actonbridge, two or three miles from Northwich. Some large trees screened us both from the sun and wind. In the afternoon I rode to Chester. It was well the wind was pretty high; for the sun shone as hot as it uses to do in the dog-days. Wednesday May 2, I rode over to Mould in Flintshire, about twelve miles from Chester. The sun was very hot, and the wind very cold: but as the place they had chosen for me, was exposed both to the sun and the wind, the one balanced with the other: and notwithstanding the Chester Races, which had drawn the rich away, and the Market-day, which detained many of the poor, we had a multitude of people, the serious part of whom soon influenced the rest: So that all but two or three remained uncovered, and kneeled down as soon as I began to pray.

Thursday 3, we crossed from Chester to Liverpool. The congregations here were exceedingly large; but many of them seemed to be like wild asses' colts: yet God is able to make them wise unto salvation. Sunday 6, I received much comfort at the Old Church in the morning, and at St. Thomas's in the afternoon. It was as if both the sermons had been made for *me*. I pity those who can find no good at Church! But how should they, if prejudice come between, an effectual bar to the grace of God.

Wednesday 9, I rode to Downam-Green, near Wigan, a town wicked to a proverb. We had a specimen of the manners of its inhabitants, in the behaviour of a man that met us, and accosted us with such language as would have become an inhabitant of the bottomless pit. One would have thought from their looks, that a good part of the congregation was of the same spirit: but in a short time the word

of God prevailed, and all their fierceness melted away. In the evening I preached at Bolton, and on Friday 11, about nine, at Lower Darwent, a small village near Blackburn. At Lancaster we were informed, it was too late to cross the Sands: however we resolved to make the trial. We past the Seven-mile Sand without difficulty, and reached Fluckborough about sun-set.

Saturday 12, Setting out early, we came to Bottle, about twenty-four measured miles from Fluckborough, soon after eight, having crossed the Millam-Sand, without either guide or difficulty. Here we were informed, that we could not pass at Ravenglass, before one or two o'clock: whereas, had we gone on, (as we afterwards found,) we might have passed immediately. About eleven, we were directed to a ford near Muncaster-Hall, which, they said, we might cross at noon. When we came thither, they told us, we could not cross: so we sat till about one. We then found we could have crossed at noon: however, we reached Whitehaven before night. But I have taken my leave of the sand-road. I believe it is ten measured miles shorter than the other: but there are four sands to pass, so far from each other, that it is scarcely possible to pass them all in a day: especially as you have all the way to do with a generation of liars, who detain all strangers as long as they can, either for their own gain, or their neighbours. I can advise no stranger to go this way: he may go round by Kendal and Keswick, often in less time, always with less expence, and far less trial of his patience.

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most Physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter, concerning the root of the disorder: and, without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it:) From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines, while that fretting continued? Why then do not all Physicians consider, how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind? and, in those cases which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a minister; as ministers, when they find the mind disordered by the body, call in the assistance of a Physician? But why are these cases out of their sphere? Because they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough Physician, without being an experienced Christian.

Tuesday 15, I rode over to Lorton, a little village at the foot of a high mountain. Many came from a considerable distance, and, I believe, did not repent of their labour. For they found God to be a God both of the hills and valleys, and no where more present than in the mountains of Cumberland.

Thursday 17, I inquired into a signal instance of Providence. When a coal-pit runs far under the ground, it is customary here to build a partition-wall, nearly from the shaft, to within three or four yards of the end, in order to make the air circulate, which then moves down one side of the wall, turns at the end, and moves briskly

up on the other side. In a pit two miles from the town, which ran full four hundred yards under the ground, and had been long neglected, several parts of this wall were fallen down. Four men were sent down to repair it. They were about three hundred yards from the shaft, when the foul air took fire. In a moment it tore down the wall from end to end; and burning on till it came to the shaft, it then burst and went off like a large cannon. The men instantly fell on their faces, or they would have been burned to death in a few moments. One of them who once knew the love of God, (Andrew English) began crying aloud for mercy: but in a very short time his breath was stopped. The other three crept on their hands and knees, till two got to the shaft, and were drawn up; but one of them died in a few minutes. John M'Combe was drawn up next, burned from head to foot, but rejoicing and praising God. They then went down for Andrew, whom they found senseless, the very circumstance which saved his life. For losing his senses, he lay flat on the ground, and the greatest part of the fire went over him: whereas, had he gone forward on his hands and knees, he would undoubtedly have been burned to death: but life or death was welcome. For God had restored the light of his countenance.

Saturday 19, One was shewing us the improvements, begun by Sir William Lowther. He had marked out places for new walks, and for tufts of trees, laid out a new plan for his gardens, begun to alter the house, and was preparing to make a little paradise round about it: but death came between. And how little loss was this, if it removed him to the paradise of God!

Sunday 20, I preached at eight in an open place at the Gins, a village on one side of the town. Many were there, who never did, and never would, come to the Room. O what a victory would Satan gain, if he could put an end to the field-preaching! But that, I trust, he never will: at least, not till my head is laid.

After preaching again at two, I took my leave of Whitehaven, and rode to Cockermouth. At six, I preached at the end of the Market-house. High and low, rich and poor attended. And by far the greater part of the audience seemed to be conscious, that God was there. Monday 21, I preached at ten in the Market-place at Wigton, and came to Solway Firth, just as the water was fordable. At some times it is so, three hours in twelve; at other times, barely one.

After making a short bait at Rothwell, we came to Dumfries before six o'clock. Having time to spare, we took a walk in the Church-yard, one of the pleasantest places I ever saw. A single tomb I observed there, which was about a hundred and thirty years old: but the inscription was hardly legible.

Quandoquidem remanent ipsis quoq fata sepulchris!

So soon do even our sepulchres die! Strange, that men should be so careful about them! But are not many self-condemned therein? They *see* the folly, while they run into it. So poor Mr. Prior, speaking of his own tomb, has those melancholy words, "For this last *piece of human vanity*, I bequeath five hundred pounds."

Tuesday 22, We rode through a pleasant Country, to Thorny-hill, near which is the grand seat of the Duke of Queensborough. How little did the Duke imagine, that his son would plough up his park, and let his house run to ruin! but let it go: In a little time the earth itself and all the works of it shall be burned up. Hence we rode through, and over huge mountains, green to the very top, to Lead-hills, a village containing five hundred families, who have had no minister for these four years: so in Scotland, *the poor have* not *the Gospel preached!* Who shall answer for the blood of these men?

Early in the evening we came to Lesmahagow, a village not so large as Lead-hills. It has, however, two ministers. Here also we walked down to the Church-yard, by the side of which a little clear river runs, near the foot of a high and steep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on the sides, pleasant beyond imagination. But what taste have the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river-bank.

Wednesday 23, We took horse soon after four, and did not stop before we came to Glasgow: having hardly seen a cloud in the sky, since we set out from Whitehaven. I preached at seven in the Poor-house: and at seven in the morning, Thursday 24: but in the evening we were obliged to be abroad, and I used great plainness of speech. All suffered the word of exhortation: some seemed to be a little affected.

Saturday 26, I found the little Society which I had joined here two years since, had soon split in pieces. In the afternoon I met several of the members of the praying Societies; and shewed them what Christian fellowship was, and what need they had of it: About forty of them met me on Sunday 27, in Mr. Gillies's Kirk, immediately after evening service. *I* left them determined to meet Mr. Gillies weekly, at the same time and place. If this be done, I shall try to see Glasgow again: if not, I can employ my time better. At seven in the morning we had a numerous congregation, though small compared to that in the evening: Yet my voice was so strengthened, that I believe all could hear. I spoke very plainly on, *Ye must be born again.* Now I am clear of the blood of this people: I have delivered my own soul.

Monday 28, I rode through Edinburgh to Musselburgh, and preached in the evening to a deeply attentive congregation. Wednesday 30, I rode on to Dunbar, and at six in the evening, preached in a large, open place, as also the next day. Both poor and rich quietly attended, though most of them shivering with cold: for the weather was so changed within a few days, that it seemed more like December than May. Lodging with a sensible man, I inquired particularly into the present discipline of the Scotch parishes. In one parish, it seems, there are twelve ruling Elders; in another fourteen. And what are these? men of great sense and deep experience? neither one nor the other: but they are the *richest* men in the parish: and are the *richest* of course the *best* and the *wisest* men? Does the Bible teach this? I fear not. What manner of governors then will

these be? Why, they are generally just as capable of governing a parish, as of commanding an army.

About this time the work of God exceedingly increased under the Rev. Mr. Berridge, near Everton. I cannot give a clearer view of this, than by transcribing part of the journal of an eye witness.

"Sunday, May 20, being with Mr. B——ll at Everton, I was much fatigued, and did not rise: but Mr. B. did, and observed several fainting and crying out, while Mr. Berridge was preaching: afterwards at Church, I heard many cry out, especially children, whose agonies were amazing: one of the eldest, a girl of ten or twelve years old, was full in my view, in violent contortions of body, and weeping aloud, I think incessantly, during the whole service: and several much younger children were in Mr. B—ll's view, agonising as they did. The Church was equally crowded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top; so that Mr. B. seemed almost stifled by their breath; yet feeble and sickly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice, for the most part, distinguishable, in the midst of all the outcries. I believe there were present three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from far; thirty of them having set out at two in the morning, from a place thirteen miles off. The text was, *Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* When the power of religion began to be spoken of, the presence of God really filled the place: and while poor sinners felt the sentence of death in their souls, what sounds of distress did I hear! The greatest number of them who cried or fell, were men: but some women, and several children, felt the power of the same almighty Spirit, and seemed just sinking into hell. This occasioned a mixture of various sounds; some shrieking, some roaring aloud. The most general was a loud breathing, like that of people half strangled and gasping for life: and indeed almost all the cries were like those of human creatures, dying in bitter anguish. Great numbers wept without any noise: others fell down as dead: some sinking in silence; some with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on the pew-seat, as did a young man in the opposite pew, an able-bodied, fresh, healthy countryman: but in a moment, while he seemed to think of nothing less, down he dropped with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews seemed to shake with his fall: I heard afterwards the stamping of his feet; ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions, at the bottom of the pew. Among several that were struck down in the next pew, was a girl, who was as violently seized as he. When he fell, Mr. B—ll and I felt our souls thrilled with a momentary dread: as when one man is killed by a cannon-ball, another often feels the wind of it.

"Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I saw a sturdy boy, about eight years old, who roared above his fellows, and seemed in his agony to struggle with the strength of a grown man. His face was red as scarlet: and almost all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red or almost black. When I returned, after a little walk, to Mr. Berridge's house, I found it full of people.

He was fatigued, but said he would, nevertheless, give them a word of exhortation. I stayed in the next room, and saw the girl whom I had observed so peculiarly distressed in the Church, lying on the floor as one dead, but without any ghastliness in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out just before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the same person, who dreamed Mr. B. would come to her village, on that very day whereon he did come, though without either knowing the way or the place to it. She was convinced at that time. Just as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to stir. She was then set in a chair; and after sighing awhile, suddenly rose up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the most beautiful smile I ever saw. She frequently fell on her knees, but was generally running to and fro, speaking these and the like words, 'O what can Jesus do for lost sinners! He has forgiven all my sins! I am in heaven! I am in heaven! O how he loves *me!* And how I love him!' Meantime, I saw a thin, pale girl, weeping with sorrow for herself, and joy for her companion. Quickly the smiles of heaven came likewise on her, and her praises joined with those of the other. I also then laughed with extreme joy: so did Mr. B—ll, (who said it was more than he could well bear.) So did all who knew the Lord, and some of those who were waiting for salvation: till the cries of them who were struck with the arrows of conviction, were almost lost in the sounds of joy.

"Two or three well-dressed young women, who seemed careless before, now felt the power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B. about this time retired, and the duke of M——, with Mr. A——ll, came in. They seemed inclined to make a disturbance, but were restrained, and in a short time, quietly retired. We continued praising God with all our might: and his work went on as when Mr. B. was exhorting. I had for some time observed a young woman all in tears; but now her countenance changed. The unspeakable joy appeared in her face, which, quick as lightning, was filled with smiles, and became of a crimson colour. About the same time John Keeling of Potton, fell into an agony: but he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, though without a clear sense of pardon.

"Immediately after, a stranger well-dressed, who stood facing me, fell backward to the wall; then forward on his knees, wringing his hands, and roaring like a bull. His face, at first, turned quite red, then almost black. He rose and ran against the wall, till Mr. Keeling and another held him. He screamed out, 'O what shall I do, what shall I do? O for one drop of the blood of Christ!' As he spoke, God set his soul at liberty; he knew his sins were blotted out: and the rapture he was in seemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come forty miles to hear Mr. B., and was to leave him the next morning; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his soul.

"I observed about the time that Mr. Coe (that was his name) began to rejoice, a girl, eleven or twelve years old, exceeding poorly dressed, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as desirous of

salvation as any: but I lost sight of her, till I heard the joyful sound, of another born in Sion: and found, upon inquiry, it was she, the poor disconsolate, gypsy-looking child. And now did I see such a sight, as I do not expect again on this side eternity. The faces of the three justified children, and I think of all the believers present, did really shine: and such a beauty, such a look of extreme happiness, and, at the same time, of divine love and simplicity, did I never see in human faces till now. The newly justified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each other's necks for joy. Then they saluted all of their own sex, and besought both men and women to help them in praising God.

"I have mentioned only one man, two women, and three children at this time justified in the house, but have, perhaps, omitted some: and it is probable there were more than one justified at the Church, though but one came to speak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify God in the midst of his people. I wish all who find the same salvation with Mr. Coe, were as ready to proclaim redeeming love!

"Thursday 24, Mr. B—ll and I went to hear Mr. Hicks at Wrestlingworth, four miles from Everton. We discoursed with him first, and were glad to hear, he had wholly given himself up to the glorious work of God, and that the power of the Highest fell upon his hearers, as upon Mr. Berridge's. While he was preaching, fifteen, or sixteen persons felt the arrows of the Lord and dropped down. A few of these cried out with the utmost violence, and little intermission, for some hours: while the rest made no great noise, but continued struggling, as in the pangs of death. I observed, besides these, one little girl deeply convinced, and a boy, nine or ten years old: both of these, and several others, when carried into the parsonage-house, either lay as dead, or struggled with all their might: but in a short time, their cries increased beyond measure, so that the loudest singing could scarcely be heard. Some at last called on me to pray, which I did: and for a time all were calm: but the storm soon began again. Mr. Hicks then prayed, and afterwards Mr. B—ll: but still though some received consolation, others remained in deep sorrow of heart.

"Upon the whole I remark, that few ancient people experience any thing of this work of God; and scarcely any of the rich. These either show an utter contempt of, or an enmity to it. Indeed so did Mr. Hicks himself some time since: having so deep an aversion to it, that he denied the sacrament to those of his parish, who went to hear Mr. Berridge. Neither of these gentlemen has much eloquence, but seem rather weak in speech: the Lord hereby more clearly shewing, that this is his own work. It extends into Cambridgeshire, to within a mile of the University; and about as far into Huntingdonshire; but flourishes most of all in the Eastern and Northern parts of Bedfordshire.

"There were three farmers, in three several villages, who violently set themselves to oppose it: and, for a time, they kept many from going to hear: but all three died in about a month. One of them owned the hand of the Lord was upon him, and besought him, in the

bitterness of his soul, to prolong his life, vowing to hear Mr. B. himself: but the Lord would not be intreated.

"The violent struggling of many in the above-mentioned Churches, has broken several pews and benches. Yet it is common for people to remain unaffected there, and afterwards to drop down in their way home. Some have been found lying as dead on the road: others, in Mr. B.'s garden; not being able to walk from the Church to his house, though it is not two hundred yards.

"I have since received a letter from Mr. B., an extract of which I send you:

"'ON Sunday se'nnight, a man of Wybersley, a Nathaniel indeed, was so filled with the love of God during morning prayer, that he dropped down, and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been so filled with love all the week before, that he was often, for a time, unable to work. On Sunday night last, as I was speaking in my house, there was a violent outcry. One soul was set at liberty. We sung nearly an hour, and the Lord released three more out of captivity.

"'On Monday se'nnight, Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farmer's house. After dinner I went into his yard, and seeing nearly a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the first time, in the open air. Two persons were seized with strong convictions, fell down, and cried out most bitterly. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field to about four thousand people. In the morning, at five, Mr. Hicks preached in the same field, to about a thousand: and now the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us. There was abundance of weeping and strong crying; and I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, nearly thirty received true heart-felt conviction. At ten we returned, and called again at the farmer's house. Seeing about a dozen people in the brew-house, I spoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter, dropped down in strong convictions. Another also was miserably torn by Satan; but set at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I preached in my own house, and God gave the spirit of adoption to another mourner.

"'On Monday last I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, nearly twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill, being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither, a table was set for me on the common; and to my great surprise, I found nearly ten thousand people round it, among whom were many Gownsmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, a horrible dread overwhelmed me: but the moment I was fixed thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue, I gave out my text, (Gal. iii. 10, 11.) and made a pause, to think of something pretty to set off with; but the Lord so confounded me, (as indeed it was meet; for I was seeking, not his glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect labyrinth, and found if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I should

be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak nearly an hour, without any kind of perplexity; and so loud that every one might hear: the audience behaved with great decency. When sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so cheerful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house, and spoke again nearly an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thousand; Mr. Hicks engaged to preach in Orwell-field on Tuesday evening. I gave notice, that I designed to preach on Monday se'nnight at Grandchester, a mile from Cambridge.

"'Mr. Hicks and I have agreed to go into Hertfordshire; afterwards to separate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is opened, three or four days in every week.

"'Believe me, your affectionate Servant,

"'J. B.'"

Friday, June 1, The rain began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Berwick. When I was tolerably dry, I sent to the Mayor, who readily granted the use of the Town-hall. Here I preached about seven to a drowsy congregation, on *Why will ye die O house of Israel?* And again, a little after seven in the morning on *I would thou wert either hot or cold.* In the evening I preached in the Court-house at Alnwick, to a people of quite another spirit: *having* the power as well as *the form of godliness*, and panting after the whole image of God.

Whitsunday 3, I preached at eight in the Court-house, but it was much crowded and exceedingly hot, So in the afternoon I went to the Cross, and cried aloud, in the name of my Master, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.*

Monday 4, I preached in Placey-square at one, to an earnest, loving congregation, and inquired of one of them, James Gillies, concerning a report I had heard the day before. He informed me, "That when he was a little child, he just learned his Christ-cross-row: but this he soon forgot. Between twenty and thirty he was deeply convinced of sin: at which time feeling a strong persuasion he could read, he went into a neighbour' house, took up a bible, and read distinctly, which he has done ever since."

After preaching I rode on to Newcastle. Certainly, if I did not believe there is another world, I should spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great-Britain, comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth.

Wednesday 6, I preached at Gateshead-fell, to a numerous congregation. In earnestness the colliers of Gateshead utterly shame the colliers of Kingswood: scarcely thirty of whom think it worth while to hear the word of God on a week-day! Not even when I preach. And here the house will scarcely contain the week-day congregation of a local Preacher!

Saturday 9, I rode to Sunderland, and preached in the shell of their house. The people of this town likewise are hungry for the word, and receive it with all gladness. Sunday 10, the house contained us

at eight; but at one, I was obliged to stand in the great street, and declare to an attentive multitude, *Ye must be born again.* In the evening I preached to some thousands at Newcastle, near the Keelmen's Hospital; if happily God might bring back some of them who ran well many years ago.

Wednesday 13, After preaching at the Fell, I rode to Chester. The congregation was deeply serious, both in the evening, and at five in the morning. Thence we crossed the Country to Newlands, where I was met by poor John Brown, who has refrained from preaching, till he has fallen into deep despair. I preached on *I will heal their backsliding.* But the word did not reach his heart. I never saw nearly so large a congregation at Sheephill, as we had at six in the evening. What is wanting in this whole Country? Only more labourers.

Saturday 16, I rode to Widdrington, and preached at one to a congregation gathered from all parts. The Court-house at Alnwick, was pretty well filled in the evening; and in the morning, Sunday 17, we had a sound, useful sermon at Church, and a serious, well-behaved congregation. I preached in the Market-place about five. And I trust God applied the word, *Ye must be born again.* Monday 18, having an uneasy horse, I was tired enough when we came into Morpeth: but after resting a while, I was strengthened to preach *Christ crucified*, in the Market-place, to such a congregation as was never seen there before. And a solemn awe seemed to sit on every face, officers and gentlemen, as well as common people. After preaching at Placey in the evening, I rode back to Newcastle.

Wednesday 20, I endeavoured to compose the little differences, which had much hurt the poor people at Gateshead-fell. O what zeal, what prudence and patience are requisite, to *bear the manners* of an untoward people, and to train them up in Christian discipline, *till they come to the full stature of Christ!* Thursday 21, I preached at Nafferton at one. As I was riding thence, one stopped me on the road, and said, "Sir, do not you remember, when you were at Pruddoe, two years since, you breakfasted at Thomas Newton's? I am his sister. You looked upon me as you were going out, and said, 'Be in earnest.' I knew not then, what earnestness meant, nor had any thought about it. But the words sunk into my heart, so that I could never rest any more, till I sought and found Christ."

Friday 22, I rode to S—k, and preached to my old congregation of Colliers, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* After preaching, a servant of Mr.— came and said, "Sir, my master discharges you from preaching any more on his ground: Not out of any disrespect to *you:* but he will *stand by the Church:*" "Simple master *Shallow!*" As Shakespear has it, wise master Rector, his counsellor!

Saturday 23, I spoke to each of the Society in Sunderland. Most of the robbers, commonly called *Smugglers*, have left us; but more than twice the number of honest people are already come in their place. And if none had come, yet should I not dare to keep those who steal either from the king or subject. Sunday 24, I preached in the street at eight, about one at South-Shields, and at five in North-

Shields. The greater part seemed to hear as for their lives. So are these lions also become lambs! O for zealous, active, faithful labourers! How *white are the fields unto the harvest.*

On Monday and Wednesday evening I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's Hospital, to twice the people we should have had at the house. What marvel, the devil does not love field-preaching. Neither do I: I love a commodious room, a soft cushion, a handsome pulpit: but where is my zeal, if I do not trample all these under foot, in order to save one more soul? Thursday 28, we had the General Meeting of the Stewards, by whom I found the Societies in this circuit, still contain about eighteen hundred members. I hope not many of these will be choked by thorns!

Friday 29, About eleven I set out for Swalwell, in a fair, mild morning, but in half an hour the rain poured down so, that in a few minutes, I was wet from head to foot. And when I came thither, where to preach, I knew not; for the house would not contain a third of the people. Just then the dissenting minister sent to offer me the use of his Meeting-house. I went thither without delay. There was a large congregation, and a blessing in the midst of them.

Saturday 30, I preached in Winlington at noon. The sun was very hot, and shone full upon my head. But the wind was very high and very cold; so that the one tempered the other, while I was declaring the grace of God, to a well-meaning multitude, who know little as yet, but are willing to know *the truth as it is in Jesus.* I preached at Sheep-hill in the evening, and returnd to Newcastle as fresh as I was in the morning.

Sunday, July 1, Between eight and nine, I preached to a quiet multitude in Gateshead. At two I preached in the Fell, to the largest congregation which had ever been seen there: and in the evening, near the Keelmen's Hospital, to full as many as my voice would reach. It was a season of love; and God caused the mountains to flow down at his presence. While the Society was gathering, I went to a young woman, who was some days since, suddenly struck with what they called madness. And so it was; but a diabolical madness, as plainly appeared from numerous circumstances. However, after we had been at prayer, she fell asleep, and never raged or blasphemed after.

Monday 2, I rode to Durham, and went at one to the meadow by the river-side, where I preached two years ago. The congregation was now larger by one half; but the sun was so scorchingly hot upon my head, that I was scarcely able to speak. I paused a little, and desired God would provide us a covering, if it were for his glory. In a moment it was done: a cloud covered the sun, which troubled us no more. Ought *voluntary humility* to conceal these palpable proofs, that God still *heareth the prayer?* Between two and three we took horse. The sun now shone again, and with so intense a heat, that I know not how we could have endured it, but that the wind came in our faces, by the help of which we got pretty well to Hartlepool. I suppose we had all the town with us in the evening, either in the street or the adjoining houses. And God was pleased to touch the hearts of many, even among this dull, heavy, sleepy people.

Tuesday 3, I wrote to Dr. Taylor as follows:—

"*Hartlepool, July* 3, 1759.

"REV. SIR,

"I esteem you, as a person of uncommon sense and learning: but your doctrine I cannot esteem. And some time since I believed it my duty, to speak my sentiments at large, concerning your doctrine of *Original Sin*. When Mr. Newton of Liverpool, mentioned this, and asked, whether you designed to answer, you said, 'You thought not, for it would only be a *personal Controversy*, between J. W—y and J. T—r.' How gladly, if I durst, would I accept of this discharge, from so unequal a contest! For I am thoroughly sensible, humanly speaking, it is *formica contra leonem*. How gladly, were it indeed no other, than a *personal* Controversy! But certainly it is not: it is a Controversy *de re*, if ever there was one in the world. Indeed, concerning a thing of the highest importance: nay, all the things that concern our eternal peace. It is, *Christianity* or *Heathenism*. For take away the Scriptural Doctrine of Redemption or Justification, and that of the New-birth, the beginning of Sanctification, or which amounts to the same, explain them as you do, suitably to your doctrine of Original Sin; and what is Christianity better than Heathenism? Wherein (save in rectifying some of our *notions*) has the religion of St. Paul any pre-eminence over that of Socrates or Epictetus?

"This is therefore, to my apprehension, the least a *personal Controversy* of any in the world: your person and mine, are out of the question: *The point* is, Are *those things* that have been believed for many ages, throughout the Christian world, real, solid *truths*, or *monkish dreams* and vain imaginations?

"But farther, It is certain, between you and me there need be no *personal* Controversy at all. For we may agree, to leave each other's person and character, absolutely untouched, while we sum up and answer the several arguments advanced, as plainly and closely as we can.

"Either I or you mistake the whole of Christianity from the beginning to the end! Either my scheme or your's is as contrary to the Scriptural as the Koran is. Is it mine or your's? Your's has gone through all England, and made numerous converts. I attack it from end to end: let all England judge, whether it can be defended, or not?

"Earnestly praying, that God may give you and me a right understanding in all things,

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your Servant for Christ's sake,

"J. W."

Wednesday 4, Mr. Jones preached at five, I at eight. Toward the close of the sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy man, I suppose a Country wit, took a great deal of pains to disturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those who were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our brethren, to go to him, one after the other, and not to say much themselves, but let him talk till

he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. William Alwood then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening awhile, said, "That is pretty: pray, say it over again." "What, are you deaf?" "No; but for the entertainment of the people. Come: we are all attention." After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clearly off.

In the evening, I began near Stockton market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a Man-of-war, who had chosen that time to bring his press-gang, and ordered them to take Joseph Jones and William Alwood. Joseph Jones telling him, "Sir, I belong to Mr. Wesley," after a few words, he let him go: as he did likewise William Alwood, after a few hours, understanding he was a licensed Preacher. He likewise seized upon a young man of the town: but the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed.

Friday 6, I rode on to Yarm. The heat of the day was hardly to be borne: but in the evening it was extremely pleasant: and the whole congregation were deeply serious. At one I was at Hutton-Rudby, six miles south of Yarm, where they have just built a Preaching-house: but it would not contain a fourth of the congregation, and what place to choose I could not tell, no shade being at hand, and the sun shining nearly as hot as it used to do in Georgia. Finding no other way, I stood in the street, near a house, which sheltered some of the people. The rest seemed not to know whether it was hot or cold: God so plenteously refreshed their souls. Much the same congregation was at Potto in the evening: and with the same blessing.

Having preached considerably longer, both at noon and night than I am accustomed to do, I was so hoarse in the morning, Sunday 8, that I knew not what I should do to go through the work of the day. However, I began it, by preaching on the Green, at Stokesley, to a multitude of people. Thence I rode to Gisborough, at the foot of the mountains. The sun would have been insupportable, but that we had a strong wind full in our faces, for the greatest part of the day. At twelve we had a lovely congregation, in a meadow near the town, who drank in every word that was spoken, as the thirsty earth the showers. The sixteen miles, so called, from hence to Robin-hood's Bay, took us between five and six hours riding: so that when I came thither, I was quite exhausted. However, I went to the quay, where a large congregation was waiting: and all behaved well, but an honest tar, who was much disturbed at my saying, "No man is delivered from the fear of death, but he that fears God."

Tuesday 10, We took horse at half an hour past three, and rode over the huge mountains to Scarborough. I began to preach near the main-street at seven. The congregation was large, and some of them wild enough, but in a short time all were quiet and still. Nor did I hear one unkind word when I had done. In the afternoon I rode to York, where I thought to rest a few days, being almost worn

cut. But it was judged quite necessary, I should go to Hull lest the little flock should be discouraged. So on Friday 13, I set out early, and reached Pocklington between eight and nine. The last time I was here, they rung the bells, in order to drown my voice: but he who then paid the ringers is run away: so I had a quiet and serious audience. I had a far finer congregation at Hull. So far once, *the rich have the Gospel preached!* At night Charles Delamotte called upon me, and seemed to be the same loving, simple man still. I should not repent my journey to Hull, were it only for this short interview.

Saturday 14, I preached at eight in Mr. Hilton's yard, near the great street in Beverley; and was surprised to see so quiet and civil a congregation, where we expected nothing less. All the men were uncovered, and the whole audience was attentive, from beginning to end: nor did one person give us a rude word, while we rode from one end of the town to the other. This, with the large and earnest congregation at York in the evening, made me forget all my labour.

Sunday 15, I began reading to the Society an account of the late work of God at Everton: but I could not get through. At first there were only silent tears on every side. But it was not long, before several were unable to refrain from weeping aloud. And quickly a stout young man dropped down, and roared as in the agonies of death. I did not attempt to read any farther, but began wrestling with God in prayer. We continued herein till nearly nine o'clock. What a day of jubilee was this!

Tuesday 17, I left York, and about noon preached at Tadcaster. Distant thunder did not lessen the number, but increased the seriousness of the congregation, who appeared entirely different from them I saw here two years ago. At seven in the evening I preached to an immense congregation, at the foot of a high mountain near Otley. Wednesday 18, I rode on to Mr. Marshal's, at Guiseley, the Capua of Yorkshire.

Hic nemus, hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.

It is well, God is here: or who could bear it?

Hence we rode to Keighley, where is a loving, earnest, well established people. Here many of our Preachers met me, and many of our brethren: and God was with us in all our assemblies. Friday 20, we went on to Colne, (formerly, I suppose, a Roman Colony) situate on the top of a high, round hill, at the edge of Pendel-forest. I preached at eleven in an open space, not far from the main street. And I have seldom seen a more attentive, or decently behaved congregation. How is the scene changed, since the drunken mob of this town, used to be a terror to all the Country!

We rode to Broad-Clough in the afternoon, a lone house in the midst of the Lancashire mountains. The people came in from all quarters, and it was a season of great refreshment. Among the rest was Mr. M——r, who gave us an account of his late trials. I wonder the Butcher (Doctor so called) to whom he was committed, did not murder him. He took true pains so to do: but his chain did not reach so far.

Saturday 21, Mr. Grimshaw led us to Gawksham, another lone house, on the side of an enormous mountain. The congregation stood and sat, row above row, in the sylvan theatre. I believe nothing on the postdiluvian earth can be more pleasant, than the road from hence, between huge steep mountains, clothed with wood to the top, and washed at the bottom by a clear, winding stream. At four I preached to a very large congregation at Heptonstall, and thence rode on to Haworth,

Sunday 22, At ten Mr. Milner read prayers: but the Church would not nearly contain the congregation. So after prayers, I stood on a scaffold close to the Church, and the congregation in the Churchyard. The communicants alone filled the Church. And yet most of these were not curious hearers, but men fearing God.

Monday 23, I preached near Huddersfield, to the wildest congregation I have seen in Yorkshire. Yet they were restrained by an unseen hand, and I believe some felt the sharpness of his word. I preached at Halifax in the evening: but the preaching-house was like an oven. Tuesday 24, the house was well filled at five. About seven in the evening I preached at Bradford, at the door of the house, as it could not contain one-half of the congregation. Wednesday 25, I talked with most of those, whom Edward Hales had torn from their brethren. Just as he was coming to widen the breach, it pleased God to take him to himself. The wanderers were now willing to return, and I received them again, I trust, for ever.

Thursday 26, I preached in Gilderson at noon, and at Morely in the evening. A flame is suddenly broken out here, where it was least of all expected: and it spreads wider and wider. When God *will* work, who is able to stay his hand? Sunday 29, I preached about eight at Birstal. The congregation covered a great part of the field, and my voice was exceedingly strengthened, so that I believe all could hear. At one I enforced those solemn words on an immense multitude, *This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*

I shall easily be excused for adding here a farther account of the work of God in and near Everton. "On Monday, July 9, I set out, and on Wednesday noon reached Potton, where I rejoiced at the account given by John Keeling, of himself and others. He *was* justified, it seems, on that memorable Sabbath, but had not a clear witness of it till ten days after: about which time his sister, (who was on that day in great distress) was also set at liberty. I discoursed also with Ann Thorn, who told me of much heaviness following the visions with which she had been favoured: but said, she was, at intervals, visited still with so much overpowering love and joy, especially at the Lord's-Supper, that she often lay in a trance for many hours. She is twenty-one years old. We were soon after called into the garden, where Patty Jenkins (one of the same age) was so overwhelmed with the love of God, that she sunk down, and appeared as one in a pleasant sleep, only with her eyes open. Yet she had often just strength to utter, with a low voice, ejaculations of joy and praise; but no words coming up to what she felt, she frequently

laughed while she saw his glory. This is quite unintelligible to many; for a stranger intermeddleth not with our joy. So it was to Mr. M——, who doubted whether God or the devil had filled her with love and praise. O, the depth of human wisdom! Mr. R——, in the mean time, was filled with a solemn awe. I no sooner sat down by her, than the Spirit of God poured the same blessedness into my soul. Her's continued till the time we were to set out for Cockin-Hatley: then her strength was restored in a moment, and we walked together, sixteen in number, singing to the Lord as we went along.

"Mr. Hicks preached an excellent sermon on the *Strait Gate*. The next morning, Thursday 12, he gave me leave to take an extract from his journal. But I had only time to write the occurrences of one morning, as follows:

"'June 6, 1759, I spoke this morning at Orwell, on Isaiah lv. 1. One who had been before convinced of sin, fell down in a kind of fit, and broke out, in great anguish of soul, calling on the Lord Jesus for salvation. He wrought as in the agonies of death, and was quite bathed in sweat. He beat the chair against which he kneeled, as one whose soul drew nigh unto hell. His countenance then cleared up at once, and we hoped he would be presently set at liberty; but, on a sudden, he was more distressed than ever, being in the sharpest conflict: every muscle of his body was in strong agitation, as if nature were just dissolving. I never saw any convulsion-fit so violent. But, in a moment God dispelled the cloud; his face was again covered with smiles; and he spake, as seeing the Lord near him. He cried unto him, and the Lord hearing, pronounced him freely forgiven. At that instant he clapped his hands, and cried aloud, 'Jesus is mine! He is my Saviour!' His soul was in peace; neither did he find the least bodily pain or soreness. I asked, 'For what would you undergo this again?' He said, 'Not for all the world: but I would suffer more, rather than be without Christ: yea, for his sake, I would suffer all things!' *An unwise man doth not consider this: a fool doth not understand it.*

"'This morning Ann Simpson, aged sixteen or seventeen, lay nearly an hour in the utmost distress, shrieking out, Christ! Christ! and no other word; her face all the time being violently distorted. I left her awhile, but could scarcely sit down, before I heard the voice of praise. I went, and found her heaviness turned into joy, even the joyful assurance that her sins were pardoned. She sprang by me to a young woman, who lay in a kind of trance, and clasped her in her arms, breathing forth praise to God. I retired again, but had not been long seated, before she came in, running to me in a transport of praise. I asked her, Why she cried out continually, Christ, Christ! She answered, 'I thought myself at that time on a little island, and saw Satan in a hideous form, just ready to devour me, hell all around open to receive me, and myself ready to drop in; while no help appeared, nor any way to escape; but just as I was dropping in, the Lord appeared between me and the great gulf; and would not let me fall into it. As soon as I saw him, all my trouble

was gone, and all the pain I felt before; and ever since, I have been light and joyful, and filled with the love of God.'"

"So far Mr. Hicks: who told me, he was first convinced of sin, August 1, 1758; and finding peace in about six weeks, first preached the Gospel on September 17. From that time he was accounted a fool and a madman! About two thousand souls seem to have been awakened by Mr. B. and him within this twelvemonth.

"Friday 13, Mr. R——, as well as Mr. M——, was in doubt concerning the work of God here; but this morning they were both fully convinced, while Alice Miller, the little pale girl, justified May 20, who is in the the sixteenth, and Molly Raymund, who is in the twelfth year of her age, related their experience, their artless confidence confirming their words. We walked this forenoon to Tadlow, in Cambridgeshire, to hear Mr. B.; but came too late for the sermon. However, the account we received of the wonderful work of God, in this and the neighbouring places, were matter of great rejoicing to me, as are all manifestations of the world to come.

"Saturday 14, Mr. B. being ill, desired me to exhort a few people, in his house; which the Lord enabled me to do, with such ease and power, that I was quite amazed. The next morning at seven, his servant, Caleb Price, spoke to about two hundred people. The Lord was wonderfully present; more than twenty persons feeling the arrows of conviction: several fell to the ground, some of whom seemed dead, others, in the agonies of death; the violence of their bodily convulsions, exceeding all description. There was also great crying and agonizing in prayer, mixed with deep and deadly groans on every side.

"When sermon was ended, one brought good tidings to Mr. B. from Grandchester: That God had there broken down seventeen persons last week, by the singing of hymns only; and that a child, seven years old, sees many visions, and astonishes the neighbours, with her innocent, awful manner of declaring them.

"While Mr. B. preached in the Church, I stood with many in the Church-yard, to make room for those who came from far. Therefore I saw little, but heard the agonizing of many, panting and gasping after eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained by the multitude of people, to come out of the Church and preach in his own Close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart, were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded, would have dropped; but others catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still, that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her hands, filling them with dust and with the hard-trodden grass; on which I saw her lie, with her hands clinched, as one dead, when the multitude dispersed. Another roared and screamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omit the rejoicing of believers, because of their number, and the frequency thereof: though the manner was strange:

some of them being quite overpowered with Divine love, and only shewing enough of natural life to let us know, they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm sweetness in their looks. I saw one, who lay two or three hours in the open air, and being then carried into the house, continued insensible another hour, as if actually dead The first sign of life she shewed was a rapture of praise, intermixed with a small joyous laughter.

"Monday 16, Mr. B. this evening, preached in his own house, where I observed Molly Raymund, leaning all the while as if asleep: but an hour or two after, she desired to speak with him. I wondered, she was not gone home, and was concerned, that so little a girl should have so far to go in the dark without company; but Mr. B. told me, neither she nor the other justified children, were afraid of any thing.

"Tuesday 17, We walked toward Harlston, near which Mr. B. overtook us. He was greatly fatigued and dejected, and said, "I am now so weak, I must leave off field-preaching." Nevertheless, he cast himself upon the Lord, and stood up to preach, having nearly three thousand hearers. He was very weak at first, and scarcely able to speak; but God soon performed his promise, imparting new strength to him, and causing him to speak with mighty power. A great shaking was among the dry bones. Incessant were the cries, groans, wringing of hands and prayers of sinners, now first convinced of their deplorable state. After preaching he was lively and strong, so that the closeness of a crowded room, neither affected his breath nor hindered his rejoicing over two children, one about eight, the other about six years old, who were crying aloud to God for mercy.

"Not only Harlston, but Stapleford and Triplow, to which Mr. B. was now going, were places in which he had never preached the Gospel, and probably never would have done, had it not been for the thundering sermons made against him, from their several pulpits. So does Satan frequently overshoot himself, and occasion the downfall of his own kingdom.

"I had been very ill the preceding week. Wherefore, last night I had recourse to God in prayer: and this morning, instead of rising with difficulty at eight or nine, as I had usually done, I rose with ease at five; and instead of losing my strength in a mile or two, I walked eighteen without any weakness or weariness.

"Wednesday 18, We called at the house, where Mr. B. had been preaching in the morning, and found several there rejoicing in God, and several mourning after him. While I prayed with them, many crowded into the house, some of whom burst into a very strange, involuntary laughter, so that my voice could scarcely be heard, and when I strove to speak louder, a sudden hoarseness seized me. Then the laughter increased. I perceived it was Satan, and resolved to pray on. Immediately the Lord rebuked him; that laughter was at an end, and so was my hoarseness. A vehement wrestling with God ran through the whole company, whether sorrowful or rejoicing: till

beside three young women of the house, one young man, and a girl about eleven years old, who had been counted one of the wickedest in Harlston, were exceedingly blessed with the consolations of God.

"Among those under conviction was an elderly woman, who had been a scoffer at the Gospel, and a keen ridiculer of all that cried out: but she now cried louder than any present. Another I observed, who had known the Lord above five and twenty years. When Mr. B. first brought the Gospel to her ears, she was filled with gladness: knowing this was the same salvation which God had long ago brought to her heart.

"We walked hence to the middle of Shelford-moor; and seeing no person but a young woman who kept sheep, the solitude invited us to stop and sing a hymn: the sound whereof reaching her, she came up slowly, weeping as she came, and then stood by a brook of water, over against us, with tears running down her cheeks apace. We sung another hymn for this mourner in Sion, and wrestled for her with God in prayer: but he did not yet comfort her. And indeed I have observed of the people in general who hear Mr. B., their convictions are not only deep and violent, but last a long time. Wherefore, those that are offended at them who rejoice, should consider how terrible a cup they received at first. Now they are all light: but they well remember the darkness and misery, the wormwood and the gall.

"We met Mr. Berridge at Stapleford, five miles from Cambridge. His heart was particularly set on this people, because he was Curate here five or six years; but never preached a Gospel sermon among them till this evening. About fifteen hundred persons met in a Close to hear him, great part of whom were laughers and mockers. The work of God, however, quickly began among those that were serious: while not a few endeavoured to make sport, by mimicking the gestures of those that were wounded. Both these and those who rejoiced in God, gave great offence to some stern looking men, who vehemently demanded to have those wretches horse-whipped out of the Close. Need we wonder at this, when several of his own people, are unwilling to let God work in his own way? And well may Satan be enraged at the cries of the people, and the prayers they make in the bitterness of their souls: seeing we know these are the chief times at which Satan is cast out.

"However, in a while many of the scoffers were weary and went away. The rest continued as insensible as before. I had long been walking round the multitude, feeling a jealousy for my God, and praying him to make the place of his feet glorious. My patience at last began to fail, and I prayed, 'O King of glory, break some of them in pieces; but let it be to the saving of their souls.' I had but just spoken, when I heard a dreadful noise, on the farther side of the congregation, and turning thither saw one Thomas Skinner coming forward, the most horrible human figure I ever saw. His large wig and hair were coal-black; his face distorted beyond all description. He roared incessantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and hasted out of his way. I

was glad to hear him, after a while, pray aloud. Not a few of the triflers grew serious; while his kindred and acquaintance, were very unwilling to believe even their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away, but he fell to the earth, crying, 'My burden! My burden! I cannot bear it!' Some of his brother scoffers were calling for horse-whips, till they saw him extended on his back at full length. They then said, he was dead: and, indeed, the only sign of life was the working of his breast, and the distortions of his face, while the veins of his neck were swelled, as if ready to burst. He was just before, the chief captain of Satan's forces: none was, by nature, more fitted for mockery. None could swear more heroically, to whip out of the Close, all who were affected by the preaching. His agonies lasted some hours. Then his body and soul were eased.

"When Mr. B. had refreshed himself a little, he returned to the Close, and bid the multitude take warning by Skinner, who still lay roaring and tormented on the ground. All the people were now deeply serious: and several hundreds, instead of going when Mr. B. dismissed them, stayed in Mr. Jenning's yard. Many of these, especially men, were truly broken in heart. Mr. B. talked with as many as could come into the house: and seeing what numbers stood hungering without, sent me word to pray with them. This was a grievous cross: I knew it was the Lord's will, but felt such weakness of body, and sinking of spirit, and was withal so hoarse, that I supposed few could hear out of some hundreds who stood before me. However, I attempted: and in a moment the Lord poured upon me such a spirit of supplication, and gave me so clear, and strong an utterance that it seemed I was another man: a farther instance that the servants of God are not sent a warfare, on *their own* charge.

"No sooner had I finished than we were called to see John Dennis, aged twenty years, who lay on a table. His body was stiff and motionless as a statue: his very neck seemed as if made of iron. He was looking steadfastly up to heaven, and praying aloud with a melodious voice. His words surprised Mr. B. as well as me: who said to the assembly, 'You need no better Preacher: none can tell you the truths of the Gospel more clearly.' And, indeed, his prayer unfolded the whole Christian system, with the greatest accuracy. When he came out of the fit, he was in perfect health; but declared he knew not a word of all he had spoken. His mother then informed us, 'He had had these fits for two years, at least once a day: but he never spoke in any fit, till three weeks ago. Ever since he prays in them, as to night, but is himself as ignorant of the matter, as if he had been dead all the time.'

"It was late when I went to lodge about half a mile off, where I found a young woman reading hymns, and the power of the Lord falling on the hearers, especially one young man; who cried aloud in such bitter anguish, that I soon desired we might join in prayer. This was the seventh time of my praying in public that day: and had I been faithful, I should probably have prayed seven more.

"Thursday 19, I returned to Mr. Jenning's, who had set out at four in the morning, to hear Mr. Berridge at Grandchester. He came

soon after me, but was scarcely able to speak. I never saw a man sweat in such a manner: the large drops seeming fixed all over his face, just like beads of glass. The congregation at Grandchester this morning consisted of about one thousand persons, among whom the Lord was wonderfully present, convincing a far greater number now, than even last night. Mr. Jennings was a mild, good-natured Pharisee, who had never been awakened: but he was now thoroughly convinced of his lost estate, and stood, for a time, in utter despair, with his mouth wide open, his eyes starting, and full of huge dismay. When he found power to speak, he cried out, 'I thought I had led a good life! I thought I was not so bad as others! But I am the vilest creature upon earth! I am dropping into hell! Now, now: this very moment!' He then saw hell open to receive him, and Satan ready to cast him in: but it was not long before he saw the Lord Jesus, and knew he had accepted him. He then cried aloud in an unspeakable rapture, 'I have got Christ! I have got Christ!' For two hours he was in the visions of God. Then the joy, tho' not the peace, abated.

"I had left Mr. Jennings but a little while, when I heard John Dennis loudly praising God. I no sooner kneeled by him, than the consolations of God came upon me, so that I trembled and wept much. Nor was the Spirit poured out upon us alone: all in the house were partakers of it. J. D. was kneeling when his fit came. We laid him on the ground, where he soon became stiff as last night, and prayed in like manner. Afterwards his body grew flexible by degrees, but was convulsed from head to foot. When he was quite recovered, he said, 'He was quite resigned to the will of God, who gave him such strength in the inner man, that he did not find any of these things grievous, neither could ask to be delivered from them.'

I walked from Stapleford with twenty persons, to hear Mr. B., at Triplow, and saw many other companies, some before, some behind, some on either hand, going the same way. This brought to my mind the words of Zechariah, *And the inhabitants of one City should go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also.*

"Fifteen hundred, or two thousand, were assembled in the Close at Triplow. The only unpolished part of the audience, were a few gentlemen on horse-back. They were much offended at the cries of those in conviction, but much more at the rejoicing of others, even to laughter: but they were not able to look them in the face, for half a minute together. I looked after service at every ring which the people made about those that fell under the Word. Here and there was a place with only one, but there were generally two or three together; and on one spot, no less than seven, who lay on the ground as if slain in battle. I soon followed Mr. B. to the house, and found both it and the orchard filled with serious people; to whom he spake till his strength failed, and then seeing them unwilling to depart, desired *me* to dismiss them with prayer. I felt great reluctance; but so mightily, when I began, came the Spirit upon me, that I found no want of utterance, while I was praying with about two hundred persons. I thought they had then gone away; but perceived an hour after, most

of them were still in the house or orchard: sighs and groans, prayers, tears, and joyful praise being intermixed on every side.

"Friday 20, I was wakeful before five, but conferring with flesh and blood, I slept again. Mr. B. sent for me at seven: but I was then so weak, I could not go till the people were dispersed. Three times more persons were struck with convictions this morning, than had been last night. Mr. B. had prayed with them till near fainting, who had then sent for me to come. And who knows what God might have done even by me, if I had not been indulging my vile body? I was glad to see a woman, supposed the chief sinner in the town, now rolling on the earth, screaming and roaring in strong convictions. The man of the house informed us, of her having had nine or ten children by whoredom, and that being at last married, her husband was more angry with her for hearing the word, than he would probably have been for her committing adultery. Nor was her minister displeased, that she never came to Church, but mightily strove to prevent both her, and all the sinners of his parish, from going to hear the Gospel. I observed also a beggar-girl, seven or eight years old, who had scarcely any clothes, but a ragged piece of old rug. She too had felt the word of God as a two-edged sword, and mourned to be covered with Christ's righteousness.

"From Triplow I walked to Orwell, and thence to Everton, in weakness of body, and heaviness of spirit. Mr. B. was preaching when I came in. Here God again refreshed my soul. I shook from head to foot, while tears of joy ran down my face, and my distress was at an end.

"Saturday 21, I was troubled for some of our brethren, who began to doubt, whether this was a work of God or of the devil! John Keeling in particular, who instead of his frank, living zeal, and happiness in God, was now filled with gloomy discontent, and grown dark, sullen, and reserved. As we were walking together, he told me, it was his resolution, to 'keep himself to himself: so let them who struggled so, struggle as they would, and leave all those to themselves, whom Satan cast into visions or trances, till Satan brought them out again.' 'But (he added) I am so uneasy, I do not know what to do: and most of our people begin to shun one another.' The snare was now broken. He saw the delusion he had been in, and I trust, will hereafter shun the troublers of Israel.

"Sunday 22, the Church was quite filled, and hundreds were without. And now the arrows of God flew abroad, the inexpressible groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were so loud, almost without intermission, that we who stood without, could scarcely help thinking, all in the Church were cut to the heart. But upon inquiry, we found, about two hundred persons, chiefly men, cried aloud for mercy: but many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, though in a calmer way.

"I rejoiced to see many from Cambridgeshire, particularly John Dennis, Thomas Skinner, and the sorrowful young woman with whom we had prayed on Shelford-moor. Now too came good news from several parts, especially Grandchester; where ten more persons

were cut to the heart, in singing hymns among themselves; and the little child before mentioned, continues to astonish all the neighbourhood. A noted Physician came some time ago, and closely examined her. The result was, he confessed 'It was no distemper of mind, but the hand of God.'

"I sought for Thomas Skinner after morning-service, and found him with many more, singing hymns under a tree. When they stopped, I asked, 'How do you find your mind now?' Instead of speaking, he looked upon me with great steadiness, fetched a deep sigh, burst out into tears and prayers, and throwing himself along on the ground, fell into more and more agony, till he roared aloud. I told him how great a sinner I had been: but the more I spoke, the more was he distressed. Wherefore John Dennis and I went to prayer for him: but his deliverance was not yet. Make him, O Lord, a greater champion for thy truth, than ever he was against it.

"Mr. B. preached in his Close this afternoon, though in great bodily weakness. But when he is weakest, God so strengthens him, that it is surprising to what a distance his voice reaches. I have heard Mr. Whitefield speak as loud, but not with such a continued, strong, unbroken tenor.

"Monday 23, Mr. Keeling and I walked to Barford. I was relating there, how God had plucked such a brand as me out of the burning; but my voice was quickly stopped by rejoicing: and I have often found, that nothing I can say, makes so much impression on myself or others, as thus repeating my own conversion.

"The first time I saw Mr. B., was June 2, 1758: but I scarcely thought of him again till June 7, as I was walking up to Luton-Down. There an awful sense of God's presence fell upon me, and my voice grew louder and louder, in proportion to the joy of my soul, with a strong impulse, to pray for the success of Mr. B.'s labours; and such a foresight did the Lord give me, of what he was bringing to pass through his ministry, that I was quite overwhelmed for nearly an hour, till my voice was lost and only tears remained. And, Oh! how graciously has the God of truth accomplished all those things! With what delight hast Thou since enabled me to walk round the walls of Thy Sion, to mark well her bulwarks, and count the towers thereof!"

Wednesday, August 1, A few of us spoke freely and largely to a brother who had been *overtaken in a fault*, and endeavoured to *restore* him *in the spirit of meekness:* and we were much comforted over him; having great hope, that God would restore his usefulness as well as his strength.

Thursday 2, I rode to Sheffield, and preached at one to a large and quiet congregation. I was afterwards desired to visit Mr. Dodge, Curate of the new Church. I found him on the brink of eternity, rejoicing in God his Saviour. Thence I went on to Rotherham, and talked with five men and six women, (as I had done with many others before in various places) who believe they *are saved from sin.* And this fact I believe, that they *rejoice evermore, pray without*

ceasing, and in every thing give thanks: I believe, they feel nothing but love *now.* What they *will* do, I leave to God.

Friday 3, I preached at Gainsborough, in Sir Nevil Hickman's great Hall. It is fully as large, as the Weaver's Hall in Bristol. At two it was filled with a rude, wild multitude, a few of a better spirit excepted. Yet all but two or three gentlemen were attentive, while I enforced our Lord's words, *What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* I was walking back through a gaping, staring crowd, when Sir Nevil came and thanked me for my sermon, to the no small amazement, of his neighbours, who shrunk back as if they had seen a ghost. Thence I rode to North-Scarle, the last Village in Lincolnshire, then ten miles short of Newark. Here a great multitude assembled from various parts, most of them wholly unacquainted with the ways of God: indeed to such a degree, that though I spoke as plainly as I could on the first principles of religion, yet it seemed very many understood me no more, than if I had been talking Greek. O what a condition is the bulk of *reformed Christians* in to this day!

Saturday 4, As we took horse, the rain began, and accompanied us till we alighted in the evening. Sunday 5, between eight and nine, I reached Everton, faint and weary enough. During the prayers, as also during the sermon and the administration of the Sacrament, a few persons cried aloud; but it was not from sorrow or fear, but love and joy. The same I observed in several parts of the afternoon service. In the evening I preached in Mr. Hick's Church. Two or three persons fell to the ground, and were extremely convulsed; but none cried out. One or two were filled with strong consolation.

Monday 6, I talked largely with Ann Thorn, and two others who had been several times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1, That when they *went away*, as they termed it, it was always at the time they were fullest of the love of God: 2, That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their senses and strength: 3, That there were some exceptions; but generally from that moment, they were in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said, by any that were round about them.

About five in the afternoon, I heard them singing hymns. Soon after, Mr. B. came up, and told me, Alice Miller (fifteen years old) was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her sitting on a stool and leaning against the wall, with her eyes open and fixed upward. I made a motion as if going to strike; but they continued immoveable. Her face shewed an unspeakable mixture of reverence and love, while silent tears stole down her cheeks. Her lips were a little open, and sometimes moved; but not enough to cause any sound. I do not know whether I ever saw a human face look so beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a smile, as from joy mixed with love and reverence: but the tears fell still, though not so fast. Her pulse was quite regular. In about half an hour I observed her countenance change into the form of fear, pity, and distress. Then she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, "Dear Lord! they

will be all damned!" But in about five minutes her smiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face. About half an hour after six, I observed distress to take place again; and soon after she wept bitterly, and cried out, "Dear Lord, they *will* go to hell! The world *will* go to hell!" Soon after, she said, "Cry aloud spare not!" And in a few moments her look was composed again, and spoke a mixture of reverence, joy, and love. Then she said aloud, "Give God the glory." About seven her senses returned. I asked, "Where have you been?" "I have been with my Saviour." "In heaven, or on earth?" "I cannot tell: but I was in glory!" Why then did you cry?" "Not for myself; but for the world: for I saw they were on the brink of hell." "Whom did you desire to give the glory to God?" "Ministers that cry aloud to the world; else they will be proud: and then God will leave them, and they will lose their own souls."

I preached at eight on, *The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God.* The whole congregation were earnestly attentive: but not above one or two cried out; and I did not observe any that fainted away, either then or in the morning. I have generally observed more or less of outward symptoms, to attend the beginning of a general work of God. So it was in New England, Scotland, Holland, Ireland, and many parts of England: but after a time they gradually decrease, and the work goes on more quietly and silently. Those whom it pleases God to employ in his work, ought to be quite passive in this respect. They should *choose* nothing: but leave entirely to him, all the circumstances of his own work.

Tuesday 7, After preaching at four, (because of the harvest) I took horse and rode easily to London. Indeed I wanted a little rest; having rode, in seven months, above four and twenty hundred miles.

Wednesday 8, Our Conference began, the time of which was almost entirely employed, in examining whether the spirit and lives of our Preachers were suitable to their profession. On Saturday in the afternoon, we concluded. Great was the unanimity and love that reigned among us. And if there were any who hoped or feared the contrary, they were happily disappointed.

Sunday 12, I was afraid to look forward to the work of the day, knowing my strength was not sufficient for it: but God looked to that; for though I was exceedingly weak at Snows-fields in the morning, I was stronger at noon: and after preaching in the afternoon in the fields, and meeting the Society, I felt no weakness at all.

Monday 13, I took a little ride to Croydon, one of the seats of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Was it one of these who ordered many years ago (for the characters are of old standing) that dreadful inscription to be placed over the Communion-Table? *And now ye Priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord, I will even send a curse among you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart. Behold, I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it.*

The Archbishop's palace is an ancient, venerable pile, and the gardens are extremely pleasant. The late Archbishop had improved them at a large expense; but continual illness prevented his enjoying them, till after four years constant pain, he was called away, one may hope, to the garden of God.

I dined at Mr. B.'s, in Epsom, whose house and gardens lie in what was once a chalk-pit. It is the most elegant spot I ever saw with my eyes; every thing within doors and without, being finished in the most exquisite taste. Surely nothing on earth can be more delightful. O what will the possessor *feel,* when he cries out,

> "Must I then leave thee, Paradise? then leave
> These happy shades, and mansions fit for Gods?"

Friday 17, I spent an hour pleasantly and profitably at ——— ———'s. How gracious is God, who still preserves him unconsumed in fire! How plain, that with God all things are possible; he can draw the sting either of wealth or death! Sunday 19, I preached in the afternoon to a huge multitude in the fields, on *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* Monday 27, I rode to Bedford, and about six, preached on St. Peter's-Green. None of the numerous congregation stood with their heads covered, except the Germans. Blessed be God, that *I* have not so learned Christ! If *they* know no better, I cannot help it.

Tuesday 28, I rode on to Mr. Berridge's at Everton, and in the evening went to the Church, but unusually heavy, and hardly expecting to do any good there. I preached on those words in the Second Lesson, *We know that we are of God.* One sunk down, and another, and another. Some cried aloud in agony of prayer. I would willingly have spent some time in prayer with them: but my voice failed, so that I was obliged to conclude the service, leaving many in the Church crying and praying, but unable either to walk or stand. One young man and one young woman were brought with difficulty to Mr. B.'s house, and continued there in violent agonies both of body and soul. When I came into the room, the woman lay quiet, wrestling with God in silent prayer: but even the bodily convulsions of the young man were amazing. The heavings of his breast were beyond description: I suppose, equal to the throes of a woman in travail. We called upon God to relieve his soul and body. And both were perfectly healed. He rejoiced in God with joy unspeakable, and felt no pain, or weakness, or weariness. Presently after, the woman also was delivered, and arose rejoicing in God her Saviour.

Wednesday 29, I rode to Lakenheath, and spoke exceedingly plain to an honest, drowsy people. Thursday 30, I preached at the Tabernacle in Norwich, to a large, rude, noisy congregation. I took knowledge, what manner of teachers they had been accustomed to, and determined to *mend* them or *end* them. Accordingly the next evening, after sermon, I reminded them of two things; the one, that it was not decent, to begin talking aloud as soon as service was ended, and hurrying to and fro, as in a bear-garden: the other, that it was a bad custom to gather into knots just after sermon, and turn a place of worship into a Coffee-house. I therefore desired, that none would

talk under that roof, but go quietly and silently away. And on Sunday, September 2, I had the pleasure to observe, that all went as quietly away, as if they had been accustomed to it for many years.

Monday 3, I met the Society at five, and explained the nature and use of meeting in a Class. Upon inquiry I found, we have now about five hundred members: but a hundred and fifty of these do not *pretend* to meet at all. Of those, therefore, I make no account. They hang on but by a single thread.

Tuesday 4, I walked to Hemnal, nine miles from Norwich, and preached at one o'clock. The ring-leader of the mob. came with his horn, as usual, before I began: but one quickly catched and threw away his horn, and in a few minutes he was deserted by all his companions, who were seriously and deeply attentive to the great truth, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

Sunday 9, I met the Society at seven, and told them in plain terms, that they were the most ignorant, self-conceited, self-willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed Society, that I knew in the three kingdoms: and God applied it to their hearts; so that many were profited, but I do not find, that one was offended.

At ten we had another happy opportunity, and many stubborn hearts were melted down. At two the great congregation met, and the power of God was again present to heal: though not so eminently as at five, while I was describing *the peace that passeth all understanding.* After preaching I was desired to spend an hour with some whom I supposed to be of our own Society; but I soon found my mistake; *sensim medios delapsus in hostes.* One in particular, warmly told me, "She could not like mine or Mr. Murlin's doctrine: it always threw her into heaviness: but in dear Mr. Cudworth's she could find comfort." I desired we might pray. God quickly answered for himself. Her heart was broken in pieces. She was filled with love, and grief, and shame; but could only tell it by her eyes and her tears.

About this time I received a remarkable letter from abroad, an extract of which follows:—

"*Berlin, August* 26, 1759.

"GOD has again wrought publickly in this place, in the presence of many thousands of people. A soldier of the King's Guards was sentenced to be hanged, for desertion and theft. He was a wretch abandoned to all manner of wickedness. General Keith was much concerned for his soul. He earnestly desired me to take the charge of it, though we saw no prospect of success. I visited him the day he was condemned, being Thursday. He seemed quite careless and unconcerned. I endeavoured to convince him of sin; but did not perceive any effect. I begged of him not to deceive his own soul, but to consider the condition he was in. On Friday, this began to sink into his heart, and on Saturday, much more. Perceiving this, I much insisted on those words, *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* The effect was astonishing. He laid hold on them by faith, and not only his burden was gone, but he had such experi-

ence of the love of Christ, as it is impossible to describe. His peace, triumph, and joy increasing every hour, till the night before his execution: and indeed were never more observable, than when he was brought out of prison. In his way to the place of execution he praised God, for dragging him, as it were, with chains to heaven, 'What! said he, will God, after all my hellish actions, give me eternal life into the bargain?' The efficacy of the blood and death of Christ being made known to him by the Holy Ghost, he spoke of nothing but his wedding-day which was to be this 13th of August. Every one that looked upon him was struck. Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the last blessing. But the very instant he was to be turned off, Colonel H. called out, '*Pardon!*' I was thunder-struck, and Mittelstadt protested, it was to him, like a ball shot through his body. He fainted away for some time. Being recovered, his first words were, 'Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified, than pardoned? Why am I thus stopped in my course? I should now have been with Christ!' I was myself more afraid of him now than ever: but the grace of God was strong in his soul; and ever since it has continued the same. Yesterday I was informed by one who went on purpose to inquire, that his whole employ during his confinement (which is to continue six months) is reading, praying, and comforting himself with the blood of Christ."

Monday 10, We took horse at half an hour after four. Before eight it was as warm as it is usually at Midsummer. And from ten we had the sun in our faces, all the way to Colchester: but we had the wind in our faces too, or the heat would have been insupportable. I was in a fever from the moment I came into the house: but it did not hinder me from preaching on the Green, and afterwards meeting the Society. I then lay down as soon as possible, but could not sleep a quarter of an hour, till between two or three in the morning. I do not know, that I have lost a night's sleep before, sick or well, since I was six years old: but it is all one; God is able to give strength, either with sleep or without it. I rose at my usual time, and preached at five, without any faintness or drowsiness.

Thursday 13, We set out between four and five, and rode to Dunmow, about four and twenty miles: but here we were at a full stop: none could direct us any farther. So we were to cross the Country as well as we could. But whenever we were at a loss (eight or ten times) we met some one to help us out. So, about half an hour past one, we were come within sixteen miles of Sundon. An honest blunderer then undertook to direct us a nearer way. By his help we wandered up and down, till our sixteen miles grew into six and twenty. However, we got to Sundon before seven, where a considerable number of people soon met: to whom I explained, (what they seemed to know very little of) *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Friday 14, I returned to London. Saturday 15, having left orders for the immediate repairing of West-street Chapel, I went to see what they had done, and saw cause to praise God for this also. The main timbers were so rotten, that in many places one might thrust his fin-

gers into them. So that, probably, had we delayed till Spring, the whole building must have fallen to the ground.

Monday 17, I went to Canterbury. Two hundred soldiers, I suppose, and a whole row of officers, attended in the evening. Their number was increased the next evening, and all behaved as men fearing God. Wednesday 19, I preached at Dover, in the new room, which is just finished. Here also the hearers increase, some of whom are convinced, and others comforted daily. Thursday 20, I strongly applied at Canterbury, to the soldiers in particular, *He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.* The next day, in my return to London, I read Mr. Huygen's "Conjectures on the Planetary World." He surprised me; I think he clearly proves, that the moon is not habitable: that there are neither

"Rivers nor mountains on her spotty globe."

That there is no sea, no water on her surface, nor any atmosphere. And hence he very rationally infers, that "neither are any of the secondary planets inhabited." And who can prove that the primary are? I *know*, the earth is. Of the rest I know nothing.

Sunday 23, A vast majority of the immense congregation in Moorfields were deeply serious. One such hour might convince any impartial man, of the expediency of field-preaching. What building, except St. Paul's Church, would contain such a congregation? And if it would, what human voice could have reached them there? By repeated observations I find, I can command thrice the number in the open air, that I can under a roof. And who can say, the time for field-preaching is over, while, 1, Greater numbers than ever attend: 2, The converting, as well as convincing power of God, is eminently present with them?

Monday 24, I preached about eight at Brentford, and in the evening at Basingstoke, to a people slow of heart, and dull of understanding. Tuesday 25, I preached in the new house at Whitchurch, and at Salisbury in the evening. The new room there is, I think, the most complete in England. It strikes every one of any taste that sees it: not with any single part, but an inexpressible *something* in the whole. The militia from Hampshire being in town, a large number of them were at the preaching: but it was as music to a horse: such brutish behaviour have I seldom seen. The next evening, they behaved, if possible, worse than before. However, many of them, I believe, were struck. For they came again in the morning, and then appeared to be of quite another spirit, earnestly attending to what was spoken. Thursday 27, I had appointed to preach at seven in the evening at Bradford: but when I came, I found Mr. Hart was to preach at six. So I delayed, till the Church-service was ended; that there might not appear, (at least on *my* part) even the shadow of opposition between us.

Friday 28, I reached Bristol. Sunday 30, the weather being fair and calm, I preached in the new square, for the sake of many people, who do not choose to come to the Room. My text was, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.* I believe, many found

desires of coming to him. O that they may be brought to good effect!

Monday, October 1, All my leisure time, during my stay at Bristol, I employed in finishing the fourth volume of Discourses; probably the last which I shall publish. Monday 15, I walked up to Knowle, a mile from Bristol, to see the French prisoners. Above eleven hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little place: without any thing to lie on, but a little dirty straw, or any thing to cover them, but a few foul thin rags, either by day or night, so that they died, like rotten sheep. I was much affected, and preached in the evening on Exod. xxiii. 9, *Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.* Eighteen pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four and twenty the next day. With this we bought linen and woollen cloth, which were made up into shirts, waistcoats, and breeches. Some dozen of stockings were added; all which were carefully distributed, where there was the greatest want. Presently after, the Corporation of Bristol sent a large quantity of mattresses and blankets; and it was not long before contributions were set on foot, at London, and in various parts of the kingdom: so that I believe, from this time, they were pretty well provided with all the necessaries of life.

Monday 22, I left Bristol, and having preached at Shepton, Coleford, Frome, and Salisbury in my way, on Thursday 25, I determined to try, if I could do any good at Andover. The congregation at ten in the morning was small; in the evening their number was increased, and I think some of them went away, crying out, *God, be merciful to me a sinner!*

Friday 26, I rode to Basingstoke. I was extremely tired when I came in, but much less so after preaching. I then sent to inquire, if there were a vacant place in any of the coaches which were going to London the next day. But they were all full: and I had promised to send back my mare to Bristol. The only way that remained was, to take Joseph Jones's horse, and let him ride behind one of the coaches. So I ordered the horse to be brought soon after four in the morning, and was waiting for the coach, when a post-chaise drove by. I rode close after it, though it was so dark, I could not see my horse's head; but I could hear, which was enough. About day-break, it drove away; but then I could see the road. It rained without intermission, from the time I took horse, until I came to the Foundery: so that I was wet through a great part of the day: but it did me no hurt at all.

Sunday 28, I found the ancient spirit in the congregation, both at Spital-fields and the Foundery. Tuesday 30, I preached at Deptford, and rejoiced to find an increasing work there also. Wednesday and Thursday I spent in revising and perfecting a Treatise on Electricity. Friday, November 2, I spent an hour with that miracle of mercy, Miss ——: a clear proof, that God can, even without external means, preserve a bush in the midst of the fire.

Sunday 4, As I was applying those words, *They neither marry, nor are given in marriage: for neither can they die any more: for*

they are equal to angels:—the power of God fell upon the congregation, in a very uncommon manner. How seasonable! O, how does God sweeten whatever cross we bear for his sake!

Monday 12, I talked with J—— D——, a gentleman's coachman, an uncommon monument of mercy. Last year he was a violent persecutor of the truth, and of his wife for the sake of it; but, the second or third time he heard for himself, he was thoroughly convinced. Soon after, he entered into the Society, and in six weeks found peace with God. Yet his natural tempers quickly revived, which made him restless after a thorough change. In Spring this restlessness so increased, that he was crying to God day and night, till on Sunday, May 27, he was utterly broken in pieces, and ready to cast away the hope of it. But just as he received the bread in the Lord's-Supper, the love of God filled his heart; and from that moment he had no doubt, but continued always rejoicing, always praying and praising God.

Saturday 17, I spent an hour agreeably and profitably with Lady G—— H——, and Sir C—— H——. It is well a few of the rich and noble are called. O, that God would increase their number! But I should rejoice (were it the will of God) if it were done by the ministry of others. If I might choose, I should still (as I have done hitherto) preach the Gospel to the poor.

Monday 19, I spent an hour with Mr. B——, who has escaped from Guadaloupe as with the skin of his teeth. He informed me that all the water they had in the voyage, stunk intolerably; that the biscuit was full of maggots, and the beef mere carrion, so that none could bear to stand near a cask when it was opened. What wonder that the poor men died in troops! Who shall answer for their blood?

Tuesday 22, I took horse between six and seven, in one of the coldest mornings I ever remember. We reached St. Alban's without much difficulty; but then the roads were all covered with snow. However, there was a beaten path, though slippery enough, till we turned into the bye-road to Sundon. What we could have done there, I cannot tell, for the snow lay deeper and deeper, had not a waggon gone a while before us, and marked the way for six miles, to Mr. Coles's gate.

Friday 23, The roads were so extremely slippery, it was with much difficulty we reached Bedford. We had a pretty large congregation; but the stench from the swine under the room was scarcely supportable. Was ever a preaching-place over a hog-stye before? Surely they love the Gospel, who come to hear it in such a place! Saturday 24, we rode to Everton; Mr. Berridge being gone to preach before the University at Cambridge. Many people came to his house in the evening, and it was a season of great refreshment.

Saturday 25, I was a little afraid my strength would not suffice for reading prayers, and preaching, and administering the Lord's-Supper alone, to a large number of communicants: but all was well. Mr. Hicks began his own service early, and came before I had ended my sermon. So we finished the whole before two, and I had time to breathe before the evening service. In the afternoon God was emi-

nently present with us, though rather to comfort than convince. But I observed a remarkable difference since I was here before, as to the manner of the work. None now were in trances, none cried out, none fell down or were convulsed; only some trembled exceedingly: a low murmur was heard; and many were refreshed with the multitude of peace.

The danger *was* to regard extraordinary circumstances too much, such as outcries, convulsions, visions, trances, as if these were essential to the inward work, so that it could not go on without them; perhaps the danger *is*, to regard them too little, to condemn them altogether, to imagine, they had nothing of God in them, and were an hinderance to his work. Whereas, the truth is, 1, God suddenly and strongly convinced many that they were lost sinners; the natural consequences whereof were sudden outcries and strong bodily convulsions: 2, To strengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his work more apparent, he favoured several of them with divine dreams, others with trances and visions: 3, In some of these instances, after a time, nature mixed with grace: 4, Satan likewise mimicked this work of God, in order to discredit the whole work; and yet, it is not wise to give up this part, any more than to give up the whole. At first it was doubtless wholly from God: it is partly so at this day: and he will enable us to discern, how far, in every case, the work is pure, and where it mixes or degenerates.

Let us even suppose, that in some few cases, there was a mixture of dissimulation: that persons pretended to see or feel what they did not, and imitated the cries or convulsive motions of those who were really overpowered by the Spirit of God: yet, even this should not make us either deny or undervalue the real work of the Spirit. The shadow is no disparagement of the substance, nor the counterfeit of the real diamond.

We may further suppose, that Satan will make these visions an occasion of pride. But what can be inferred from hence? Nothing, but that we should guard against it: that we should diligently exhort all to be little in their own eyes, knowing that nothing avails with God but humble love. But still, to slight or censure visions in general, would be both irrational and unchristian.

Monday 26, In the evening I preached in Mr. Hicks' Church, at Wrestlingworth, and at ten the next morning. The people were deeply attentive; but none were so affected, as when I was here last. In the evening Mr. B. returned from preaching before the University. In the midst of the sermon, (he informed me,) one person cried out aloud; but was silent in a few moments. Several dropped down, but made no noise: and the whole congregation, young and old, behaved with seriousness. God is strong, as well as wise. Who knows what work he may have to do here also?

Wednesday 28, I returned to London, and on Thursday the 29th, the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, I preached again in the Chapel near the Seven-Dials, both morning and afternoon. I believe the oldest man in England has not seen a Thanksgiving-day so observed before. It had the solemnity of the General Fast. All the

shops were shut up. The people in the streets appeared, one and all, with an air of seriousness. The prayers, lessons, and whole public service, were admirably suited to the occasion. The prayer for our enemies, in particular, was extremely striking; perhaps it is the first instance of the kind in Europe. There was no noise, hurry, bonfires, fire-works in the evening; and no public diversions. This is indeed a Christian holy-day, a *rejoicing unto the Lord!* The next day came the news, that Sir Edward Hawke had dispersed the French fleet.

Sunday, December 9, I had, for the first time, a Love-feast for the whole Society. Wednesday 12, I began reading over the Greek Testament and the Notes, with my brother and several others, carefully comparing the Translation with the Original, and correcting or enlarging the Notes, as we saw occasion. The same day I spent part of the afternoon in the British Museum. There is a large Library, a great number of curious manuscripts, many uncommon monuments of antiquity, and the whole collection in shells, butterflies, beetles, grasshoppers, &c. which the indefatigable Sir Hans Sloane, with such vast expense and labour, procured in a life of fourteen years!

Friday 14, I was at a Christian wedding, to which were invited only two or three relations, and five Clergymen, who spent part of the afternoon in a manner suitable to the solemn occasion.

Wednesday 19, I was desired to read over a Chancery bill. The occasion of it was this, "A. B. tells C. D., that one who owed him thirty pounds wanted to borrow thirty more, and asked, whether he thought the eighth part of such a ship, then at sea, was sufficient security. He said, he thought it was. On this, A. B. lent the money. The ship came home: but through various accidents, the eighth part yielded only twenty pounds. A. B. on this commenced a suit, to make C. D. pay him the residue of his money." This worthy story is told in no less than a hundred and ten sheets of paper! C. D. answers, "He advised to the best of his judgment; not forseeing those accidents whereby the share which cost two hundred pounds, yielded no more than twenty." This answer brought on fifteen sheets of exceptions, all which a quarter of a sheet might have contained! I desired the plaintiff and defendant to meet the next day, both of whom were willing to stand to arbitration. And they readily agreed that C. D. should pay half his own costs, and A. B. the rest of the expense.

Friday 21, I inquired into the particulars of a very remarkable story. A ship laden with wheat, and having no other ballast, about one in the morning, on Sunday, November 18, the wind blowing hard, shifted her cargo, and in half an hour sunk. Mr. Austin, the Mate, leaped off her side, as she sunk, and being an excellent swimmer, kept above water, till he saw something floating toward him, which proved to be the capstern of the ship. He got upon it, and although washed off several times, yet still recovered his seat, and floated all day and all the following night. But on Monday morning, he was quite exhausted, and faint almost to death with thirst, having swallowed abundance of salt-water. In this extremity he saw some

apples floating towards him. He took up three, eat them, and was much strengthened. About noon Admiral Saunder's fleet came in sight, one of whose ships saw and took him up. He could not stand; but being blooded, and put into a warm bed, and fed with small broth, a spoonful or two at a time, he recovered strength apace, and in a few days was as well as ever.

Saturday 22, I went to Colchester, and on Sunday 23, I preached in the shell of the new house. It is twelve square, and is the best building of the size for the voice that I know in England. Monday 24, we did not set out till after seven, intending to ride about forty miles: but coming to Schole-Inn before three, we pushed on, and before seven came safe to Norwich. Thursday 27, I began visiting the Society, and found the greater part much changed from what they were a year ago. They are indeed fewer in number, but are now of a teachable spirit, willing to be advised, or even reproved. And if two hundred of this spirit remain, they are worth all our labour.

Tuesday, January 1, 1760, We began the service at four in the morning. A great number attended, and God was in the midst, strengthening and refreshing their souls. Thursday 3, in the evening, while I was enforcing those awful words of the Prophet, *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved:* a young woman, who had contained herself as long as she could, sunk down and cried aloud. I found this was a new thing in Norwich. The women about her got water and hartshorn in abundance: but all would not do. When the service was ended, I asked her, "What do you want?" She immediately replied, "Nothing but Christ." And indeed, what Physician beside him, is able to heal that sickness?

Friday 4, I preached about one at Forncett, to a much milder people than I left there: and in the evening at Kenninghall, where the Antinomians have laboured hard in the devil's service. Yet all are not lost. A few are still left, *who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.* Saturday 5, I preached in the evening at Colchester, and on Sunday 6, rode to Langham, seven miles from thence, in such a day as I have seldom known: the North-east wind was so exceedingly keen, and drove the sleet full in our faces: but this did not discourage the people, who flocked from all quarters. And those who took such pains to come, were not sent empty away.

Monday 7, I returned to London, and finished on the road the celebrated Telemachus. Certainly it is written with admirable sense. But is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (such as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the work spun out too long? Drawn into mere French wire? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter, much better than four and twenty?

Sunday 13, I preached again in West-street Chapel, now enlarged and thoroughly repaired. When I took this eighteen years ago, I little thought the world would have borne with us till now. But *the right-hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence.* Therefore we endure unto this day.

Wednesday 16, One came to me, as she said, with a message from the Lord, to tell me, I was laying up treasures on earth, taking my ease, and minding only my eating and drinking. I told her God knew me better. And if he had sent her, he would have sent her with a more proper message.

Friday 18, I desired those who believed they were saved from sin, (sixteen in number) to meet me at noon; to whom I gave such cautions and instructions as I judged needful. Nor did any of these pretend to be above man's teaching, but received it with all thankfulness.

Thursday 24, I rode to Brentford, where, after a stop of ten or twelve years, the work of God is broken out afresh. I preached in a large place newly fitted up. It was supposed there would be much disturbance, as a considerable number of rude, boisterous people were gathered together for that purpose: but God over-ruled, and they all calmly and silently attended to his word. Surely *the times and seasons* of sending his word effectually to any place, *God hath reserved in his own power.*

Monday 28, I began visiting the Classes in London, and that with more exactness than ever before. After going through them, I found the Society now contained about two thousand, three hundred, and fifty members: few of whom we could discern to be trifiers; but none, we hope, live in any wilful sin.

Tuesday, February 5, I baptized a gentlewoman at the Foundery, and the peace she immediately found, was a fresh proof, that the outward sign duly received, is always accompanied with the inward grace. Tuesday 12, after preaching at Deptford, I rode on to Welling, where I received (what few expected) an exceedingly comfortable account of the death of Mr. Mason of Bexley. For many years he seemed to be utterly senseless; neither justified, nor even convinced of sin; but in his last sickness, the God that heareth prayer, broke in upon his soul. And the nearer death came, the more did he rejoice, to the astonishment of all that saw him.

Saturday 16, I spent an hour in the evening with a little company, at Mr. ——'s. I have not known so solemn an hour for a long season, nor so profitable to my own soul. Mysterious Providence! Why am I cut off from those opportunities, which of all others I most want? Especially considering the benefit I might *impart*, as well as that which I might *receive:* seeing they stand in as much need of *light*, as I do of *heat*.

About this time, we had a remarkable account from Yorkshire. "On Friday 13, about thirty persons were met together in Otley, a town about twelve miles from Leeds, about eight o'clock in the evening, in order, as usual, to pray, sing hymns, and provoke one another to love and good works. After prayer was ended, when they proceeded to speak of the several states of their souls, some with deep sighs and groans, complained of the burden they felt, for the remains of indwelling sin; seeing in a clearer light than ever before, the necessity of a deliverance from it.

"When they had spent the usual time together, a few went to their own houses: but the rest remained upon their knees, groaning for the great and precious promises of God. One being desired to pray, he no sooner began to lift up his voice to God, than the Holy Ghost made intercession in all that were present, with groanings that could not be uttered. At length the travail of their souls burst out into loud and ardent cries. They had no doubt of the favour of God, but they could not rest, while there was any thing in them contrary to his nature. One cried out, in an exceedingly great agony, 'Lord, deliver me from my sinful nature;' then a second, a third, and a fourth. And while the person who prayed first, was calling upon God in those words, 'Thou God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, hear us for the sake of thy Son Jesus,' one was heard to say, 'Blessed be the Lord God for ever, for he hath cleansed my heart. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.' Another said, 'I hold thee with a trembling hand, but will not let thee go:' and in a little time, cried out, 'Praise the Lord with me; for he hath cleansed my heart from sin.' Another cried, 'I am hanging over the pit of hell, by a slender thread;' a second, with loud and dismal shrieks, 'I am in hell: O save me, save me:' while a third said, with a far different voice, 'Blessed be the Lord, for he hath pardoned all my sins. Thus they continued for the space of two hours, some praising and magnifying God; some crying to him for pardon or purity of heart, with the greatest agony of spirit. Before they parted, three believed God had fulfilled his word, and *cleansed them from all unrighteousness.*

"The next evening they met again; and the Lord was again present to heal the broken in heart. One received remission of sins, and three more believed God had *cleansed them from all sin.* And it is observable, these are all poor, illiterate creatures, of all others most incapable of counterfeiting, and most unlikely to attempt it: but *when his word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding to the simple.*"

Friday 29, A great number of us waited upon God, at five, at nine, and at one, with fasting and prayer: and at six in the evening, we met the Church in Spital-fields, to renew our covenant with God. It was a blessed time. The windows of heaven were open, and the skies poured down righteousness.

Monday, March 3, I left London. It rained great part of the day; but so gently, that we were not wet through, when about seven we came to Towcester. One person we found here, whose soul God keeps alive, though he has scarcely any in the town to converse with. Perhaps he is an earnest of a people that shall be born here, and *counted to the Lord for a generation.*

Tuesday 4, We came to Birmingham, where I re-joined several who had been long separated from their brethren, and left upwards of fifty resolved to stand together in the good old path. In the evening I preached in the new house at Wednesbury: few congregations exceed this, either in number or seriousness. At five in the morning the congregation far exceeded the morning congregation at the Foun-

dery. Indeed hunger after the word has been, from the beginning, the distinguishing mark of this people.

Thursday 6, I talked largely with M. S. and Elizabeth Longmore; the substance of what M. S. said, was as follows:—

"I was born, April 8, 1736. My Father died when I was between four and five, my mother, when I was about eleven years old. I had little thought about religion, and seldom so much as went to Church: but I had, even then, many troubles, which made me sometimes think of God, and cry to him for help. When I was about seventeen, I was asked, one Sunday, to go and see a pit, which was on fire and blazed out. It was near the house where Mr. James Jones was then preaching. I was standing near the house, when my brother persuaded me to go in. I liked what I heard; but it was above a year before I knew myself to be a lost sinner. For three weeks I was in deep distress, which made me cry to God day and night. I had comfort once or twice, but I checked it, being afraid of deceiving myself: till, as Mr. Johnson was preaching one morning at five o'clock in Darlaston, my soul was so filled with the love of God, that I had much ado to help crying out. I could only say, 'Why *me*, Lord? why *me?*' When I came home I was exceedingly weak, having also a great pain in my head: but all was sweet; I did not wish it to be otherwise. I was happy in God all the day long: and so I was for several days. From this time I never committed any known sin, nor even lost the love of God: though I found abundance of temptations and many severe struggles. Yet I was more than conqueror over all, and found them easier and easier.

"About Christmas, 1758, I was deeply convinced there was a greater salvation than I had attained. The more I saw of this, and the more I prayed for it, the happier I was: and my desires and hopes were continually increasing, for above a year.

"On January 30, 1760, Mr. Fugill talked with one who thought she had received that blessing. As she spoke, my heart burned within me, and my desire was enlarged beyond expression. I said to him, 'O Sir, when shall I be able to say as she says?' He answered, 'Perhaps to-night.' I said, 'Nay, I am not earnest enough.' He replied, 'That thought may keep you from it.' I felt God was able and willing to give it *then*, and was unspeakably happy. In the evening as he was preaching, my heart was full, and more and more so, till I could contain no more. I wanted only to be alone, that I might pour out my soul before God: and when I came home, I could do nothing but praise and give him thanks. From that moment I have felt nothing but love in my heart; no sin of any kind: and I trust I shall never sin any more, nor any more offend God. I never find any cloud between God and me. I walk in the light continually. I do *rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing*. I have no desire, but to do and suffer the will of God: I aim at nothing but to please him. I am careful for nothing, but in all things make my requests known to him with thanksgiving. And I have a continual witness in myself, that whatever I do, I do it to his glory."

Elizabeth Longmore said, "I was born in 1730. My mother died

in child-bed of me; my father, when I was a year or two old. So I was brought up by the parish, and taught nothing, not so much as to read. About eleven years old, I was put out parish-apprentice, to a man and woman who used me very harshly. I wanted much to learn to read; but they would not spare the time. I was about fourteen, when I heard Mr. J. W. preach at the Cross in Wednesbury. I immediately believed it was the right way, and begun to be very uneasy. I often wished I had died with my father or mother, fearing I should never be saved: but my convictions wore away by degrees; though still I could not rest. About twenty I was married. My husband had sometimes heard the preaching, but not lately. Soon after, he began again, going with me constantly. I was now more and more convinced, that I was a guilty, undone sinner. I cried to God day and night, laying down my work many times in a day.

"On Holy-Thursday, 1756, I was sadly afraid of going to the Sacrament. However, I broke through and went. At the Lord's-table, I found such a love as I cannot express. As soon as I came back, I went up into my chamber, and kneeled down to prayer. In praying I heard a voice saying, *Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee.* My soul sunk into nothing before God, and was filled with humble love. I loved God and all mankind, and thought no temptation could ever shake me more: but in a few days, being low and weak in body, I found hard thoughts of God. Yet I could not give up my confidence that my sins were forgiven. Nor do I know that I ever committed any wilful sin, after I was justified. About a year and a half ago, Mr. Fugill came. One evening while he was preaching, I was convinced that my heart was still desperately wicked, and needed to be wholly renewed. This made me sometimes afraid to die, lest I should be called before that change was wrought: but I had still a hope at the bottom, and never could doubt but that God was my God. In the mean while my desire to be wholly renewed, increased continually: and I was every day and every hour praying for it, whatever I was about. When my hopes prevailed, I was happy: when my fears, I was quite cast down. Being convinced, how little I loved God, I was grieved and ashamed before him.

"On Friday, January 25, I took no food till the afternoon, though I had a child at my breast. I was much tempted to think I should never attain, and was quite uneasy; but the next morning my uneasiness was gone, and I calmly waited for what I believed God would soon give. In the evening I went to the preaching, with a full expectation that he would meet me there: and so he did. As soon as Mr. Fugill began to speak, I felt my soul was all love. I was so stayed on God as I never felt before, and knew that I loved him with all my heart. When I came home, I could ask for nothing: I could only give thanks. And the witness, that God had saved me from all my sins, grew clearer every hour.

"On Wednesday this was stronger than ever. I have never since found my heart wander from God. When I have business to do, I just take a thought and do it; and it is gone, and my heart is with the Lord. I often, in a day, bow my knee to God: but my heart prays

continually. He is never out of my thoughts: I see him always; altho' most, at preaching, and in my Band and Class. But I do not only *see* him: I *feel* him too, so as I cannot express. And the more I see and feel of God, the more I feel I am nothing. When I sleep, I sleep as in the arms of Jesus; and when I wake, my soul is full of praise, and it is as if all the angels were in the room round about me, praising God. I never find any heaviness or coldness: and when I must go among the people of the world, God is as much with me as before, and I long for their salvation, so as no tongue can tell. I am careful of every word I speak, and every look and thought. I search my heart again and again; and I can find nothing but love there. Indeed I know, if God left me a moment, I should fall. But I trust, he will never leave me nor forsake me."

I observe, the spirit and experience of these two, run exactly parallel. *Constant communion* with God the Father and the Son, *fills* their hearts with *humble love*. Now this is what I always did, and do now mean by *perfection*. And this I believe many have attained, on the same evidence that I believe many are justified. May God increase their number a thousand-fold!

Friday 7, I rode over to Dudley, formerly a den of lions. I was constrained to preach abroad: but no one opened his mouth, unless to pray or praise God. I believe the steady behaviour of the Society, has made an impression on most of the town.

Saturday 8, I was surprised at coming into Wolverhampton, which *is* what Dudley was, to find the people so still! many gaping and staring, but none speaking an uncivil word. "Ah!" said a well-meaning man, "we shall not find them so civil by and bye." I wish these *croakers* would learn to hold their peace; I desire to hear no *prophets of evil*. What do they do, but weaken the hands both of preachers and people, and transfer their own cowardice into others? But this prophet of evil was a false prophet too: for neither while I was preaching, nor after I had done, did any one offer the least rudeness whatsoever: and we rode as quietly out of the town, as we could have done out of London or Bristol.

Hence we went on to Burslem, near Newcastle-under-Line, a scattered town on the top of a hill, inhabited almost entirely by potters, a multitude of whom assembled at five in the evening. Deep attention sat on every face, though, as yet, accompanied with deep ignorance: but if the heart be toward God, he will, in due time, enlighten the understanding.

Sunday 9, I preached at eight to nearly double the number, though scarcely half as many as came at five in the evening. Some of these seemed quite innocent of thought. Five or six were laughing and talking till I had nearly done: and one of them threw a clod of earth, which struck me on the side of the head: but it neither disturbed me nor the congregation.

Monday 10, About nine I preached at Biddulph, about eight miles north of Burslem. The earnestness of the whole congregation, well rewarded me for my labour. Hence we had an extremely pleasant walk three or four miles, to Congleton. Here we were accosted

in a very different manner almost as soon as we entered the town, which caused some of our brethren to apprehend, we should have rough treatment before we got out of it. That I left to God. They had procured the use of a meadow adjoining to the preaching-house, in a window of which they had fixed a kind of scaffold. Most of the congregation were deeply serious: So that three or four who took much pains to disturb them, entirely lost their labour.

About seven in the evening I preached at Stockport, where more and more hear the word of God and keep it. In the morning we took horse at five, but could find none to tell us which was the road to Leeds. So we rode on to Mottram. Following the directions we received there, we rode up a mountain, and our path ended. We made toward a large house, and the gentleman sent a servant, who pointed out the way we were to take: but soon after, it divided: and an honest man bidding us keep to the right, (meaning the left) we did so, till we came to the top of another high mountain, among several old stone-quarries. Here the road ended. However, we went straight forward, till we came to the brow. With great difficulty we led our horses down, and rode up a path on the opposite mountain: but at the top this likewise ended: still we thought it best to push forward: but my horse was quickly embogged. After he had thrown me on one side, and scrambled out himself, we endeavoured to walk down the mountain: but such a walk I never had before, for steepness, and bogs, and large stones intermixed: that we got to the bottom without hurt either to man or beast, was little less than a miracle: but we were still at a loss, till we met a sensible man, who directed us to Saddleworth. In our inn here we found one who had frequently heard me preach at Builth in Brecknockshire. I fear, to little purpose: for on my speaking a few words, he ran away in haste; but the whole family seemed to fear God: So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the mountains. At six we reached Leeds, sufficiently tired: but I forgot it as soon as I began to preach: and the spirit of the congregation comforted us over all our labour.

Wednesday 12, Having desired that as many as could of the neighbouring towns, who believed they were saved from sin, would meet me, I spent the greater part of this day, in examining them one by one. The testimony of some I could not receive: but concerning the far greater part, it is plain, (unless they could be supposed to tell wilful and deliberate lies) 1, That they *feel* no inward sin, and to the best of their knowledge, *commit* no outward sin: 2, That they *see* and *love* God every moment, and *pray*, *rejoice*, *give thanks evermore*: 3, That they have constantly as clear a *witness* from God of sanctification, as they have of justification. Now in this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you please: and I would to God thousands had experienced thus much: let them afterwards experience as much more as God pleases.

Thursday 13, We rode over the mountains through furious wind and rain, which were ready to overthrow both man and beast: however, in the afternoon we came well to Manchester. On Friday the 14th, being the national Fast-day, we had service at five, at seven,

and at five in the evening: but I did not observe here any thing of that solemnity with which the public fasts are observed in London. I was much out of order on Saturday, and not well on Sunday: however, having appointed to preach at Stockport at noon, I determined not to break my word. As it rained, our friends provided a post-chaise. When we were gone half a mile, one of the horses began to kick and rear, and would go no further. So we got out and walked on: but another driver brought the chaise after, and carried me to Stockport. A large congregation was waiting, and received the word with all readiness of mind. For some years the seed seemed to be here sown in vain: but at length it yields a good increase.

On the following days I preached in several neighbouring towns, and on Wednesday evening at Liverpool. Thursday 20, I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. N—n. His case is very peculiar. Our Church requires, that Clergymen should be men of learning, and to this end, have an University-education. But how many have an University-education, and yet no learning at all: Yet these men are ordained! meantime, one of eminent learning, as well as unblamable behaviour, cannot be ordained, "because he was not at the University!" What a mere farce is this! who would believe, that any Christian bishop would stoop to so poor an evasion?

Monday 24, About noon I preached at Warrington. Many of *the beasts of the people* were present. But the bridle from above was in their teeth, so that they made not the least disturbance. At seven in the evening I preached at Chester; but I was scarcely able to open my eyes. They were much inflamed before I set out: and the inflammation was much increased, by riding forty miles, with a strong and cold wind exactly in my face. But in the evening I applied the eye-water, made with the *Lapis Calaminaris*, which removed the disorder before morning.

Tuesday 25, I rode to Mould in Flintshire. The wind was often ready to bear away both man and horse. But the earnest, serious congregation rewarded us for our trouble. Wednesday 26, about nine I preached at Little Lee, a mile or two from Northwich. Many of the congregation scarcely ever heard a Methodist before: but I trust they did not hear in vain.

Thursday 27, I rode to Liverpool, in order to embark for Dublin. We were ordered to be on board by nine o'clock on Saturday morning; but the wind falling, and a fog coming on, we gained a little more time. So we had one more solemn opportunity in the evening. Sunday 30, the fog was gone, and the wind was fair. We took ship about nine, and got under sail at noon, having only eight cabin passengers, seven of whom were our own company. So we prayed and sung, and conversed at our own discretion. But a poor woman whom we permitted to come into the cabin, gave us some uneasiness. She had been tapped for the dropsy in the Infirmary, but two days before. When I spoke to her concerning her soul, she gave but little answer, appearing to be serious, and willing to hear, but totally uninstructed. She would eat nothing, but willingly accepted a dish or two of tea, and two or three glasses of wine. The

next morning, she was extremely restless, continually moving from place to place, until the Captain put a bed for her in the forecastle, on which she lay down about eight o'clock. A little after she grew light-headed, and began shrieking dreadfully. This she continued to do till about noon, and then died. At night, the Captain and all the sailors being present, we committed her body to the deep. On Tuesday noon, April 1, we landed safe at Dublin.

I never saw more numerous or more serious congregations in Ireland, than we had all this week. On Easter-day, April 6, I introduced our English custom, beginning the service at four in the morning. Monday 7, I began speaking severally to the members of the Society, and was well-pleased to find so great a number of them much alive to God. One consequence of this is, that the Society is larger than it has been for several years. And no wonder: for where the real power of God is, it naturally spreads wider and wider.

Thursday 10, I was sitting with a friend, when poor Mr. Cook came in. His eyes, his look, his hair standing

"Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine."

his tattered gown, his whole person, as well as his speech, immediately betrayed him. But he is quite an original, and has so much vivacity, with touches of strong sense, that I do not wonder the gentlemen of the College, as he told me, had given him an apartment there. What a noble fabric lies here in ruins! What pity, that when he found himself a sinner, he had not one to speak to, that understood his case, and could teach him the only method of cure!

Sunday 13, At three in the afternoon, I preached in the Barrack-square, another kind of place than Oxmond-town-Green. No mob must shew their heads here: for the soldiers would give them no quarter. Tuesday 15, I preached there again. But on Thursday, it being a rainy day, an offer was made me of the riding-house, a very large commodious building, designed by Lord Chesterfield for a Church, but never used as such till now. A troop of soldiers was exercising there when I came: but this was clear gains. For the officers forbade any of them to go away, before the sermon was ended.

Friday 18, I went with Miss F—to see the French prisoners, sent from Carrickfergus. They were surprised at hearing as good French spoken in Dublin, as they could have heard in Paris: and still more at being exhorted to heart-religion, to the *faith that worketh by love.* Sunday 20, I appointed those of the Society, who desired to renew their covenant with God, which I had several times before explained, to meet me in the evening. And I believe of the five hundred and twelve members, hardly twelve were wanting.

Monday 21, In riding to Rosmead, I read Sir John Davies *Historical Relations* concerning Ireland. None who reads these can wonder, that, fruitful as it is, it was always so thinly inhabited. For he makes it plain, 1 That murder was never capital among the native Irish. The murderer only paid a small fine to the chief of his sept. 2, When the English settled here, still the Irish had no benefit

of the English laws. They could not so much as sue an Englishman. So the English beat, plundered, yea, murdered them at pleasure. Hence, 3, Arose continued wars between them, for three hundred and fifty years together. And hereby both the English and Irish natives were kept few, as well as poor. 4, When they multiplied during a peace of forty years, from 1600 to 1641, the general massacre, with the ensuing war, again thinned their numbers: Not so few as a million of men, women, and children, being destroyed in four years time. 5, Great numbers have ever since, year by year, left the land, merely for want of employment. 6, The gentry are continually driving away hundreds, yea thousands of them that remain, by throwing such quantities of arable land into pasture; which leaves them neither business nor food. This it is that now dis-peoples many parts of Ireland; of Connaught in particular, which, it is supposed, has scarcely half the inhabitants at this day, which it had fourscore years ago.

Wednesday 23, I rode to Newry, and preached at seven in the evening to a numerous congregation. Sunday 27, we had a useful sermon at Church. But they told me, few attended the prayers in the afternoon. However, I resolved to set them the example: and the Church was as full as in the forenoon. Of what importance is every step we take, seeing so many are ready to follow us!

Monday 28, I rode to Rathfriland, seven Irish miles from Newry, a small town built on the top of a mountain, surrounded first by a deep valley, and at a small distance by higher mountains. The Presbyterian minister had written to the Popish priest, "To keep his people from hearing:" but they would not be kept. Protestants and Papists flocked together to the meadow, where I preached; and sat on the grass, still as night, while I exhorted them, to *Repent and believe the Gospel.* The same attention appeared in the whole congregation at Terryhugan in the evening; where I spent a comfortable night in the prophet's chamber, nine feet long, seven broad, and six high. The ceiling, floor, and walls, were all of the same marble, vulgarly called clay.

Thursday, May 1, I rode to Moira. Soon after twelve, standing on a tomb-stone, near the Church, I called a considerable number of people to *know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.* We were just opposite to the Earl of Moira's house, the best finished of any I have seen in Ireland. It stands on a hill with a large avenue in front, bounded by the Church on the opposite hill. The other three sides are covered by orchards, gardens, and woods, in which are walks of various kinds.

General Flaubert, who commanded the French troops at Carrickfergus, was just gone from Lord Moira's. Major Brajelon was now there, a man of a fine person, and extremely graceful behaviour. Both these affirmed, that the French were all picked men, out of the King's Guards. That their commission was, to land either at Londonderry or Carrickfergus, while Monsieur Conflans landed in the South; and if they did not do this within three months, to return directly to France.

Friday 2, In the evening, and morning and evening on Saturday, I preached at Lisburn. The people here (as Mr. Boston said) are "all ear:" but who can find a way to their hearts? Sunday 4, after preaching to a large congregation at seven, I hastened to Comber, in order to be at Church in time. As soon as service was ended, I began, and four in five of the people behaved well. About six in the evening I preached at Newtown; where there is usually the largest congregation in Ulster. But what avails *the hearing ear*, without the *understanding heart?*

Monday 5, After preaching in the Market-place at Belfast, to a people who *care for none of these things*, we rode on, with a furious east wind right in our faces, to Carrickfergus, where I willingly accepted of an invitation from a Merchant in the town, Mr. Cobham, to lodge at his house: the rather, when I understood, that Mr. Cavenac, the French Lieutenant-General was still there. I now received a very particular account of what had been lately transacted here. Mrs. Cobham said, "My daughter came running in and said Mamma, there are three India-men come into the bay, and I suppose my brothers are come in them, (who had been in the East-Indies for some time.) An hour after she came in again, and cried, 'O Mamma, they say they are French-men, and they are landing, and their guns glitter in the sun.'" Mr. Cavenac informed me, that Mr. Thurot had received a thousand men out of the Kings-Guards, with orders to land in the North of Ireland, at the same time that Monsieur Conflans landed in the South: that a storm drove him up to Bergen in Norway, from whence he could not get out, till his ships were much damaged, and his provisions consumed: nor could he procure them at any price: that another storm overtook him 66 degrees North latitude; from whence he did not get back to Carrick-bay, till all on board were almost famished, having only an ounce of bread per man daily: that they then landed merely to procure provisions. I asked, "Is it true, that you had a design to burn the town?" He cried out, "Jesu, Maria! we never had such a thought. To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the heart or head of a good man."

After they had landed, (Mrs. Cobham and others informed me) they divided into two bodies. One of these marched up to the east-gate, the other to the north. Twelve soldiers and a Corporal were there on the wall, who fired upon them when they came near. Immediately General Flaubert fell, having his leg broken by a musket-ball. The next in command, a young Marquis, then led them on. When the English had fired four rounds, having no more ammunition, they retired, and the French entered the town, and at the Market-place met those who had come in at the east-gate. When they had joined, they marched up to the Castle, (though the English there, who were a hundred and sixty-two in number, kept a constant fire,) the gate of which was not barred, so that the Marquis thrust it open and went in. Just then he was shot dead. Mr. Cavenac immediately took his place, and drew up his men again. The English then desired a parley, and articled to furnish them with provisions in six

hours: but they could not perform it, there being little in the town. On this Mr. Cavenac sent for Mr. Cobham, and desired him to go up to Belfast and procure them, leaving his wife with the General, as an hostage for his return. But the poor Frenchmen could not stay for this. At the time prefixed, they began to serve themselves with meat and drink: having been in such want, that they were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with some linen and wearing apparel. But they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman, or child, nor did any mischief for mischief's sake: though they were sufficiently provoked: for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, cursed them to their faces, and even took up pokers or other things to strike them.

While Mrs. Cobham was with the General, a little plain-dressed man came in, to whom they all shewed a particular respect. It struck into her mind, Is not this Mr. Thurot? which was soon confirmed. She said to him, "Sir, you seem much fatigued. Will you step to my house and refresh yourself?" He readily accepted the offer. She prepared a little veal, of which he eat moderately, and drank three glasses of small, warm punch: after which he told her, "I have not taken any food before, nor slept for eight and forty hours." She asked, "Sir, will you please to take a little rest now?" Observing he started, she added, "I will answer, life for life, that none shall hurt you under my roof." He said, "Madam, I believe you: I accept the offer." He desired that two of his men might lie on the floor by the bed-side, slept about six hours, and then, returning her many thanks, went aboard his ship.

Five days he was kept in the bay by contrary winds. When he sailed, he took the Mayor of Carrick and another gentleman, as hostages for the delivery of the French prisoners. The next morning as he was walking the deck, he frequently started, without any visible cause, stepped short, and said, "I shall die to-day." A while after, he said to one of the English, "Sir, I see three ships. Pray, take my glass, and tell me freely, what do you think they are?" He looked some time, and said, "I think they are English, and I guess they are about forty-gun ships." He called his Officers and said, "Our ships are too foul to fight at a distance: We must board them." Accordingly when they came up, after a close fire, he ran up to Captain Elliot, and Captain Scordick, with his four and twenty hussars, and immediately leaped on board. Almost instantly, nine of them lay dead; on which he was so enraged, that he rushed forward, with his sabre, among the English, who seized his arms, and carried him away. Meantime, his men that were left, retired into their own ship. Thurot seeing this, cried out, "Why should we throw away the lives of the poor men?" And ordered to strike the colours. A man going up to do this, was shot dead; as was likewise a second. And before a third could do it, Mr. Thurot himself was shot through the heart. So fell a brave man: giving yet another proof, that *there is no counsel or strength against the Lord.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.